

1-1-1925

## Poetry scrapbook of Stella Weston Tuttle

Stella Weston Tuttle

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-texts>  
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

---

### Recommended Citation

Tuttle, Stella Weston, "Poetry scrapbook of Stella Weston Tuttle" (1925). *Texts of Central Florida*. 783.  
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-texts/783>

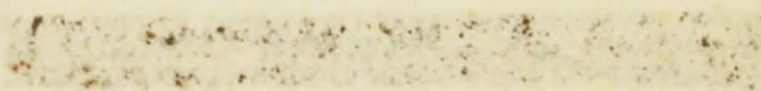
This Manuscript is  
brought to you for  
free and open  
access by the  
Central Florida  
Memory at STARS.  
It has been  
accepted for  
inclusion in Texts of  
Central Florida by an  
authorized  
administrator of  
STARS. For more  
information, please  
contact  
[lee.dotson@ucf.edu](mailto:lee.dotson@ucf.edu).










  
POETRY SCRAPBOOK

OF

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE  




*For Harry  
who gave me the world  
and Judy  
who made it complete*



no wonder home is  
wonderful  
no wonder  
mother is dear  
no wonder  
papa is darling  
and all are  
happy here

Silla Weston  
Sept. 30/914

written by Silla when  
she was 7 years & 7 months old  
without help from any one.

My FIRST POEM!



# THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

VOL. I, No. 3      MAY, 1927      PRICE, 10 CENTS

## RECOMPENSE

STELLA WESTON

**I** ASKED of Life but loving,  
Yet in return gave naught.  
You gladly gave to others—  
Love came to you unsought.

And so, Life brought you riches,  
And nothing you denied—  
While I, I go on asking,  
And die unsatisfied!

## FATE

STELLA WESTON

**L**OVE CALLED ME, and I answered not,  
Thinking that Love could wait.  
Alas! Love waited over long,  
And then returned—too late!

## LOCOMOTIVE

**A**CROSS the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry—  
The manuscript of men.

STELLA WESTON

One of the delightful social events of the winter was at the home of Miss Eulalie Osgood Grover, on Osceola avenue. Saturday afternoon, when she invited about 35 of her friends in to meet her mother, Mrs. Francis Osgood Grover, in honor of "Mother's Day". The two living rooms and the porch were decorated with many lovely flowers for the occasion. Mrs. Grover, who is 87, was a lovely picture with her soft white hair and gray gown, and was delighted to meet so many of her friends in Winter Park.

Miss Grover was assisted in serving by her niece, Miss Francis Grover, and Miss Stella Weston. Sandwiches, cake and punch were served.

Miss Weston thought Mrs. Grover such a charming lady that she sent the following poem for "Mother's Day":

"To Mrs. Grover, on Mother's Day," May 8, 1927, by Stella Weston.

O, little lady robed in gray and delicate, fine lace,

I dreaded age till I beheld—the beauty of your face—

The pure white brow, the gentle mouth, the calm, unfearing eyes;

the fragile tracery of lines—symbols of sacrifice.

Young faces seek to veil their souls; old faces ~~there~~ confide

and so,

I gaze on yours, and find it wholly sanctified.

*My FIRST APPEARANCE IN  
PRINT! WINTER PARK  
HERALD ABOUT MAY 13, 1927.*

Printed in Flamingo of January, 1928. Reprinted in an advertisement of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, in the Delaware and Hudson Bulletin, the Southern Pacific Bulletin, the Illinois Central Magazine, the Pennsylvania Railroad company paper, the Railway Digest, Forbes Magazine, a set of encyclopedias for children, the book, "The Hudson and Its Moods", a New York Central art reproduction, etc.



## Locomotive

*ACROSS the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry—  
The manuscript of men.*

—Stella Weston, in  
"The Flamingo."

# THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN

Vol. 8

Albany, N. Y., February 15, 1928

No. 4

## Miss Stella Weston's "Locomotive" Inspires Railroad Presidents

A little poem of four lines which "expresses almost every feature of railroad operations" has awakened the interest of railway companies and has been published in transportation magazines all over the country. Miss Stella Weston, who wrote the clever little quatrain, is in her junior year at Rollins College. "Locomotive" was first published in the "Flamingo," a student literary production of the college. "I am surprised that a young girl should have selected the grimy locomotive as the subject for a poem. The unique way in which she has expressed her ideas is exceedingly clever. I am sure this young lady will be heard from again," wrote the president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad company. Other railway presidents have congratulated her in equally glowing terms.

Comments on Miss Weston's quatrain have been received at the college from the following imposing list of railroad people: President W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, President J. J. Bernet of the Erie Railroad company, E. O. Johnson, assistant to the president of the Northern Pacific Railway company, James S. Murray, assistant to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, J. R. Kenly, president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, Whiteford R. Cole, president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, the president of the Delaware and Hudson company, President J. J. Pelley, of the Central of Georgia Railway company, Charles Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific Railway company, Vice President W. A. Worthington of the Southern Pacific company, President P. E. Crowley of the New York Central Lines, J. E. Taussig, president of the Wabash Railway company, the president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company, W. R. Kenan, Jr., president of the Florida East Coast Railway company, President L. A. Downs of the Illinois Central System, Fred W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, William T. Noonan, president of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway company, President W. L. Ross of the Nickel Plate road, President E. E. Loomis of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company, J. T. Loree, vice president and general manager of the Delaware and Hudson company.

## POEM AROUSES MUCH INTEREST

### Quatrain by Stella Weston, Rollins Student, Quoted in Railroad Publications

A little poem of four lines which "expresses almost every feature of railroad operations" has awakened the interest of railway companies and has been published in transportation magazines all over the country. Miss Stella Weston, who wrote the clever little quatrain, is in her junior year at Rollins College. "Locomotive" was first published in the "Flamingo," a student literary production of the college.

"I am surprised that a young girl should have selected the grimy locomotive as the subject for a poem. The unique way in which she has expressed her idea is exceedingly clever. I am sure this young lady will be heard from again," wrote the president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company. Other railway presidents have congratulated her in equally glowing terms.

Comments on Miss Weston's quatrain have been received at the college from the following imposing list of railroad people: President W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, President J. J. Bernet of the Erie Railroad Company, B. O. Johnson, assistant to the president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, James S. Murray, assistant to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, J. R. Kenly, president of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, Whiteford R. Cole, president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, the president of the Delaware and Hudson Company, President J. J. Pelley, of the Central of Georgia Railway Company, Charles Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, Vice President W. A. Worthington of the Southern Pacific Company, President P. E. Crowley of the New York Central Lines, J. E. Taussig, president of the Wabash Railway Company, the president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, W. R. Kenan, Jr., president of the Florida East Coast Railway Company, President L. A. Downs of the Illinois Central System, Fred W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, William T. Noonan, president of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway Company, President W. L. Ross of the Nickel Plate Road, President E. E. Loomis of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, J. T. Loree, vice president and general manager of the Delaware and Hudson Company.

## SEEKS PERMISSION TO PUBLISH POEM

W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was so impressed recently by the poem of Miss Stella Weston, entitled "Locomotive," appearing in the January issue of the Flamingo, the Rollins college literary magazine, that he has written to President Hamilton Holt asking permission to republish the poem in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's magazine, which is distributed among officers and employees of the road.

President Atterbury states that he has never seen anything of the character of Miss Weston's poem that expresses so much in such few words. It is only a quatrain and reads as follows:

*"Across the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry—  
The manuscript of men."*

A distinct honor which came to Miss Stella Weston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Weston, recently was the printing of one of her quatrains in a well known commercial magazine. Miss Weston has contributed to numerous publications, and under the direction of Mrs. H. F. Harris and E. O. Grover at Rollins College, she has written a number of pleasing works. Her poem "Locomotive" was printed in the Illinois Central magazine.





STORM KING. "The Locomotive. Across the parchment of the earth—you scrawl with hissing pen, the autograph of industry, the manuscript of men"—STELLA WESTON

[ 52 ]

From book, "The Hudson and Its Moods" - 1928.



# THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

VOL. II, No. 1 JANUARY, 1928 Price, 20 Cents

## HEAVEN SHINING THROUGH

To me the somber evening sky  
Is but the shade of night  
Which God has reached for carefully  
And pulled down very tight.

Then lest the darkness frighten us,  
He jabbed his thumb through Mars,  
And with his little finger poked  
The holes which we call stars.

STELLA WESTON

Also in St. Nicholas Magazine, 1939.

## A GIRL IN CHURCH

7

### A GIRL IN CHURCH

"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"  
His church is so stuffy. Seems like  
After scrubbing and mending and cooking  
All the week,  
A girl might do something nicer on  
Her one night off  
Than go to church.  
Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight  
Just once—  
Lifting his black head out of the water—  
So proud—  
And beating the foam away.  
Some Sunday guess I'll go out there  
And just rest on him  
Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—  
"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"—  
Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars  
And each one smiling—  
And the moon a-looking down so understand-  
ing-like,  
Making everything all white and clean—even  
me.  
Why, I can almost feel the little waves  
Taking my hand,  
And the trees  
A-whispering and telling things to me.  
Seems like anyone that loves trees—  
The tall and fine and great ones—  
Might get real close to Him, too—out there.  
Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and  
the mending—  
You'd have a memory—and a friend—  
"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.

STELLA WESTON

## TREE SOULS

I HEARD afar the call of Spring  
Come floating on the air,  
And tiptoed down a forest path  
To find two lovers there.

A stately pine tree, gallant, true,  
A worthy lover he—  
How can they say trees have no souls  
Before such chivalry?

And she, a little, pale, proud birch,  
Curtsied most daintily—  
How can they say trees have no souls  
Before such chastity?

He tenderly gazed down at her,  
And she at him. Ah, me—  
I envy trees their tranquil souls,  
Their fine nobility!

STELLA WESTON

GIVE me no creed elaborate,  
A simple faith I ken—  
I worship well a manly God,  
And love all Godly men.

STELLA WESTON

FLAMINGO - APRIL - 1928.

## SENTENCE SERMONS

### MY CREED

Give me no creed elaborate,  
A simple faith I ken—  
I worship well a manly God,  
And love all Godly men.

—Stella Weston, Rollins College.  
(Taken from the "Flamingo.")

FLAMINGO - APRIL - 1928.  
2nd PLACE in Ponce de Leon  
CONTEST - 1928.

REPRINT FROM BULLETIN OF  
PENNEY FARMS COMMUNITY  
CHURCH.



# AGNOSTIC

The skeptic paused beside the road  
To read with wonderment the code  
Of him who hammered up the sign,  
"God loves you", on a dying pine.

BEAUTIFUL FLORIDA

1928

## SISTINE MADONNA

She wears a quiet look,  
This blue-draped mother with her child  
Returning to the staring throng  
Their gaze made purely mild.

One almost wonders if she knows  
That mighty Raphael once took  
His mystic brush and painted her -  
She wears a quiet look.

## AWAKENING

STELLA WESTON

GOD . . . I never knew  
Until today  
That I am not only winter  
But May.  
God . . . I never realized  
Before  
That Life is an increasing flame  
Through a soft-closing door.

28

THE NUN

## THE NUN

STELLA WESTON

ALL day I go about my task  
Sedately satisfied,  
Yet at the twilight hour I know  
I, too, am crucified . . .  
For then with hunger-stricken heart  
I kneel before your shrine  
To gaze on you with lonely eyes  
And wish the Christ-Child mine.  
Madonna Mia, blessed maid,  
Look down and pity me  
Who envy you your motherhood . . .  
Your higher sanctity.

## PETITE PHILOSOPHIES

STELLA WESTON

I

SOME folk seek . . .  
Others find . . .  
Happiness lies neither in seeking nor finding.  
It is constant communion  
With what we have.

II

I dream . . . I try . . . I fail . . .  
I dream . . . I try . . . I succeed . . .  
Whether I succeed or whether I fail  
Does not matter  
So long as I dream dreams  
And have faith in myself.

FLAMINGO - JANUARY, 1929.



## ASYLUM

STELLA WESTON

I HAD a ghost within my wall.  
Each night it scratched my whole room round  
To stop beside my bed and make  
Companionable sound.  
And I,—I told it many things  
That it alone could comprehend,  
Until they set a rat-trap. Now  
I know no reassuring friend.

Why did they do it? At the most  
They might have left me  
Just . . . one . . . ghost.

*Flamingo - FEBRUARY 1929.*  
*"OF HOPPEL GREENSTUFF WOVEN, 1936."*

## The Crescent of Gamma Phi Beta

179

### POEMS BY STELLA WESTON

#### A GIRL IN CHURCH

"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"  
This church is so stuffy. Seems like  
After scrubbing and mending and cooking  
All the week,  
A girl might do something nicer on  
Her one night off  
Than go to church.  
Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight  
Just once—  
Lifting his black head out of the water—  
So proud—  
And beating the foam away.  
Some Sunday guess I'll go out there  
And just rest on him  
Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—  
"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"—  
Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars  
And each one smiling—  
And the moon a-looking down so understanding-like,  
Making everything all white and clean—even me.  
Why, I can almost feel the little waves  
Taking my hand,  
And the trees  
A-whispering and telling things to me.  
Seems like anyone that loves trees—  
The tall and fine and great ones—  
Might get real close to Him, too—out there.  
Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and the mending—  
You'd have a memory—and a friend—  
"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.

This poem received second award in the Ponce de Leon Contest sponsored by the Poetry Society of Florida, 1928.

#### THE AWAKENING

God . . . I never knew  
Until today  
That I am not only winter  
But May.  
God . . . I never realized  
Before  
That Life is an increasing flame  
Through a soft-closing door.

## MY CREED

STELLA WESTON

Give me no creed elaborate,  
A simple faith I ken—  
I worship well a manly God,  
And love all Godly men.

## A GIRL IN CHURCH

STELLA WESTON

"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"  
This church is so stuffy. Seems like  
After scrubbing and mending and cooking  
All the week,  
A girl might do something nicer on  
Her one night off  
Than go to church.  
Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight  
Just once—  
Lifting his black head out of the water—  
So proud—  
And beating the foam away.  
Some Sunday guess I'll go out there  
And just rest on him  
Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—  
"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"—  
Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars  
And each one smiling—  
And the moon a-looking down so understanding-like,  
Making everything all white and clean—even me.  
Why, I can almost feel the little waves  
Taking my hand,  
And the trees  
A-whispering and telling things to me.  
Seems like anyone that loves trees—  
The tall and fine and great ones—  
Might get real close to Him, too—out there.  
Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and the mending—  
You'd have a memory—and a friend—  
"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.

*REPRINTS FROM THE ECHO*  
*MARCH - 1929*

## The Crescent of Gamma Phi Beta

181

Then lest the darkness frighten us,  
He jabbed his thumb through Mars,  
And with his little finger poked  
The holes that we call stars.

#### THE NUN

All day I go about my task  
Sedately satisfied.  
Yet at the twilight hour I know  
I, too, am crucified.  
For then with hunger-stricken heart  
I kneel before your shrine  
To gaze on you with lonely eyes  
And wish the Christ-Child mine.

Madonna Mia, blessed maid,  
Look down and pity me  
Who envy you your motherhood—  
Your higher sanctity.



POEMS BY STELLA WESTON

A GIRL IN CHURCH

*"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"*

This church is so stuffy. Seems like  
After scrubbing and mending and cooking  
All the week,

A girl might do something nicer on  
Her one night off

Than go to church.

Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight  
Just once—

Lifting his black head out of the water—  
So proud—

And beating the foam away.

Some Sunday guess I'll go out there

And just rest on him

Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—

*"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"*—

Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars

And each one smiling—

And the moon a-looking down so understanding-like,

Making everything all white and clean—even me.

Why, I can almost feel the little waves

Taking my hand,

And the trees

A-whispering and telling things to me.

Seems like anyone that loves trees—

The tall and fine and great ones—

Might get real close to Him, too—out there.

Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and the mending—

You'd have a memory—and a friend—

*"And the Glory Forever."*—Amen.

This poem received second award in the Ponce de Leon Contest sponsored by the Poetry Society of Florida, 1928.

THE AWAKENING

God . . . I never knew

Until today

That I am not only winter

But May.

God . . . I never realized

Before

That Life is an increasing flame

Through a soft-closing door.



## ASYLUM

I had a ghost within my wall.  
 Each night it scratched my whole room round  
 To stop beside my bed and make  
 Companionable sound.  
 And I—I told it many things  
 That it alone could comprehend,  
 Until they set a rat-trap. Now  
 I know no reassuring friend.

Why did they do it? At the most  
 They might have left me  
 Just . . . one . . . ghost.

## LOCOMOTIVE

Across the parchment of the earth  
 You scrawl with hissing pen  
 The autograph of industry—  
 The manuscript of men.

This poem has been widely published, and the author has received letters from twenty railroad presidents because of it.

## CREED

Give me no creed elaborate.  
 A simple faith I pen—  
 I worship well a manly God  
 And love all Godly men.

## FULFILLMENT

The stars swung lower on that night  
 Than any other night.  
 Yet when I confidently reached,  
 They drew away their light.

The stars stood higher in that sky  
 Than any other sky.  
 Yet when I turned to go, they pricked  
 My forehead . . . passing by.

## HEAVEN SHINING THROUGH

To me the somber evening sky  
 Is but the shade of night  
 Which God has reached for carefully,  
 And pulled down very tight.



## CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

## SIGNS

DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
CLT = Cable Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at 317 2nd Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. TELEPHONE MAin 4211

1929 JUN 13 PM 12 46

NA159 41 NL=P NEWYORK NY 13

DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM

MISS STELLA WESTON=

CARE MRS L W HALL 3524 HOLMES AVE MINNEAPOLIS MINN=

I VENTURED TO SHOW YOUR POEM TO JOHN FINLEY AND HE HAS JUST  
TELEPHONED HE WILL PRINT IT IN THE NEWYORK TIMES THIS SUNDAY  
OMITTING OF COURSE ALL REFERENCE TO THE THREE SPECIAL  
FATHERS I AM VERY VERY PROUD OF YOU=

HAMILTON HOLT.

Col 1316  
Dister  
710 as  
Reg nuch

40.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

## FORGOTTEN ANTH

Once I gave away my heart  
For a robe of fire.  
Once I gave my heart to learn  
Even flames can tire.

Once my heart returned to me  
Black and bitter-burned.  
Seeking for a shadowed place,  
Once my heart returned.

Twice I gave away my heart  
For a lonely lack . . .  
For a hollow happiness,  
So my heart came back.

Last I gave away my heart  
For a tenderness.  
What the Fathers know of hearts  
Others can but guess.

Last my heart returned to me  
Such a shining thing,  
I could feel its loveliness.  
I could hear it sing.

So wistful little-girl hearts  
Searching for the others,  
Dull the ache and glow again,  
Finding out the Fathers.

STELLA WESTON.

## FULFILLMENT

STELLA WESTON

THE stars swung lower on that night  
Than any other night.  
Yet when I confidently reached,  
They drew away their light.  
The stars stood higher in that sky  
Than any other sky.  
Yet when I turned to go, they pricked  
My forehead . . . passing by.

FLAMINGO - APRIL, 1929.

"OF HOPEFUL GREENSTUFF WOVEN - 1936.

"NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE" - 1953.

This BROUGHT MY FIRST CHECK  
- \$10. Printed in New York  
Times on June 15, 1929.

REPRINTED IN "FATHERS, AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE"  
DUTTON, 1939.



## Former Minneapolis Girl Will Represent 'Spirit of Florida'

Miss Stella Weston Chosen for Leading Role in Winter Park Pageant.

Winter Park, Fla., Feb. 22.—(Special.)—Miss Stella Weston, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Weston, Winter Park, Florida, formerly of Minneapolis, has recently been chosen for the leading part of the queen, representing the "Spirit of Florida" in the pageant "The Spirit of Florida," to be given Friday. Miss Weston is well known in social circles of this city and returns every summer to visit her sister, Mrs. L. W. Hall of Holmes avenue and her aunt Miss Florence Weston of the Plaza hotel, Minneapolis.

After graduating from West high school, Minneapolis, she attended Miss Harris' school in Miami. Miss Weston is now a junior at Rollins college at Winter Park, Florida, majoring in English, particularly creative writing.

Her studies are journalism under Professor Willard Wattles, American literature under Fred Lewis Pattee, French, sociology, entomology. Seminar courses: poetry-writing under Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard and Clinton Scollard, poets; poetry and drama under Percy MacKaye, dramatist and author; "Technique of Living" under Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

The conference system of college education, now being developed at Rollins by Dr. Hamilton Holt, president, is followed for these courses. Students search out facts with the constant help of their instructor.

Miss Weston was winner of first place in short story contest for 1928 with "The One Who Got Spanked" and of second place in the poetry contest for 1928 with "The Girl in Church," contests sponsored by the Allied Arts club and the Poetry Society of Florida. Her quatrain "Locomotive" received recognition from 20 railroad presidents and has been widely published.

At present Miss Weston is president of the Rollins Literary society, associate editor of the Flamingo, society editor of the college weekly, "The Sandspur," associate editor of the college handbook, secretary of the Y.W.C.A., member of the French club, the Rollins College Glee club, the Alpha Mu chapter of Gamma Phi Beta, and the Scrub club, a "do-as-we-please" organization, composed of President Hamilton Holt and 10 outstanding students.

MISS STELLA WESTON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Weston, Winter Park, Fla., formerly of Minneapolis, was chosen to take the leading part, that of "The Spirit of Florida" in a pageant under the same name, given February 22, in celebration of the birthday of George Washington. She is now a junior at Rollins College, Winter Park, and is most active in student life as well as in social life at the college. Miss Weston is a sister of Mrs. L. W. Hall, of Holmes avenue S., with whom she usually spends her summer vacations. She is a graduate of West high school.

MISS STELLA WESTON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Weston, Winter Park, Fla., formerly of Minneapolis, has been chosen for the leading part of the queen to represent the "Spirit of Florida" in the pageant, "The Spirit of Florida," to be given February 22. Miss Weston is well known here and returns every summer to visit her sister, Mrs. L. W. Hall, of Holmes avenue, and her aunt, Miss Florence Weston, of the Plaza hotel. After graduating from West high school, Minneapolis, she attended Miss Harris' school in Miami. She is now a junior at Rollins College at Winter Park, majoring in English, particularly creative writing. The conference system of college education is being developed at Rollins by Dr. Hamilton Holt, president. Students search out facts with the constant help of his instructor.

Miss Weston was winner of first place in the short story contest for 1928 with "The One Who Got Spanked" and of the second place in the poetry contest for 1928 with "The Girl in Church," sponsored by the Allied Arts Club and the Poetry Society of Florida. Her quatrain "Locomotive" received recognition from 20 railroad presidents and has been widely published. It is:

### Locomotive

"Across the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry—  
The manuscript of men."

Miss Weston is president of the Rollins Literary, associate editor of the Flamingo, society editor of the college weekly, the Sandspur, associate editor of the college handbook, secretary of the Y. W. C. A., member of the French Club and the Rollins College Glee Club, the Alpha Mu chapter of Gamma Phi Beta, the Scrub Club, a "do-as-we-please" organization, composed of President Hamilton Holt and 10 outstanding students.



Miss Stella Weston

Had 5 poems in the  
Rollins Book of Verse  
1929 Book Award of  
Poetry Society of Florida.  
"Locomotive," "A Girl in  
Church," "Surfeit," "The Nun"  
and "The Schoolmaster."

## Review of Rollins Book of Verse

The Rollins Book of Verse, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. The Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Florida. By SYLVESTER H. BINGHAM, Assistant Professor of English, Rollins College.

Rollins College is again indebted to Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard for the editing of the Rollins Book of Verse, which was placed on sale last week. Due to her guidance and encouragement many of the poems in this collection attained their perfection as they passed through her hands in classroom work. Eighty-nine poems of such high quality as are these represent utmost toil and patience on the part of the instructor and students alike. It was fitting for Mrs. Scollard to act as editor as she, in her field of poetry, has aided materially in making Rollins an institution, "where impression and expression go hand in hand, where, in fact, the latter is the leader and pulls his dilatory neighbor along." Dedicated to President Hamilton Holt because of his tremendous enthusiasm for and support of all creative work, the book is prefaced with a tribute to Mrs. Scollard, written without intention of publication by one of her students who "loved her hands."

Touching with gentleness our rough-made seams  
And shabby edges—

It must be pleasant to know of such an appreciation of one's effort.

A book of poems by different authors is difficult to review because poetry contains so many variations in form and substance and each writer has his or her excellencies in both.

Dorothy Emerson's "Balancing the Scales" and Stella Weston's "The School Master" give able expression to philosophy in narrative, while other students express their philosophical thought in description or lyric utterances. To do justice to all, each would have to be discussed separately, but within the space allotted it is an impossibility. Besides the reader must read for himself and make discoveries. Mere temptations will be set forth here to urge him on.

If poetry aside from form and substance, consists of commonplace thoughts garbed in unusual poignance, this book is filled with poetry, for here the usual is made unique. John Cummins in "Passage" speaks of "a cricket requiem"; Christy MacKaye of a "sun-lulled sea"; Phyrne Squier of "the furry perfume of purple petunias." Imagine a more active description of trees than Iverne Gallo-way's "trees."

Like Giants  
Striding the far horizon";  
or one fuller of sound than Christy MacKaye's of rain, "Muffled tramping along the hills"; or one of an awakening from the "popled sleep" more vivid than John Cummins' "And send them reeling through the dawn."

Whose daggered light will slash their eyes  
And fill their souls with burning cries,  
Driving the peacocks from their brains,  
Renewing long-forgotten pains."

Certainly Stella Weston's "he heard"

The droning of a single fly  
Tear wide the silence"

expresses to perfection complete absorption. Simplicity tells of "the coolness of gardenia," and Anydyne holds that gem of a phrase about the ladies come at four, "Ruffling the dark pools of my floor." The delicacy of phraseology in D. B. McKay's "White Peacocks" reminds one immediately of Austin Dobson, and all of Phyrne Squier's contributions show a remarkable knowledge of nature and of the importance of making each detail, each word, the appropriate one.

"Uncolling fern-fronds green each ridge"

Not an unnecessary word or detail mars the description.

And so exquisitely expressive quotations could be enumerated one after another, but a desire to buy the book must be left with the reader. It is published by the Angel Alley Press.

MINNEAPOLIS  
JOURNAL AND  
ALSO THE TRIBUNE  
FEBRUARY - 1929.



## Rollins Book of Verse Vindicates President Holt's Educational Plan

Publication Is Winner of  
the Annual Award of  
the Poetry Society of  
Florida.

By ELIZABETH ROBINSON

Publication of the Rollins Book of Verse, winner of the annual award of the Poetry Society of Florida, is a vindication of Dr. Hamilton Holt's gesture of defiance against formalized education.

For this volume, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and published by the Angel Alley Press of Winter Park, contains much that is promising and several verses of real artistic merit.

Believing that college life may be devoted not only to impression but to expression, the college offers to students interested in writing poetry an informal seminar at which they read and discuss poetry and technique, submit their own work anonymously for criticism and discussion and become familiar with the best poetry of the world. This seminar is conducted by Mrs. Rittenhouse, and it has produced results.

Several of the poems have been published before through various channels and are reprinted here.

Poetry, more than any other art, is an early flowering as Mrs. Rittenhouse's preface points out. The impulse toward poetry must come early before life with its cares and burdens chokes out the ecstasy that is the fountain head of lyric expression. With few exceptions the great lyric poetry of the world has been written by youth. So it is especially promising that a college should attempt to offer a means, not too stereotyped or formalized, but a practical means none the less, by which the creation of poetry by embryonic writers may be stimulated.

The foreword quotes Robert Frost in his preface to the Dartmouth verse when he observes whimsically that while he would not advocate having poetry regularized into courses or directed by coaches as football, but "that it does seem as if it (poetry) could be a little more connived at than it is. I, for one," continues Mr. Frost, "should be in favor of the colleges setting the expectation of poetry forward a few years (the way the clocks are set forward in May) so as to get the young poets started earlier in the morning before the freshness dries off."

Certainly the desire and gift to create cannot be placed in a student by any degree or manner of instruction, but this inner urge can be directed by intelligent advice and leadership, which is what Rollins is seeking to do in this poetry seminar.

The ability with which the ambition has been achieved is revealed in the volume. The dedication, inserted by the publishers is written by Elsie Padgett to Mrs. Rittenhouse, herself, a tribute to the one who has conducted the seminar.

The poems range in subject matter from contemplation of spring's loveliness in "Spring Fashion Note," by Marguerite Atterbury, in which the imagery is fresh and original, to a searching and quite moving

poem by Stella Weston, entitled "The School Master." The spirit of the volume is youth incarnate. The joys are the joys of youth—as are the griefs.

Among the poems that are especially appealing are Marliese Johnston's "Simplicity," "Spanish Moss," by Russ Fuller; "Levels" by Nancy Brown, "Passage" by John Cummins, and "Precaution" by Dorothy Emerson.

Two poems, "The Negro's Saturday Night," by Philip Cummings, and "Nigger Funeral," by Elsie Padgett, display a power of observation and evoking of moods thereby that is rather remarkable. Marliese Johnston's "Anaesthesia," is a wistful little poem and in Brenham McKay's "Some Day Like One Awakened" and "Growing Pains," there is the age-old cry of young poets against the "faultiness of things." Albert Newton's "The Believer," Penelope Patterson's "Prayer" and Phyrne Squier's "Midsummer Dusk," all tell in different moods the young poet's worship of beauty and his eternal quest for loveliness whether by the roadside or by the walls of Ball's

The Rollins Book of Verse, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, The Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Florida, \$1.50.

By Sylvester H. Bingham, Assistant Professor of English, Rollins College.

Rollins College is again indebted to Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard for the editing of the Rollins Book of Verse, which was placed on sale last week. Due to her guidance and encouragement many of the poems in this collection attained their perfection as they passed through her hands in the classroom. Bingham also points out that the book is a good example of the part of the instructor and students alike. It was fitting for Mrs. Scollard to act as editor as she, in her field of poetry, has aided materially in making Rollins an institution "where impression and expression go hand in hand, where, in fact, the latter is the leader and pulls his dilatory neighbor along." Dedicated to President Hamilton Holt because of his tremendous enthusiasm for and support of all creative work, the book is prefaced with a tribute to Mrs. Scollard, written without intention of publication by one of her students who

loved her hands  
Touching with gentleness our  
rough-made seams

And shabby edges  
It must be pleasant to know of  
such an appreciation of one's efforts

The book of poems by different authors is difficult to review because the poetry contains so many variations in form and substance and each writer has his or her excellencies in both.

Dorothy Emerson's "Balancing the Scales" and Stella Weston's "The School Master" give able expression to philosophy in narrative while other students express their philosophical thought in description or lyric utterances. To do justice to all, each would have to be discussed separately, but within the space allotted it is an impossibility. Besides, the reader must read for himself and make discoveries. Mere temptations will be set forth here to urge him on.

If poetry, aside from form and substance, consists of commonplace thoughts garbed in unusual poise, this book is filled with it, for here the usual is made unique. John Cummins in "Precaution" speaks of "the usual" and "the unusual" and Christy Mackaye in

imagined that the

of trees than I've  
away's  
trees

Like giants

Stiding the far horizon."

or one fuller of sound than Christy  
Mackaye's of rain, "muffling  
trampling along the hills;" or the

an awakening from the "poplar  
water" more vivid than John  
Cummins'

And send them reeling through  
the dawn

Whose daggered light will slash  
their eyes

And fill their souls with burning  
cries,  
Driving the peacocks from their  
brains,

Renewing long-forgotten pain  
Certainly Stella Weston's  
He heard

The droning of a single fly  
Year wide the silence"

Accesses to perfection complete  
"Simplicity" tells of  
coolness of gardenia's, and  
"Anaesthesia" holds that gem of a  
poem about the ladies come to  
the door. The delicacy of phre-

si in D. B. McKay's "White  
wolverines" reminds one immediately  
of Huston Dobson, and all of  
Phyrne Squier's contributions show

a remarkable knowledge of nature  
and of the importance of making  
each detail, each word, the appro-

priate one.

Uncoiling fern fronds green  
each ridge."

an unnecessary word or detail  
in the description.

and so exquisitely expressed  
descriptions could be enumerated on  
after another, but a desire to buy  
the book must be left with the  
reader. It is published by the  
Angel Alley Press.



STELLA WESTON

*Locomotive*

Across the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry—  
The manuscript of men.

My SECTION FROM THE  
ROLLINS BOOK OF VERSE  
1929.



*A Girl in Church*

*"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"*

This church is so stuffy. Seems like  
After scrubbing and mending and cooking  
All the week,

A girl might do something nicer on  
Her one night off  
Than go to church.

Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight  
Just once—

Lifting his black head out of the water—  
So proud—

And beating the foam away.

Some Sunday guess I'll go out there  
And just rest on him

Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—

*"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"*—

Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars  
And each one smiling—

And the moon a-looking down so understand-  
ing-like,

Making everything all white and clean—even  
me.

Why, I can almost feel the little waves  
Taking my hand,  
And the trees  
A-whispering and telling things to me.  
Seems like anyone that loves trees—  
The tall and fine and great ones—  
Might get real close to Him, too—out there.  
Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and the  
mending—  
You'd have a memory—and a friend—  
*"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.*



*Surfeit*

I wanted beauty over-much.  
One pewter bowl and three thin sprays  
Of hyacinths should have sufficed.  
Yet I pursued the sedgy ways  
Of marsh where mile on tangled mile  
Of purple chaos blotted out  
The wonder of my three thin sprays  
To brew in me a stubborn doubt.

And though the sober steady glow  
Of my slow candle overcast  
My room with a sure loveliness,  
The doubt trailed forth, passed and repassed  
Till yearnings that I could not quell  
Compelled my questing eyes to find  
The fierce white center of the sun—  
Content to pierce it . . . and go blind.



*The Nun*

All day I go about my task  
Sedately satisfied,  
Yet at the twilight hour I know  
I, too, am crucified . . .  
For then with hunger-stricken heart  
I kneel before your shrine  
To gaze on you with lonely eyes  
And wish the Christ-Child mine.

Madonna Mia, blessed maid,  
Look down and pity me  
Who envy you your motherhood . . .  
Your higher sanctity.



*The School Master*

The school-room wavered. He surveyed  
Its blank gray walls and empty seats  
Like open graves wide to the sky.  
It seemed to him forgotten sheets  
Of writing rustled when he bent  
His hot white face down on his desk,  
While his thin clutching fingers rent  
The curtain limply hung against  
The nearby window-pane. He heard  
The droning of a single fly  
Tear wide the silence and transfix  
The room as with a haunting cry,  
And wondered if his throat had split  
The muffled roar, or if his heart  
Were pounding the dense waves of it.

The humming deepened to a chant  
Of rhythmic sounds along the aisles.  
To him it was the measured tread  
Of youthful feet waiting release  
Before they rapturously fled.  
His eager awkward arms reached out



To grasp the phantoms, but recoiled  
To find themselves wrapped tight about  
The room's vast emptiness. Again  
The whiteness of his fingers made  
Bright lanes through his dishevelled hair,  
And as his stricken eyes resumed  
Their desperate and hopeless stare,  
Self-revelation came. He saw  
That he was sapped of his small strength  
Which long had been of meagre worth.  
His weariness revealed the length  
Of coming years for him must be  
Vacation-long.

True, he would have  
His memories and little store  
Of treasured scenes, but these he felt  
Were all too few for recompense,  
While some were bitterly involved  
With those whose hard indifference  
Still smote him. Calmly they had drained  
His slender power and had gone  
Their separate ways while he remained.  
If only he had trampled down  
That stubborn wall, or had but found  
The one to fully understand . . .  
The one to wait, reach back to him  
A gratefully confiding hand,  
He would have travelled endless ways  
Through that one's greatness and his life



Have been a constant flame to blaze  
In that one's darkness. Now he knew  
No lighted face would ever be  
Reflected from his own.

He sought  
To break the vision till it blurred  
And disappeared. Small casual thought  
Relaxed his mind and snapped the strings  
Which bound in him the commonplace  
And ordinary happenings  
Of the past months. It seemed they brought  
His tattered sanity once more,  
While he with eager fingers caught  
The present back.

Two crumpled leaves  
Of paper lay upon the desk  
Which had been pillow for his head.  
He indolently smoothed them out  
And held them captive while he read  
The words grotesquely dancing there.  
At once his startled eyes returned  
To recommence the whole. Despair  
Released his heart as he perceived  
The ardent lines and chiselled turn  
Of phrase. They gave him living proof  
There had been one of noble mind  
Who had appreciated Truth,



And by *his* teaching had been fired  
To translate it with graphic pen.

His own conviction had inspired  
A kindred soul, although which one  
It was, he could not hope to guess.  
The mystery remained, and yet  
He felt it was a certainty  
That if but once their eyes had met . . .  
Steel flashed on steel . . . blue measured  
blue . . .

They would have known each other. Now  
It must suffice him that he knew  
The mere existence of this one.  
His mouth made grateful music with  
The words, "*Through you, I am not done.*"  
As though an echo caught the phrase  
There came, "*Through you, am I begun.*"

Reluctantly he locked the door  
And in an old accustomed place  
Concealed the clumsy key before  
He swung aside the broken gate.  
He hesitated there awhile.  
Half-failure, half-success he stood.

Then though he slouched across the road,  
He walked erect within the wood.



## STELLA WESTON TO HAVE POEMS PUBLISHED

### Grover Announces Sixth Vest Pocket Edition

Another Rollins undergraduate is to be honored by having a volume of her poetry included in the "Vest Pocket Poets"

Two years ago Dorothy Emerson's "Balancing the Scales" was honored in this way. Other volumes in the "Vest Pocket Poets" are by Willard Wattles, Percy MacKaye and Clinton Scollard.

The Angel Alley Press announce for publication next week a book entitled "Daguerratypes" or "Portraits from a Village Album" written by Stella Weston, a member of the Senior class.

The book contains "Portraits" of the "Village Fool," the "Bully," the "Drunkard," the "Schoolmaster," the "Gossip," the "Faithless Wife" and many others.

The book will be on sale at the Bookery at a price of twenty-five cents.

### MISS STELLA WESTON TO BE HONORED WITH PUBLICATION

Miss Stella Weston, Winter Park, a senior in Rollins College, is to be honored by publication of a volume of her poems in the next issue of the "Vest Pocket Poets" it is

announced. According to an announcement from the Angel Alley Press of which Edwin Osgood Grover, professor of books at Rollins is the head, the book will be entitled "Daguerratypes", or "Portraits from a Village Album." It will contain "portraits" in rhyme of the "village fool," the "bully," the "drunkard", the "schoolmaster", the "gossip", the "faithless wife" and others.

Two years ago Dorothy Emerson's "Balancing the Scales," was brought out in the same series. Other volumes in the "Vest Pocket Poets," are by Professor Willard Wattles, Percy MacKaye, and Clinton Scollard.

Orlando PAPER

Winter Park Herald

## Vest Pocket Poets

*A Series of Tiny Volumes by Florida Poets*

1. LYRICS OF SUMMER, by Clinton Scollard.
2. COMPASS FOR SAILORS, by Willard Wattles.
3. BALANCING THE SCALES, by Dorothy Emerson.
4. LYRICS OF LIFE, by Clinton Scollard.
5. SONGS OF A DAY, by Percy MacKaye.
6. DAGUERREOTYPES, by Stella Weston.
7. OUT OF CHRYSALIS, by Christy MacKaye.

Price, each, 30c post paid, or four for \$1.00

### ROLLINS BOOK OF VERSE

A distinguished anthology of the work of 22 Rollins students. Price, \$1.65 postpaid.

THE ANGEL ALLEY PRESS

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA



## DAGUERREOTYPES

STELLA WESTON

□

VEST POCKET POETS, No. 6

Published Fall of

1929.





# DAGUERREOTYPES

*STELLA WESTON*



VEST POCKET POETS, No. 6



Xm/

Dad And Mother  
with love And love  
from Stella.

12/25/29.

Because they both  
laughed & flattered -  
& so kept me  
"in-between".

—



# DAGUERREOTYPES

*Portraits from a Village Album*

STELLA WESTON



THE ANGEL ALLEY PRESS

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

## FOREWORD

WHAT more delightful pastime than turning the pages of a family album? Here is romance for you and pride and tragedy, touched often with comedy at the changes wrought by the hand of Fashion.

In this little volume, Miss Weston has reproduced for us with keen insight and rare poetic skill a group of portraits from a little town. Like many an old and faded daguerreotype, her portraits are those of *types* rather than of *individuals*. Perhaps this is the reason they seem to possess a greater *verity* than other characterizations that depict individual and unique personalities.

The editor is happy to be able to add these pages from an old album to the growing series of "The Vest Pocket Poets."

E. O. G.

### VEST POCKET POETS

*Edwin Osgood Grover, Editor*

1. LYRICS OF SUMMER, by Clinton Scollard.
2. COMPASS FOR SAILORS, by Willard Wattles.
3. BALANCING THE SCALES, by Dorothy Emerson.
4. LYRICS OF LIFE, by Clinton Scollard.
5. SONGS OF A DAY, by Percy MacKaye.
6. DAGUERREOTYPES, by Stella Weston.



# DAGUERREOTYPES

*Portraits from a Village Album*



## THE FOOL

**T**HE village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.

## THE GOSSIP

**H**ER bonnet balanced perilously on  
Her tightly screwed-up knot of meager  
hair,

While her small nose would quiver ardently  
At sight of some slow-sauntering young pair.  
And scandals flourished in her neighborhood  
Till every street assumed a secret woe,  
And innocence was labelled criminal  
Because her repetition made it so.

AND none suspected that her aptitude  
For excavating all the idle sin  
Within the village closets was a bolt  
To lock her skeletons securely in.



## THE DRUNKARD

**T**HE village drunkard was a kindly soul  
With splintered shoes and vest of ample  
size,

And all the men who shunned him righteously  
Would envy those who dared to fraternize.  
These fortunates would swiftly congregate  
When he was juggling stories at the jail,  
And when the entertainment was at end,  
Would formulate a purse and go his bail.

AND he would wander mournfully about,  
As sober as a saint and twice as staid,  
Until again he tipped the brimming glass  
To find for other folk how dreams are made.

## THE DISORDERLY HOUSEWIFE

**H**ER house was cluttered with the thousand  
things

*That other houses tidily denied,  
And so its visitors were numerous  
And quick to criticize when safe outside.  
It harbored a great quantity of dust  
And a perpetually disordered look,  
While in each corner deep in disarray,  
Reposed an ancient pipe or open book.*

*REMEMBERING the heaps of this or that  
Strewn casually across the careless floor,  
Her neighbors marvelled at the sure delight  
With which her husband entered in his door.*



## THE PASTOR

**H**E was a simple soul with firm belief  
In Christ's humanity and the divine  
Resemblance in each man, and for himself  
Renounced the hell and did without the Sign.  
He realized the heaven . . . here and there . . .  
And read his Bible wisely, leaving out  
Its lines of unimportant politics,  
And never sheltered fear nor harbored doubt.

AND when he touched the town . . . discovered it  
Incompetent of Truth, he sadly spent  
His weary Sabbaths prating platitudes  
And hastily concocting sacrament.

## THE EDITOR

**H**E edited the weekly Clarion  
With flourishes replacing solid facts,  
And finding style could outsubstantiate  
The loudest truth, he suddenly grew lax.  
He sacrificed the national reports.  
For local tales that emphasized the town,  
And lacking means of just comparison,  
The village grew obese with self-renown.

AND when outsiders would attempt to learn  
The cause of its decay, it stood aloof  
Proclaiming its importance to the world,  
And flaunting forth the Clarion for proof.



## THE CELEBRITY

**E**<sup>A</sup>CH summer he would quietly return  
With unassuming air and modest grace  
And settle back in his accustomed groove  
Like any other fixture of the place.  
He took delight within the country store  
In swapping yarns and calculating views,  
Until the day that he was recognized,  
And all the village quivered with the news.

AND when it bustled hastily about,  
Preparing homages and proudly veered  
Its thoroughfare to border on his door,  
He smiled a lonely smile . . . and disappeared.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER

**T**HE prudent master of the village school  
Wore pockets of a liberal extent  
That sheltered apples quartered and in halves  
To prove a fractional experiment.  
Whenever problems seemed too difficult  
Or too involved for texts, he could dispose  
Of every complication evident  
Through objects which his pockets would disclose.

AND so when troubles were too burdensome  
For solitary little hearts to bear  
His pockets would yield up his gentle hands  
To cuddle shoulders and remove despair.



## THE STOREKEEPER

**H**E was the village store's proprietor  
And so supplied the town, as was his boast,  
While customers besieged his merchandise  
To view him in his role of cheerful host.  
Each purchase was to him a cordial rite  
Extended lengthily or the reverse,  
According to the buyer's present wish  
Instead of the condition of his purse.

AND he became the richest man in town  
Both in companions and in dividends  
By practising small profit and swift pay,  
Insisting that good credit makes good friends.

## THE BULLY

**H**is children scurried off in frantic flight,  
When they would hear him banging  
through the gate.

*The very air seemed sullenly to shrink  
Before his bruising syllables of hate.  
Each piece of furniture bore blunted marks  
Created by his boot-toe's battered steel,  
While floors complained unceasingly beneath  
The punishment of his vindictive heel.*

*YET when he towered angrily above  
His tiny wife, she swished her flippant gown  
And turned a careless back till he was hid  
Behind the Clarion . . . turned upside down.*



## THE INVENTOR

**H**E labored patiently with heavy tools  
And sundry complicated instruments  
Which proved his hands mechanically adept  
And powerful in their firm competence.  
And they would measure accurate amounts  
Of what was needed here or wanted there  
And fit the parts precisely to the whole  
With nice adjustment and explicit care.

So he endured the scoffing of the town  
To plod with sure persistence to his goal,  
And then departed with a vague remark  
About a squarish peg and rounded hole.

## THE BOOKWORM

**H**E was the bookworm of the musty town.  
The people treasured up his every mood  
And inventoried with a civic pride  
His library of wealth and magnitude,  
His books were all of ponderous estate,  
And most were tooled in gilt and leather bound,  
While often Plato or Euripides  
Lay open on his knees . . . with folks around.

AND he was celebrated through the hills,  
Authority on every race and age,  
Until the day a little child had asked  
The reason that he never turned a page.



## THE TWINS

**T**HEY were as similar as peas and shared  
Whatever they possessed . . . their books,  
their bed.

They plowed with shoulders touching, for they  
were

One man between them, as each often said.

"And if his name is Charlie, so is mine.

And if my name is Charlie, his must be."

The town grew slightly mortified by their  
Insistence on but one identity.

So when they both would marry the same girl,  
They carefully shook hands and let her choose,  
And heard her verdict quietly, while she  
Still wonders which she happened to refuse.

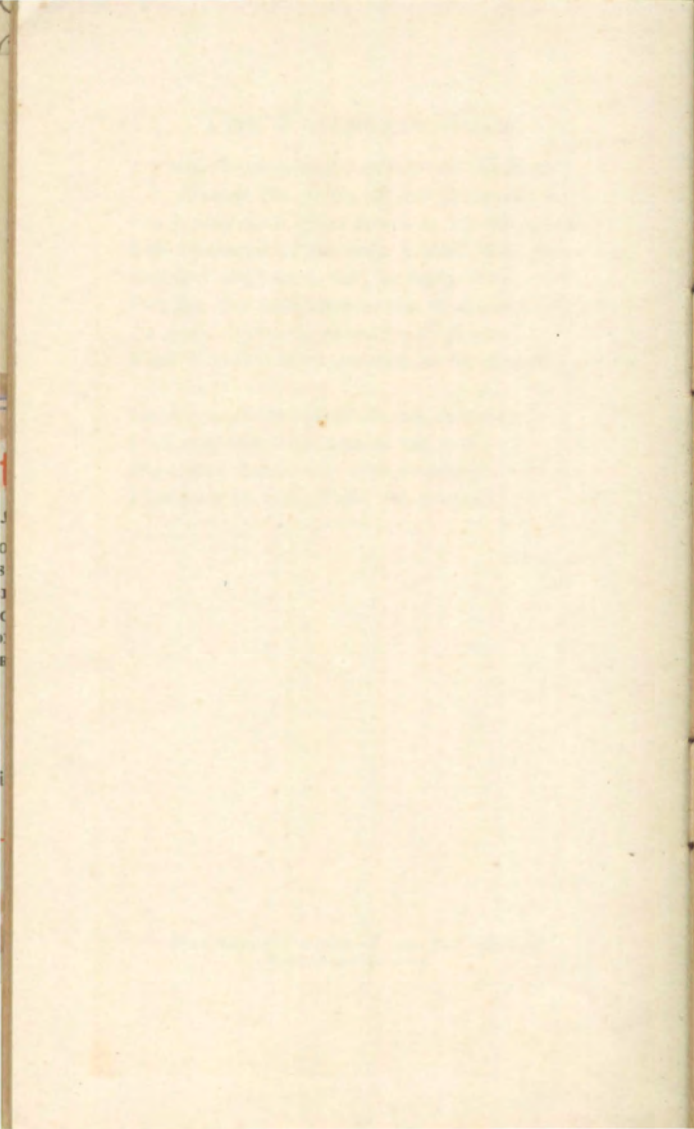
## THE FAITHLESS WIFE

**T**HE frequency of footfalls on the path  
Denied the verity of her pretense.  
She folded pale, prim hands as she bewailed  
The loneliness of farmers' wives. The fence  
Creaked craftily to her, as lusty ones  
Vaulted the small protection it availed.  
Its very slightness seemed certificate  
That barriers were erected to be scaled.

THAT loneliness might be an evidence  
That self-integrity was at an end  
She never knew, nor ever realized  
That only to herself did she pretend.

*Five hundred copies of this first edition  
have been printed.*







## Poetic Pictures By a Floridian

**DAGUERREOTYPES: PORTRAITS FROM A VILLAGE ALBUM.**—By Stella Weston. The Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Fla. Vest Pocket Poets, No. 6.

In spite of the brittleness of her verse, this poet has satire in her work. Such verse as this usually defies analysis because it is too brief for technical consideration, and because it resembles too closely either the Greek anthology or the Spoon River Anthology. But Miss Weston goes a little further and develops her acidity of touch by a subtle use of the manner of some fragmentary Japanese verse. Never possessing the sure strength of Masters she nevertheless, caressingly, conveys something of the same acerbity.

The daguerreotypes which lay infinitesimally in this little brochure include those of The Fool, the Gossip, the Drunkard, the Pastor, the Celebrity, the Editor, the Bully and a handful of other local types. The Bookworm is clever:

He was the bookworm of the musty town.

The people treasured up his every mood And inventoried with a civic pride His library of wealth and magnitude. His books were all of ponderous estate,

And most were tooled in gilt and leather bound.

While often Plato or Euripides Lay open on his knees...with folks around.

And he was celebrated through the hills,

Authority on every race and age, Until the day a little child had asked The reason that he never turned a page.

There is some patience, experience and stoicism in this poet. It is possible to perceive that her next book will be something for which to watch.

Miss Weston is a senior at Rollins this year, and this volume is sponsored by Professor Groover, professor of books, and founder of the Angel Press Alley Press at Rollins.

—C. B.

JACKSONVILLE Times  
Union

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Daguerreotypes: Portraits from a Village Album", by Stella Weston, a senior at Rollins College, is the sixth of the Vest Pocket Poets Series edited by Edwin Osgood Grover, Professor of Books at Rollins. We rather like "The Gossip":

Her bonnet balanced perilously on Her tightly screwed-up knot of meager hair,

While her small nose would quiver ardently

At sight of some slow-sauntering young pair.

And scandals flourished in her neighborhood

Till every street assumed a secret woe,

An innocence was labelled criminal Because her repetition made it so.

And none suspected that her aptitude

For excavating all the idle sin Within the village closets was a bolt

To lock her skeletons securely in.

PENSACOLA JOURNAL

## THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Youngest Generation

A magazine of letters sponsored by the English Department of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. Unless otherwise indicated all contributions are by undergraduates.

Subscription, per annual volume, 75 cents; 20 cents per copy. Advertising rates on application.

HUGH MCKEAN, Editor

PHYRNE SQUIER STELLA WESTON ROGER HOLT

DOROTHY EMERSON

ROBERT H. JAMES, Business Manager

My FIRST "EDITOR-SHIP."

HERALD

## ECHOES OF MIAMI

By GRACE NORMAN TUTTLE.

STELLA WESTON, one of Florida's college seniors, turned the leaves of the old family album and then told in verse a sort of wayside inn story, of the faces she saw there. Some of the portraits follow:

### The Village Fool.

The village fool devoted all his days To studying and putting to the test

Whatever others overlooked, and soon

He knew the things that others only guessed.

He understood a language that was mute

To men of intellect, and often solved

Uncanny mysteries that others found

Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,

Admitted others but as they were kind

The village fool perfected such a heart

That probably he never missed his mind.

### The Gossip.

Her bonnet balanced perilously on Her tightly screwed up knot of meager hair,

While her small nose would quiver ardently

At sight of some slow-sauntering young pair.

And scandals flourished in her neighborhood.

Till every street assumed a secret woe,

And innocence was labeled criminal Because her repetition made it so.

And none suspected that her aptitude

For excavating all the idle sin Within the village closets was a bolt

To lock her skeletons securely in.

### The Disorderly Housewife.

Her house was cluttered with the thousand things

That other houses tidily denied, And so its visitors were numerous

And quick to criticize when safe outside.

It harbored a great quantity of dust

And a perpetually disordered look, While in each corner deep in the disarray,

Reposed an ancient pipe or open book.

Remembering the heaps of this or that

Strewn casually across the careless floor,

Her neighbors marvelled at the sure delight

With which her husband entered in his door.

### The Faithless Wife.

The frequency of footfalls on the path

Denied the verity of her pretense. She folded pale, prim hands as she bewailed

The loneliness of farmers' wives. The fence

Creaked craftily to her, as lusty ones

Vaulted the small protection it availed.

Its very slightness seemed certificate

That barriers were erected to be scaled.

That loneliness might be an evidence

That self-integrity was at an end She never knew, nor even realized

That only to herself did she pretend.

### The Twins.

They were as similar as peas and shared

Whatever they possessed... their books, their bed.

They plowed with shoulders touching, for they were

One man between them, as each often said.

"And if his name is Charlie, so is mine.

And if my name is Charlie, his must be."

The town grew slightly mortified by their

Insistence on but one identity.

So when they both would marry the same girl,

They carefully shook hands and let her choose,

And heard her verdict quietly, while she

Still wonders which she happened to refuse.

Miami Herald

TAMPA TRIBUNE

### The Village Album.

"Daguerreotypes" is the title of the latest little volume of the Rollins College "Vest Pocket Poets," edited by Edwin Osgood Grover, Professor of Books. The author is Stella Weston, a Rollins senior; and her verses "portraits from a village album," scribing types encountered in a town. For example:

### The Gossip

Her bonnet balanced perilously Her tightly screwed-up knot of meager hair,

While her small nose would quiver ardently

At sight of some slow-sauntering young pair.

And scandals flourished in her neighborhood

Till every street assumed a secret woe,

And innocence was labeled criminal Because her repetition made it

And none suspected that her aptitude

For excavating all the idle sin Within the village closets was a bolt

To lock her skeletons securely in.

And, apt portrait of a familiar indispensable type:

### The Editor

He edited the weekly "Clarion" With flourishes replacing solid facts

And finding style could outsubstantiate

The loudest truth, he suddenly gave

He sacrificed the national reports For local tales that emphasized town,

And lacking means of just compensation,

The village grew obese with self-renewal.

And when outsiders would attempt to learn

The cause of its decay, it stood aloof Proclaiming its importance to the world,

And flaunting forth the "Clarion" for proof.

And then Miss Weston kodaks "The Pastor," who—

When he touched the town... discovered it

Incompetent of Truth, he sadly spent His weary Sabbaths prating platitudes

And musingly concocting sacraments.



# THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"First the blade, then the ear,  then the full grain in the ear"

## Angel Alley

JUST where Angel Alley in Winter Park may be, my all-too-casual strolls about that little bit of literary New England, set down in Florida, have not shown me. But in it there seems to be a press, and from that press come forth now and then vest-pocket booklets of poetry which challenge attention and compel admiration. The mind flowers early in tropical climes, they say, and perhaps early flowering of poetic spirit and expression among the students of Rollins College should not cause surprise. And yet when the "Professor of Books," Edwin O. Grover, wrote on the title page of a little volume of sonnets that the author, "Miss Stella Weston, is a senior at Rollins," I turned again to some of the sonnets which had impressed me with a certainty of touch and maturity of expression. If there seems to be a slight echo of the Spoon River Anthology, it is an echo from which all trace of the bitterness of Masters is eliminated, while there is retained a more genial humor and a quite equal keenness of observation.

For example, how shrewd is the social philosophy of this study of a careless and happy domesticity:

### THE DISORDERLY HOUSEWIFE

Her house was cluttered with the thousand things  
That other houses tidily denied,  
And so its visitors were numerous  
And quick to criticize when safe outside.  
It harbored a great quantity of dust  
And a perpetually disordered look,  
While in each corner deep in disarray,  
Reposed an ancient pipe or open book.

Remembering the heaps of this or that  
Strewn casually across the careless floor,  
Her neighbors marveled at the sure delight  
With which her husband entered in his door.

"Daguerreotypes," the editor calls the portraits pictured in this little pamphlet, but the term does them scant justice. They have the sharpness, the suggestiveness of etchings. Not a line is superfluous, and the epigrammatic style is rigidly maintained. For example, note how the last line, the last word even, punctures the pretensions of the village bookworm:

### THE BOOKWORM

He was the bookworm of the musty town.  
The people treasured up his every mood  
And inventoried with a civic pride  
His library of wealth and magnitude.  
His books were all of ponderous estate,  
And most were tooled in gilt and leather bound,  
While often Plato or Euripides  
Lay open on his knees . . . with folks around.

And he was celebrated through the hills,  
Authority on every race and age,  
Until the day a little child had asked  
The reason that he never turned a page.

Again, there is the picture of the self-satisfied little town fed in its provincial isolation by the editor who chronicles the gossip of its streets to the exclusion of tidings of the greater world without. Miss Weston may not have been a journalist, but that she has sharply studied the mentality of some of the rural practitioners of that profession this sonnet convincingly shows:

### THE EDITOR

He edited the weekly Clarion  
With flourishes replacing solid facts,  
And finding style could outsubstantiate  
The loudest truth, he suddenly grew lax.  
He sacrificed the national reports  
For local tales that emphasized the town,  
And lacking means of just comparison,  
The village grew obese with self-renown.

And when outsiders would attempt to learn  
The cause of its decay, it stood aloof  
Proclaiming its importance to the world,  
And flaunting forth the Clarion for proof.

The editor of this booklet does not overstate the case when he says that "Miss Weston has reproduced with keen insight and rare poetic skill a group of portraits from a little town." For myself, I can recall no instance of such worthy work, put forth so modestly by so young a poet.

W. J. A.

## P o e m s

### Daguerreotypes

By STELLA WESTON

STELLA WESTON—A.B.—A.B. stands for the Author of a Book! *Daguerreotypes* just issued from the press with a subtitle, *Portraits from a Village Album*, is a collection of fourteen charming word pictures, each of which describe a type so often found in a little town. These portraits are exquisitely done, revealing the author's keen insight into character, and abound in delicate touches of romance, pride, pathos, and tragedy. And Gamma Phi Beta is very proud of Stella Weston, the writer of the unusually fine Alpha Mu letters in our magazine; for, not only has she shown exceeding talent and rare poetic ability in her chosen work but she promises a fine maturity.

In the series of Vest Pocket Poets, there are other names well known in the literary world, such as Clinton Scolland, Willard Wattles, and Percy MacKaye; while one of the volumes *Balancing the Scales* was written by Dorothy Emerson, also a gifted member of Alpha Mu. Miss Weston's *Daguerreotypes* is the latest of this series.

We present three portraits from this family album:

#### The Fool

The village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.

And inventoried with a civic pride  
His library of wealth and magnitude.  
His books were all of ponderous estate,  
And most were tooled in gilt and leather bound,  
While often Plato and Euripides  
Lay open on his knees—with folks around.

And he was celebrated through the hills,  
Authority on every race and age,  
Until the day a little child had asked  
The reason that he never turned a page.

W. J. A. is Willis J.  
Abbott, Editor of The  
Monitor. - Jan. 4, 1930.





# P o e m s



## Daguerreotypes

By STELLA WESTON

STELLA WESTON—A.B.—A.B. stands for the Author of a Book! *Daguerreotypes* just issued from the press with a subtitle, *Portraits from a Village Album*, is a collection of fourteen charming word pictures, each of which describe a type so often found in a little town. These portraits are exquisitely done, revealing the author's keen insight into character, and abound in delicate touches of romance, pride, pathos, and tragedy. And Gamma Phi Beta is very proud of Stella Weston, the writer of the unusually fine Alpha Mu letters in our magazine; for, not only has she shown exceeding talent and rare poetic ability in her chosen work but she promises a fine maturity.

In the series of Vest Pocket Poets, there are other names well known in the literary world, such as Clinton Scolland, Willard Wattles, and Percy MacKaye; while one of the volumes *Balancing the Scales* was written by Dorothy Emerson, also a gifted member of Alpha Mu. Miss Weston's *Daguerreotypes* is the latest of this series.

We present three portraits from this family album:

### *The Fool*

*The village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.*

*As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.*



It was quite a test for her ability but a perfect landing was made, in spite of the darkness. Eileen was one of the members who made the meet such a success.

When the clubhouse was opened Eileen was put in charge and she certainly proved a very capable manager. Last summer she flew to several towns in Manitoba to pay a friendly visit, had tea and returned the same day. These cross-country hops did much to promote interest in flying throughout the Province.

Eileen is now working in the Grain Exchange but continues to fly a little for pleasure. She is one of the outstanding members of the Winnipeg Flying Club and of our chapter. As you have already gathered, Eileen is airy-minded. Signs of this were shown in university, where things unearthly fascinated her. She became positively clairvoyant in her interpretation of transcendental philosophy. Though a lover of other worlds, she is sufficiently attached to this one to play golf well, to swim and ride, and—to knit baby clothes for her friends' varied progeny. She is like a modernistic drawing, outlined with a few definite characteristics but filled with many elusive and enchanting shadows.





THE ALLIED ARTS OF WINTER PARK, FLORIDA  
TAKES PLEASURE IN INVITING

Miss Stella Weston

TO BECOME AN active MEMBER

ANNUAL DUES ARE THREE DOLLARS FOR ACTIVE MEMBERS  
AND FIVE DOLLARS FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

KINDLY RESPOND TO  
ROSE MILLS POWERS, SECRETARY

Inspired by THE FIVE  
GIRLS, PAINTERS OF DIAL  
FACES ON CLOCKS, CON-  
demned to SLOW DEATH  
FROM Radium POISONING  
PRINTED IN FLAMINGO.  
FEBRUARY, 1930.

THE WIDOW

BY STELLA WESTON

WHEN loneliness sits down with me  
And settles back as if to stay,  
I proffer loneliness some tea  
And coffee cookies sugared gray.  
When loneliness stirs as to go,  
I loose the door with heavy hands  
For of all callers that I know,  
My loneliness most under hands.

INTENSITY

STELLA WESTON

SINCE dusk and darkness deepen  
Feeling and thought,  
By night the day-sown gaping seams  
On star points are caught.  
Glances clash like heart-shafts.  
Words string into song.  
I would that my life might be  
All . . . night . . . long.

FLAMINGO -

MARCH - 1930.



## THE LUMINANT

STELLA WESTON

*Dedicated to the five radium workers who are penetrating  
the bright eternity.*

“I’ve had a shining life,” she said.  
“I pray my death may be  
A brilliance shattering the wall  
To bright eternity.”

By day her skillful fingers drew  
A silvered brush astride  
The blank clock faces row on row  
At her side.

By dusk she proudly hovered near  
The clattering tick-tocks  
Sing-singing from the radiance  
Of her clocks.

And when she drooped her body down  
Luxuriously at night,  
Her hand upon the coverlet  
Gleamed bright.

“I’ve had a shining life,” she said.  
“I pray my death may be  
A brilliance,” and her whitened smile  
Glimmered with prophesy.



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

12018

#### CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

#### SIGNS

DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at 148 East Park Ave. Winter Park, Fla.

HZ18 6=NEWYORK NY 30 923A

1930 APR 30 AM 9 41

STELLA WESTON=

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTERPARK FLO=

MARTHA SAINTED IN TODAYS TIMES CONGRATULATIONS=

HAMILTON HOLT.

TELEPHONE No.	29100
TELEPHONED TO	Mrs. Weston
TIME DELIVERED	1109A
BY	7
ATTEMPTED TO DELIVER	8

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

#### SAINT MARTHA.

Little Saint Martha knelt at prayer.  
In childish sorrow she confessed  
That she had played and not been  
blessed

When morning service was dismissed.  
And God the Father smiled to see  
Her innocent humility,  
And laid His hand upon her hair  
As little Saint Martha knelt at  
prayer.

Young Saint Martha knelt at prayer.  
With timid lips and girlish shame  
She breathed aloud Love's splendid  
name

And promised to forget he came.  
And God the Son felt pity stir  
Within His heart at sight of her,  
For he recalled an old despair  
As young Saint Martha knelt at  
prayer.

Old Saint Martha knelt at prayer.  
She trembled, piteous and faint,  
Beneath the burden of restraint.  
Oh, it is hard to live a saint.  
And there among the heavenly host  
Stood Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
While blast of trumpets shook the  
air

As old Saint Martha rose from  
prayer.

STELLA WESTON.

New York Times

April 30, 1930 -

"Of Hopeful Greenstuff Women," 1936.



## FURTHER DAGUERREOTYPES

By  
STELLA WESTON

## THE POOR RELATION

SHE LIVED from house to house with relatives  
Who deprecated her reduced estate  
And offered her a modest livelihood  
Magnificent in their own estimate.  
And she assumed a mute humility  
Which elevated roofs and flattered food,  
While her acceptance of each simple gift  
Pronounced a satisfying gratitude.

And so they took exaggerated pride  
In lessening the burden she had borne  
And grew increasingly oblivious  
Of her amused and condescending scorn.

## THE GRANDMOTHER

HER WORDS were low and singing syllables  
That slipped across a silence easily  
And made one scarcely certain they were said  
Before they gave their place to reverie.  
And like her words, her tiny bird-like hands  
Would flutter on a mound of colored stuff  
And fashion there exquisite little things  
As long as babies are and wide enough.

And only when the silence of her room  
Grew stretched and still before the summer rains,  
Would her dry fingers crack like broken birds  
Within the nest of tangled worsted skeins.

## THE ECCENTRIC

HER BRIDAL veil was antiquated stuff  
Voluminous in folds of ruined lace  
And like the draperies about a saint,  
It half concealed her old, ecstatic face.  
She would arrange it proudly when she went  
To seek the new-built houses of the town  
And would ignore the taunting boys who jeered  
At her dilapidated wedding gown.

Yet when she saw a new foundation laid,  
With workmen busy at some homely task,  
She'd interrupt them eagerly; then stop  
As though she'd lost the question she would ask.

## THE TRAVELER

HE USED to balance on a shady bench  
Beside the rusted fountain in the park  
And illustrate in foreign syllables  
The wonders of the Taj Mahal at dark.  
And he would scrupulously reconstruct  
A score of Londons and a thousand Romes  
And hypnotize his listeners with tales  
Of ancient tombs and dusty catacombs.

And when they splintered his unyielding door  
To interrupt his first and final rest,  
They found the Holy Bible on the floor  
While Baedeker lay open on his breast.

## STELLA WESTON

It's quite easy to enumerate facts about Boots, the merry, good sport and favorite of many; Stella, the friend of the faculty, the president and others; and Stella Weston, the poet and short story writer. But it's quite difficult to try and express in words Boots' spirit which is bubbling over with enthusiasm for Rollins, and for almost anything that comes along.

A few facts might be of interest:

In the fall of 1924 Boots had two months of college at Carlton. Then, she thought better of her rash decision, and came to Rollins, where she could not take a full course for some time. (Did you know Boots has spent six years in college? And now she wonders if she'll graduate because she has only 191 hours to her credit!!!)

Perhaps one reason for Boots' meagre show of credit hours is because of her varied interest in college activities. There isn't a thing Boots misses whether it be a play, a lecture, a recital, a party, a meeting or a bull-session. She has been secretary of the Y. W. C. A., a member of the Flamingo board, society editor of the Sandspur, secretary of the Liberal Club, president of R. L. S., a member of the French Club, the Glee Club, the scrub, and the Gamma Phi Beta sorority.

Flamingo - April - 1930.

Perhaps another reason for the lack (as yet) of a required credit hour is that Boots "likes her poetry." And by the way if you haven't read any of it, get busy, because it's good. You'll find a number of poems in the Rollins Book of Verse, in nearly all the Flamingos, and sometimes in Beautiful Florida and the New York Times. She is the author of Daguerreotypes. Last year Boots wrote the W. A. A. Rollins song and in 1928 she won first prize in the Quill Driver's short story contest, so you see she isn't only poetically talented.

One couldn't attempt to describe Boots without mentioning her white mice and rabbits, the "sweet rolls" which she enjoys so frequently at Charlie's, and dear faithful "Willy." At present Boots is getting a taste of real college life for a couple of weeks in Cloverleaf, and Fleet has given her a pet snake to keep in her room! Since she moved over a number of us have wondered why she is continually asking if a letter from Miami has been seen lying around. We have decided to keep our eyes open at commencement.

← Sandspur - May - 1930.

Boots expects to be in the Big City of New York next year where she will probably lead the life of a lowly stenog. After "turning around" three times in the Big World, Boots hopes to return to Rollins in the role of Mother Superior in one of the new girl's halls, or something quite as thrilling.

In summarizing Boots one can say that she is the official greeter, an "ornary" gold-digger, and the original golden personality of Rollins. Her ability to make friends on short notice, to "interest" people in Rollins, and to spread cheer everywhere will, we believe, always help tremendously in her career. We shall miss her at Rollins.



"An Evening at the Chapter House"

Presented by

Alpha Mu Chapter of Gamma Phi Beta

Women's Club of Winter Park

8:00 P. M. May 8th., 1930

1. Prologue
  2. Piano Selections - - - - - Helen Moore
  3. Violin Selections - - - - - Katherine Goss
  4. Original Poetry - - - - - Stella Weston
  5. Piano Solo - - - - - Mary Lee Korns
  6. Guitar - - - - - Marguerite Libby
  7. Reading - - - - - Frances Arnold
  8. Specialty - - - - - ?????
  9. Finale
- Mistress of Ceremonies - - Virginia Hughes

If we were young enough to worship Rollins  
Without a single question or a doubt,  
Or old enough to see the truth eternal  
And knew that deep serenity blots out  
The questions we shall all our lives be asking,  
Then we could leave her joyously and turn  
To seek the new adventure that is waiting,  
And never feel the parting stab and burn.

II

But we are neither one thing nor the other.  
We are the merging of the double tide  
Which knows the buffeting of crested waters  
And feels the stillness flowing close beside.

III

All yesterday we shouted Rollins' praises.  
We knew the clash of conflict and the sting  
Of shattering their old worn-out conventions  
In order to create this shining thing  
Which we have touched at Rollins in restoring  
The hidden wish to serve and will to give.  
We've captured here the quality of sharing,  
Discovered how to be and how to live.

IV

Tomorrow we will meet a day of triumph  
With eagerness to test our wings and show  
That we have realized success for Rollins,  
Developing ability to grow.  
And we shall feel the welling up of wonder,  
The whip of honesty and surge of truth,  
And in the exultation of the hour,  
Shall rush to purchase wisdom with our youth.



## CLASS POEM OF 1930

### I

If we were young enough to worship Rollins  
Without a single question or a doubt,  
Or old enough to see the truth eternal  
And knew that deep serenity blots out  
The questions we shall all our lives be asking,  
Then we could leave her joyously and turn  
To seek the new adventure that is waiting,  
And never feel the parting stab and burn.

### II

But we are neither one thing nor the other.  
We are the merging of the double tide  
Which knows the buffeting of crested waters  
And feels the stillness flowing close beside.

### III

All yesterday we shouted Rollins' praises.  
We knew the clash of conflict and the sting  
Of shattering their old worn-out conventions  
In order to create this shining thing  
Which we have touched at Rollins in restoring  
The hidden wish to serve and will to give.  
We've captured here the quality of sharing,  
Discovered how to be and how to live.

### IV

Tomorrow we will meet a day of triumph  
With eagerness to test our wings and show  
That we have realized success for Rollins,  
Developing ability to grow.  
And we shall feel the swelling up of wonder,  
The whip of honesty and surge of truth,  
And in the exultation of the hour,  
Shall rush to purchase wisdom with our youth.

V

All yeasterday we shouted Rollins' praises.  
Tomorrow brings the all-triumphant day.  
So now within the period of waiting,  
Let us be humbly silent. Let us pray.  
Let us remember for a little moment  
That through the satisfaction we should feel  
A stirring of the small things and the gentle,  
The quiet things the heart dares not reveal.

VI

And let us recognize success for Rollins  
Lies not in publishing her new career,  
But in the careful guarding of her honor -  
In making true the praises that we hear,  
O do not flaunt the beauty of her banners  
And raise on high the staffs her flags may win,  
Before we till a sober, solid surface  
That's firm enough for us to plant them in.

VII

Remember that a truly noble purpose  
Is ever more desirable than fame  
While modest confidence and earnest effort  
Are ever real endeavor's guiding flame.  
So if the days just past reveal us shouting -  
Tomorrow, reaching out for new renown,  
Today let us think quietly of Rollins  
And grow a shining faith to be her crown.

Stella Hyde Weston



BY DIRECT WIRE FROM

1223S

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

WX2 35 DL COLLECT=PRINCETON NJ 3 935A

*file*

PRESIDENT HAMILTON HOLT=

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTERPARK FLO=

FOX PRIZE AWARDED TO DAGUERREOTYPES BY STELLA WESTON WITH  
HONORABLE MENTION OF FIDELIA BY PHYRNE SQUIER AND CHAPEL  
WITH THE MOST CANDLES BY HUGH MCKEAN JUDGES WERE PAUL E  
MORE HERBERT S MURCH AND=CHARLES G OSGOOD. (14).

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



WESTON

MISS STELLA H. WESTON, Winter Park, graduate of Rollins College with the class of '30, was awarded the Howard Fox Literature Prize of \$50, for her "Daguerreotypes", a series of poems published as one of the Vest Pocket Series of the Angel Alley Press of Winter Park this year. "Originality, human interest and craftsmanship" were considered in awarding this prize.

THE HOWARD FOX LITERATURE PRIZE of \$50.00 has been offered by Dr. Howard Fox of New York City for the best piece of literature produced by a student at Rollins College. In awarding this prize, originality, human interest, and craftsmanship shall be considered.

The Howard Fox Literature Prize of \$50.00 offered by Dr. Howard Fox of New York City for the best piece of literature produced by a Rollins student during the year, was awarded to Stella H. Weston, Winter Park, senior, for her book of poems, "Daguerreotypes," which was published by the Angel Alley Press this year.

*ORLANDO PAPER*

*ROLLINS RECORD*



# MIAMI MUSE

A Weekly Column Devoted to Florida's Poets  
Conducted by

**Vivian Yeiser Laramore**

(Poet Laureate of Florida)

## ROADS

Oh, I have followed many roads,  
With dancing steps and slow,  
The onward road, the downward road,  
The road to Long Ago;  
And I have known the will of roads  
That teach the heart to roam,  
But shining is the little road  
That leads back home!

Oh, I have followed city roads  
That hold the hum of cars,  
And I have followed country roads  
That go to meet the stars;  
But best of all the many roads  
The heart is wont to roam,  
Is the singing road, the winging road,  
That leads back home!

—V. Y. L.

National Contest News, a column in the San Francisco Daily News, edited by Gilson V. Willets, announces all poetry contests.

A genuinely interesting person is Stella Weston Tuttle, wife of Harry E. Tuttle, jr., whose grandmother, Julia Tuttle, induced Flagler to build the railroad to Miami by giving him half of her holdings here. Stella attended



Miss Harris' school in Miami and was later graduated from Rollins college, Winter Park. She has visited 44 of the 48 states and, in 1928, made a whirlwind tour of Europe, skimming through eight countries in six weeks. The high point on this trip was a hike through the mountains with Anton Lang, jr., on a rainy day—borrowing from him the only slicker in Oberammergau. She has three major ambitions: To have eight children, to conduct a column and to get a poem published in the Atlantic Monthly. However, she confesses that her present offspring, two-year-old, toddling Judy, has her rather much on the run. Perhaps she expects to achieve her ambitions serially, starting with the children and concluding with the Atlantic Monthly. Already her poems have appeared in the New York Times, the Christian Science Monitor and papers of like standing. Edwin Osgood Grover, professor of books at Rollins college, has edited a number of excellent "Vest Pocket Poets," Stella's "Daguerreotypes" being the sixth in the series. Turning the pages of this "village album" we find

## THE CELEBRITY

Each summer he would quietly return  
With unassuming air and modest grace  
And settle back in his accustomed groove  
Like any other fixture of the place.  
He took delight within the country store  
In swapping yarns and calculating views,  
Until the day that he was recognized,  
And all the village quivered with the news.

And when it bustled hastily about,  
Preparing homages and proudly veered  
Its thoroughfare to border on his door,  
He smiled a lonely smile . . . and disappeared.

A review of this book appearing in the Christian Science Monitor asserts "If there seems to be a slight echo of the 'Spoon River Anthology,' it is an echo from which all trace of the bitterness of Masters is eliminated, while there is retained a more genial humor and a quite equal keenness of observation." Here is one of our favorites:

## THE TWINS

They were as similar as peas and shared  
Whatever they possessed . . . their books, their bed.  
They plowed with shoulders touching, for they were  
One man between them, as they often said.  
"And if his name is Charlie, so is mine."  
And if my name is Charlie, his must be."  
The town grew slightly mortified by their  
Insistence on but one identity.

So when they both would marry the same girl,  
They carefully shook hands and let her choose,  
And heard her verdict quietly, while she  
Still wonders which she happened to refuse.

THIS COLUMN PRINTED IN THE  
MIAMI DAILY NEWS SOME-  
(SEPT. 9)  
TIME, IN 1934. THE FOLLOW-  
ING YEAR I TOOK A COURSE  
TAUGHT BY VIVIAN LARAMORE  
AND STARTED WRITING AFTER A  
5-YEAR DRY SPELL!

Professor Grover was the first to detect real talent here, and to urge Stella to go on with her writing. She studied under Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Percy MacKaye, Robert Herrick and Willard Wattles, each of whom she found tremendously stimulating. She looks upon Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins, as a sort of "father confessor" to whom she still takes her problems, her sorrows and her joys. Her perception of underlying values is vividly portrayed in

## THE FOOL

The village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.

This poet always writes sprawled out full length, generally in bed. The first draft of a poem is just plain work for her, but she thoroughly enjoys the rewriting, polishing process; and searching for the ultimate word she considers a real adventure. With amazing insight she depicts

## THE PASTOR

He was a simple soul with firm belief  
In Christ's humanity and the divine  
Resemblance in each man, and for himself  
Renounced the hell and did without the Sign.  
He realized the heaven . . . here and there . . .  
And read his Bible wisely, leaving out  
Its lines of unimportant politics,  
And never sheltered fear nor harbored doubt.

And when he touched the town . . . discovered it  
Incompetent of Truth, he sadly spent  
His weary Sabbaths prating platitudes  
And hastily concocting sacrament.

When Stella was eight she was a guest in the Tuttle home and a playmate of the boy she was to marry. She is a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority, the Poetry Society of Florida, and the Rollins club of Miami. We are indebted to Dr. Lowe of our own university for bringing her work to our attention. Perhaps no village album would be complete without a portrait of

## THE BOOKWORM

He was the bookworm of the musty town.  
The people treasured up his every mood  
And inventoried with a civic pride  
His library of wealth and magnitude.  
His books were all of ponderous estate,  
And most were tooled in gilt and leather bound,  
While often Plato or Euripides  
Lay open on his knees . . . with folks around.

And he was celebrated through the hills,  
Authority on every race and age,  
Until the day a little child had asked  
The reason that he never turned a page.

Mrs. Tuttle says, "Too many people find happiness only in remembering or anticipating. I stop from time to time and say to myself: I am happy RIGHT NOW—and I am!" She edited a small country paper one summer, an experience which may have cast some light upon the subject of

## THE EDITOR

He edited the weekly Clarion  
With flourishes replacing solid facts,  
And finding style could outsubstantiate  
The loudest truth, he suddenly grew lax.  
He sacrificed the national reports  
For local tales that emphasized the town,  
And lacking means of just comparison,  
The village grew obese with self-renown.

And when outsiders would attempt to learn  
The cause of its decay, it stood aloof  
Proclaiming its importance to the world,  
And flaunting forth the Clarion for proof.

Stella Weston Tuttle was a senior at Rollins when "Daguerreotypes" was published. It is to be hoped that other books will follow, for her love for people has endued her with the sympathy and understanding that are essential elements in all good writing.

Next Sunday—Introducing Alice Walker Jenison, visiting poet whose work is well known.



Stella Weston Tuttle

THE CELEBRITY

Each summer he would quietly return  
With unassuming air and modest grace  
And settle back in his accustomed groove  
Like any other fixture of the place.  
He took delight within the country store  
In swapping yarns and calculating views,  
Until the day that he was recognized,  
And all the village quivered with the news.

And when it bustled hastily about,  
Preparing homages and proudly veered  
Its thoroughfare to border on his door,  
He smiled a lonely smile . . . and disappeared.

THE FOOL

The village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.

[ 55 ]

From Florida

POETS - 1934.

WILD FLOWERS

I sauntered down a garden path  
Where spread before my eye  
Were rows of stately peonies,  
Haughty gladioli,  
And iris robed in royal hue  
Unbending hollyhocks,  
Imposing yellow zinnias,  
And formal, little phlox.

Then stealing down a forest trail,  
I found a bower there  
Where dwelt a lovely wild-wood nymph  
With stars caught in her hair—  
The purple gentians, her soft eyes,  
Her robe, a sea-green vine,  
The yellow flax, her tangled curls,  
Her lips, the columbine.

I love the stately garden flowers,  
Symetrically dispersed,  
But when I want companionship,  
I seek the wild ones first.

—Stella Weston Tuttle, Winter Park.

Reprinted from  
"Beautiful Florida.

Winter Park

Garden Club

Year Book 1934-35.



New York Times - Aug. 1936

DROUTH

Old Nelson touched a withered tree  
That once had sheltered him,  
And watched the shimmering of heat  
Around the valley's rim.

Once corn had rustled to the north  
And barley to the south,  
But now they hung like broken flags  
Surrendering to drouth.

Old Nelson's heavy shoulders drooped.  
Confusion seamed his brow,  
As he surveyed his silent barn  
And stroked his idle plow.

He stooped to patch the ancient fence  
Although obsessed by doubt,  
For he had nothing to keep in  
And nothing to keep out.

Old Nelson for the hundredth time  
Recalled the life of toil  
Which he had spent in nurturing  
This plot of strangled soil

And for the hundredth time, he marked  
His crop of sticks and stones -  
Twelve acres brown with rooted death,  
Three pastures white with bones.

SEA WIDOW

She burnishes the brasses  
And lays the linens straight.  
A man a continent away  
Is entering the gate.  
She holds a lamp above her head  
And flings the portal wide,  
That he who sleeps six fathoms deep  
May swifter step inside.

The linens and the brasses,  
The lamp above her head,  
Reflect his burning splendor  
And she is comforted.  
But when the dawn flows inward  
Upon the salty breeze,  
A glowing figure leaves her door  
To drown in Asian seas.

The brasses dull their luster.  
The linens cloud and dim.  
The lamplight sputters feebly  
And falters after him,  
While she in terror shields her face,  
Lest turning from the south  
She lose the kiss still trembling  
Upon her yielded mouth.

STELLA TUTTLE.

N.Y. Times, Oct 27/36

New York Times - Oct. 27, 1936.

1st PLACE APRIL, 1932, Poetry Soc. of Fla.

"OF HOPEFUL GREEN STUFF WOVEN"  
1936.

Stella Tuttle

She is one of the best of the group.  
Her poems have a precision & a condensation  
that is very fine. There is almost none any  
waste, any padding in them. And she is on  
the way to developing a personal idiom,  
which is so necessary in great poetry.  
The only poem she gave me which  
seems to me to be a flop is the ballad - but  
then we all know what a special thing ballads  
are.

I haven't very much specific to say to Stella  
Tuttle except to go on. She seems to me  
to be on the right track now. Just keep  
working, keep on sharpening her perceptions  
& broadening her scope. Work too on her  
rhythms. Some are good now. Some are  
still too smooth.  
And take courage.

Critique by Eurice Tiersens - 1936 or 1937



## National Poetry Prizes Won by Two Miamians

Winners in the book-length manuscript contest sponsored by the Galleon Press of New York were announced at the regular monthly meeting of the Vivian Yeiser

Laramore Poetry Study group held this week at the home of Mrs. Carl Entekin in Coral Gables.

They are Mrs. Harry Tuttle, Mrs. John Murrell, both of Miami, and Anita Austermann of New York city. The works of these three poets will appear in a book to be published this fall under the title of "Three Flutes." This title was suggested by Mrs. W. G. Sanchez.

A contest in which the members were to suggest a new feature for their monthly meetings was won by Miss Anne Herring, who suggested choosing 12 contemporary poets, getting in contact with them, and receiving personal letters to be read to the group telling of how they attained success.

Mrs. Walter Brown, whose pen name is Jessie McIntosh Brown, won a prize offered by Miss Gertrude R. Fay for the best original poem. Those winning prizes in the regular monthly Ballard contest were Mrs. Mary V. Stanley, Mrs. Howard Judson (Carman Judson), and Mrs. Henry M. Carr (Mary Beale Carr).

The life and works of Robert Tristram Coffin, most recent winner of the Pulitzer poetry award, was reviewed by Mrs. Alan Connett, and a poem written by Mrs. Marion Diller, a member of the group, which appeared in the last issue of the Literary Digest, was read by Mrs. J. B. Blackwell.

The hostess was assisted during the tea hour by Miss Graynella Packer. The next meeting of the group will be held on September 15 at the home of Mrs. W. C. Harrison, 3047 Prairie ave.,

VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE  
225 NORTH EAST 35TH STREET  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

August 4th 1

9

3

6

Dear Stella:

I'm bursting with excitement over all the nice things that have been said about your poems. You lead the three winning poets by a number of votes. The two who will be your book mates are Sheelah Murrell and Anita Austermann. Now it's up to you to get together about 20 more poems. These must be sent to Kenneth Houseton by September first, so get busy. The group voted that the winners should send their ms to me for brief foreword and that the three copies should be mailed together and from here. Does this meet with your approval? And have you a suggestion for title? The members are sending in suggestions to be voted on by the group. A page holds about 40 lines --spaces count as a line each, and titles, a line each--spaces between poems, about 3 lines. Houston thought the book should have about 90-odd poems, or thirty for each of the three poets. I hope you kept copies of those submitted in the contest as we could not ask judges to return same. As it was the postage was more than \$5.00. When you are making your book copy I wish you'd do a carbon that could be read at the group meeting. An extra carbon, I mean, for of course you will want one yourself. And now I am going to tell you the grand things the judges said about your work. Florida Watts Symth who placed you first on the list:

"1028 (your ms) comes nearest to a balanced group. "The Fool" in the group Daguerretypes, I like much better than the other two, which remind me in various ways of Robinson's "Richard Cory". "The Fool" is most original and has a clever ending. The other that stands out is "Sea Widow", which has imaginative power with a very nice rhythm and a quick movement which keeps the story moving in an admirable way--also a good substructure of thought in the brasses, linens and lamp on which the more imaginative events are poised. It seems to me even better than "The Fool", though that is a close second. The rest of the group has much more value, I think, than any group submitted. "Surfeit" is a good picture of the wild hyacinths around Miami, which give a fresh note to the lyric and set it apart from similar poems on the same subject. The ending is not as original as in the first two. "The Pagan" would take a place lower down as less original in development of a subject often chosen. I am judging by content in these latter ones. Because there is no fault to find with the technique on any of these as to their form. The images are fresh and choice of simple words one of excellent points. I like the half-rhymes and rhyming of masculine and feminine endings---suitable: full--sticks: crucifix---head: comforted. "Anniversary of a Death" is strong and tells a story in six lines. It is modern in leaving much to the imagination. This writer excels in the short lyric that in modern poetry does the work of the narrative poem of a previous period. In "Seminole Madonna" the line that bothers me is the one with "rhythmic undertow"--the closing lines of the other stanzas are good, but in this we are drawn away from the simplicity of the picture. I am not quite sure what it means and the reader must not be left in doubt. I like "calico"

try  
ic-  
l-  
or

an-  
the



VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE  
225 NORTH EAST 35TH STREET  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

August 4th 1

9

3

6

Dear Stella:

I'm bursting with excitement over all the nice things that have been said about your poems. You lead the three winning poets by a number of votes. The two who will be your book mates are Sheelah Murrell and Anita Austermann. Now it's up to you to get together about 20 more poems. These must be sent to Kenneth Houston by September first, so get busy. The group voted that the winners should send their ms's to me for brief foreword and that the three copies should be mailed together and from here. Does this meet with your approval? And have you a suggestion for title? The members are sending in suggestions to be voted on by the group. A page holds about 40 lines --spaces count as a line each, and titles, a line each--spaces between poems, about 3 lines. Houston thought the book should have about 90-odd poems, or thirty for each of the three poets. I hope you kept copies of those submitted in the contest as we could not ask judges to return same. As it was the postage was more than \$5.00. When you are making your book copy I wish you'd do a carbon that could be read at the group meeting. An extra carbon, I mean, for of course you will want one yourself. And now I am going to tell you the grand things the judges said about your work. Florida Watts Symth who placed you first on the list:

"1028 (your ms) comes nearest to a balanced group. "The Fool" in the group Daguerretypes, I like much better than the other two, which remind me in various ways of Robinson's "Richard Cory". "The Fool" is most original and has a clever ending. The other that stands out is "Sea Widow", which has imaginative power with a very nice rhythm and a quick movement which keeps the story moving in an admirable way--also a good substructure of thought in the brasses, linens and lamp on which the more imaginative events are poised. It seems to me even better than "The Fool", though that is a close second. The rest of the group has much more value, I think, than any group submitted. "Surfeit" is a good picture of the wild hyacinths around Miami, which give a fresh note to the lyric and set it apart from similar poems on the same subject. The ending is not as original as in the first two. "The Pagan" would take a place lower down as less original in development of a subject often chosen. I am judging by content in these latter ones. Because there is no fault to find with the technique on any of these as to their form. The images are fresh and choice of simple words one of excellent points. I like the half-rhymes and rhyming of masculine and feminine endings---suitable:full--sticks:crucifix---head:comforted. "Anniversary of a Death" is strong and tells a story in six lines. It is modern in leaving much to the imagination. This writer excels in the short lyric that in modern poetry does the work of the narrative poem of a previous period. In "Seminole Madonna" the line that bothers me is the one with "rhythmic undertow"--the closing lines of the other stanzas are good, but in this we are drawn away from the simplicity of the picture. I am not quite sure what it means and the reader must not be left in doubt. I like "calico"



and think the rest of the sentence should have the same simplicity. It's like "Cosmic", overused and never clearly defined. As this writer has sent in so many good ones, I think she should have first place".

After reading this I know you will want to write and thank her for going into the matter so fully. Her address is 16 Brentmoor, St. Louis, Mo.

James Neill Northe, without comment, gives your ms third place (Sheelah's first and Anita Austermmann's second.) But listen to this from Witter Bynner:

"First place to 1028 (your ms); especially for "Sea Widow" which seems to me the best poem of all those submitted. The level of this poet's work, moreover, is extraordinarily high. I very much like "The Pagan", and am impressed also with "Surfeit", "Chaos", "A Voice To Emily Dickinson", "Affinity", "The Celebrity", "The Traveler", "Anniversary of a Death", and "Seminole Madonna". In the two remaining, "Saint Martha" and "The Fool", I find an intent and lines to respect, but am not so well pleased by the poems as wholes. In whoever wrote this group you have found in my judgment a noteworthy poet."

And now, my dear, crawl out from your mask and write him a little about yourself. His address is 342 Buena Vista Road, Sante Fe, New Mexico, and I think he is not only a swell poet but a sincere person. What he has said about you I consider very worthwhile praise.

Thanks for sending along the ballad. If the drinks are giving you added poetic pep, I hope you'll increase the dose.

Eugene is worse, and I am TIRED, body and soul.

Forgive me for not telling you any news tonight. I'll do better next time. We are all so very VERY proud of you.

Much love to you, and all good things,

P.S. Forgot to say that James Neill Northe, 303 Rosewood, Ontario, Calif., wants to send an autographed print of by Don Blanding to the authors of the four mss he liked best. Will you write him you were the third on his list? Thanks. V.



Miami, Florida;  
Aug. 20, 1936.

My dear Mrs. Tuttle:

I wish to extend from the Vivian Yeiser Laramore Poetry Study Group their congratulations to you for your success in winning first place in the Galleon Press contest. Mrs. Murrell and Mrs. Austerman were the other fortunate ones.

Mrs. Laramore announced that there were thirty-two manuscripts sent in and said every one was a credit to the group, she was very complimentary in her criticism.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Sincerely,

*Hell Dell Mpell,*

Secretary,

V.Y.L. Poetry Study Group.



Above is my

THIRD OF THE

"POETRY PRIZE".

PUBLISHED 1936.

My COPY ARRIVED  
IN JAN. 1937.

"A child said, 'what is the grass?' fetching it  
to me with full hands . . . . .

I guess it must be a flag of my disposition,  
out of hopeful greenstuff woven".

Walt Whitman

"Song of Myself"



### HEAT

The tears that strangled in his parching throat  
Burned dry as heat consumed his field.  
He watched his swollen grain  
Wither in thirst  
And need.

No seed  
Of his would burst  
With fruit nor would attain  
Fulfillment in a lavish yield.  
No yellow braid of rye or wheat or oat  
Would shimmer in the noonday sun nor float  
On pools of gold. His land lay sealed  
With bands of searing pain,  
His acres cursed  
With weed.

The greed  
Of heat immersed  
His soul in hate till rain  
Returned with cooling hands and healed  
The tears that strangled in his parching throat.

## Miami Poetry Group

Now on sale downtown is a book of poems "Of Hopeful Green Stuff Woven," the work of three Miami poets, Stella Tuttle, Ernest Murrell and Anita Austermann. The book is the result of a contest conducted by the Galleon Press, New York. The three judges were Witter Brynner, J. Neill North and Florida Watts Smith.

The following poem is reprinted from Stella Tuttle's first book, "Daguerreotypes," published by Angel Alley Press.

### THE FOOL

The village fool devoted all his days  
To studying and putting to the test  
Whatever others overlooked, and soon  
He knew the things that others only guessed.  
He understood a language that was mute.  
To men of intellect, and often solved  
Uncanny mysteries, that others found  
Incomprehensible or too involved.

As he acknowledged but the beautiful,  
Admitted others but as they were kind,  
The village fool perfected such a heart  
That probably he never missed his mind.

1st PRIZE FOR "BALANCE" PATTERN IN ANNE  
HERRING GROUP. 2nd PRIZE NATIONAL  
WOMEN'S VOTERS' CONTEST. Published in  
Poetry CARAVAN 1937.

TWO NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS  
WERE PRINTED IN LITTLE  
RIVER SUN - 1937.

## Miami Poetry Group

Stella Tuttle, whose work has appeared in this column before, sends us another poem this week from her book, Daguerreotypes, copyrighted by Angel Alley Press.

### THE BULLY

His children scurried off in frantic flight,  
When they would hear him banging through the gate.  
The very air seemed sullenly to shrink  
Before his bruising syllables of hate.  
Each piece of furniture bore blunted marks  
While floors complained unceasingly beneath  
The punishment of his vindictive heel.  
Yet when he towered angrily above  
His tiny wife, she swished her flippant gown  
And turned a careless back till he was hid  
Behind the Clarion . . . turned upside down.

—STELLA TUTTLE

### NEW MOON

A pale young virgin  
Trembles in the river's bed,  
Shuddering beneath  
The persistent caresses  
Of his thin, rippling fingers.

Poetry CARAVAN - 1937.



# Class Day

*June 5, 1930*



ROLLINS COLLEGE

*Winter Park, Florida*



## CLASS DAY EXERCISES

of the

CLASS OF 1930

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE THE FIFTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY

KNOWLES HALL

*ten o'clock*

## PROGRAM

MASTER OF CEREMONIES . . . CHESTER ALVA IHRIG

MARSHALS	. . . . .	{	GEORGE CHANDLER HOLT
		{	FRANK PERRY WALKER

PROCESSIONAL: March from Aida . . . . Verdi  
EMELIE SELLERS

CLASS HISTORY . . . . . FLORA LEE FUREN

CLASS WILL . . . . . ROBERT KENYON PEPPER

PIANO SOLO . . . . . HUGH FERGUSON McKEAN

DEDICATION OF *Tomokan* . . CHESTER ALVA IHRIG

### PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

CHARLOTTE MARIE STIENHANS

## PRESENTATION OF GAMMA PHI BETA ECONOMICS

PRIZE . . . . . HARRIET LOUISE PIPKORN

PANHELLENIC AWARD . . . HELEN ADAMS MORROW

VOCAL SOLO . . . . . DOROTHY ANN MINTER

CLASS POEM . . . . . STELLA HYDE WESTON

FAREWELL . . . . . CHESTER ALVA IHRIG

ALMA MATER . . Sung by Seniors and Student Body

RECESSIONAL: Pomp and Circumstance . . . *Elgar*

EMELIE SELLERS



# PALM PLANTING CEREMONY

*"On the Shores of Lake Virginia"*

## P R O G R A M

INTRODUCTION . . . . PRESIDENT HAMILTON HOLT

PRESENTATION OF SPADE TO THE SENIOR CLASS

MISS GRACE O. EDWARDS

*Chairman of Campus Beautification Committee*

ACCEPTANCE BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR

CLASS . . . . . CHESTER ALVA IHRIG

PLANTING CEREMONY . . . . THE CLASS OF 1930

PLEDGE TO CARRY ON THE TRADITION

ALFRED JOSEPH RASHID

*For the Class of 1931*

AULD LANG SYNE



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1930

Chester Alva Ihrig, *President*

Charlotte Marie Stienhans, *Vice-President*

Robert Kenyon Pepper, *Secretary*

Robert Guernsey Sprague, *Treasurer*

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

Clara Bertha Adolfs, *Chairman*      Aurora McKay

Gerard Matthew Miller      Robert Guernsey Sprague

Carol Margaret Walter

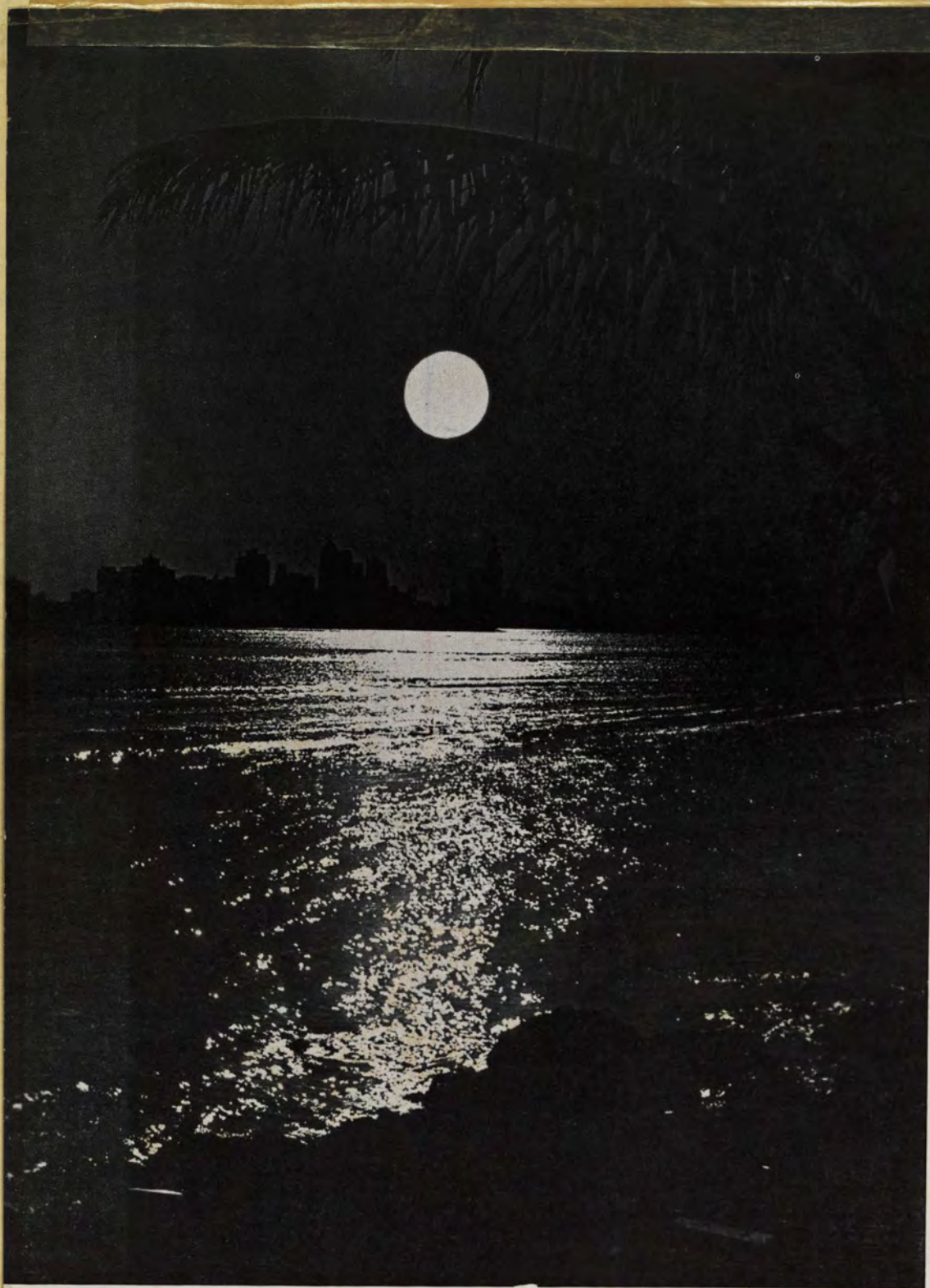
COMMITTEE FOR PALM CEREMONY

Louise Estelle Hall, *Chairman*

John Eldred Armstrong

Anita Emily Cross





Portrait  
of a  
Mermaid

by

Stella Tuttle

*The feathered ripples on the water  
Follow after Neptune's daughter.*

*Lithe of limb and slim of wrist,  
Away she darts through amethyst.*

*And when a vessel finds its grave,  
She rises lightly, wave on wave,*

*Until she sights the broken ship.  
Then, kissing each transparent lip,*

*She wraps her captives in a snare  
Of phosphorescence from her hair.*

Page Four

1st Prize - Anne Herring Group  
Printed in "Guest Book" Feb. 5, 1937.



MILES MENANDER DAWSON, LL.D.

PRESIDENT  
MILES M. DAWSON & SON, INC.  
CONSULTING ACTUARIES  
500 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.

May 10th., 1937

Mrs. H. E. Tuttle, Jr.  
1729 N.W. 51st. Terrace  
Miami, Florida.

Dear Mrs. Tuttle:

I have your letter of the 6th. instant It is particularly happy to have it. And the enclosures of poems written since the book came out----very good poems, they are, and drew my tears several times, not because I was sorry but because the verses struck the right spot as straight as a rightly-directed arrow, rightly directed by the most skillful artist at verse.

Your poems are the finest of all the poems written by a southern woman poet and, in my opinion, are at least the equal of any poet, since Poe, written by man or woman in the southern states.

They are better, much better than the best poetry that has come from the poets of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Indeed, they are better than the ballads that came from the one poetess from Wisconsin. They are better than the best from the two poets who are known as such, from the state of California. They are as good as the finest from Eugene Field of Chicago-of Chicago.

They are better than the poets in the main who bear the names of living verse writers or bore the name while thus living, as the writers of verse while women, in the east. Your little verses are such as will hold your readers as something which must be consulted often and which are entitled to a place among the writers who have ventured poems that are deathless throughout all time.

It seems to me that you have written verses which entitles you to a name among the masters of that art for all time and easily first among the women poets and well up the class of poets without discrimination as to sex. That is my opinion of what you have done.

Poor girl, so you have been sick or ill in bed, no less than six times this winter; you have, indeed, suffered with the flu until you were near to give up. But faith will bring you out, will it not, my poet? faith is worth much and will prove much with you.

I think the fee of the Poetry Society is \$5 a year and there is no initiation fee. It is, in any case, a small matter. Shall I send your name as Stella Weston Tuttle? Write me soon. We are about to leave for Wisconsin, within two weeks, I should say.

Proposing you as late as this will bring your election in October, I should say. Please send a copy of your book at once to Miss Margaret Widdemer, Secretary of the Poetry Society of America, Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 East 20th. St., New York. I will write her at once, and also Margery Mansfield, Cor. Secy. and send you a copy.

You would do well if you go to the last Thursday, October or Thursday, preceding that date, meeting. Thanksgiving cuts it out.

With love to you, your husband and daughter, I am ever

Yours very respectfully

*George Menander Dawson, Jr.*

*Miles M. Dawson*

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

takes pleasure in inviting

*W. H. S.*  
Stella Tuttle

to become one of its members.

The annual dues of the Society are five dollars for resident and three dollars for non-resident members.

Kindly reply to

Margery Mansfield  
Monterey, Mass

and send address

Corresponding Secretary

FAN MAIL TO BE

RE-READ WHEN DIS-

COURAGED! Mr.

DAWSON IS TREASURER

OF THE POETRY

SOCIETY OF AMERICA.



# BEACON PUBLICATIONS

154 NASSAU STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Poet:

Here is the book you have been looking for -- Christmas Lyrics! We can think of no brighter Christmas package any poet could receive, than a fine anthology containing his own work. We share in your pleasure and valid pride -- and the pleasure and pride of your friends. Other readers everywhere will react to the expression of your talent. And so we send you our sincere: CONGRATULATIONS!

Our editors have sent publicity releases to the national journals as well as your local newspapers and we trust your work will attract favorable notice. The interest in this annual has grown so vast that this edition has had to be printed in two volumes. Additional copies of Christmas Lyrics, or the companion volumes, may be secured at \$2.00.

At this time we announce the names of the prize-winners in the Christmas Lyrics contest:

FIRST PRIZE - Loker Raley, Maryland poet.  
SECOND PRIZE - Stella Tuttle, New York poet.  
THIRD PRIZE - Frank Gallagher, Massachusetts poet.  
FOURTH PRIZE - Anna R. Crever, California poet.

And now Beacon Publications announces another contest. We plan to bring out a brand new volume of poetry, an anthology which will make it unnecessary for our friends to wait a year between our books; -- in the Spring of 1938, we will present:

## V E N D O R S   O F   S O N G

The best poem submitted for this anthology will win the first prize of \$100 or the publication of the poet's book on a royalty basis. Contest opens December 15. VENDORS OF SONG will contain sizable representations of the work of the poets selected, and a biographical sketch of each writer. It will be designed to bring the authors to greater prominence by describing their careers and presenting typical examples of their verse. The book will be handsomely bound in buckram.

Meanwhile, let us all enjoy the poetic harvest of Christmas Lyrics. And, may it add to your happiness during this inspiring season.

Merry Christmas!

BEACON PUBLICATIONS



## BEREFT

Only the rush of swallows round my eaves  
 Can penetrate the silence since you left,  
 And as I watch them bearing twigs and leaves  
 And bits of broken string, I am bereft.  
 Bereft am I and stung with tardy shame  
 That once your passion clothed me like a coat  
 Which buttoned my ecstatic length in flame  
 And wound a throbbing scarf about my throat,  
 Remembering so wanton is your quest  
 And so improvident your way of life  
 That you will never seek a sheltered nest  
 Or hunger for an honorable wife,  
 I find it strange your memory should cling  
 To birds who struggle home with bits of string.

(Second prize, Feb.)

Stella Tuttle

1st Prize Poetry Clinic May, 1937.  
 1st Prize for Year 1937 in Laramore Poetry  
 Group. Also Carmen Judson Award. Printed Poetry  
 Caravan Feb, 1937. Gilean Douglas Prize. 2nd  
 Prize Xmas Lyrics Nat'l Contest. Printed in  
 "Xmas Lyrics of 1937" & Greek Letter Anthology.

## Bereft

By STELLA TUTTLE

Only the rush of swallows round my eaves  
 Can penetrate the silence since you left,  
 And as I watch them bearing twigs and leaves  
 And bits of broken string, I am bereft.  
 Bereft am I, and stung with tardy shame  
 That once your passion clothed me like a cloak  
 Which buttoned my ecstatic length in flame  
 And wound a throbbing scarf about my throat.  
 Remembering that so wanton is your quest  
 And so improvident your way of life  
 That you will never seek a sheltered nest  
 Or hunger for an honorable wife,  
 I find it strange your memory should cling  
 To birds who struggle home with bits of string.  
 —From "Poetry Caravan"

Other Reprints -  
 Plainfield, N.J. Courier-  
 News.

Fiction Parade - Dec. - 1937.

"Nor Bitter Nor Profane", 1953.

A comment from a recent letter written me by Sylvia Lufburrow about  
 her radio programs.....

"and Stella Tuttle's lovely poem, 'Bereft' was one of them. I think  
 it must have qualified as an outstanding selection, because the engineer in  
 the control room was in the process of lighting his pipe, and paused with  
 his match in mid-air until I had finished. Later, one of the announcers said  
 that those three lines describing passion were unforgettable. I thought so  
 too!"

Hurriedly,





PRINTED IN "MIAMI VISITOR" JANUARY 29, 1938.

(LETTER UNDERNEATH)



## Pan American Clipper

By  
**Stella Tuttle**

A shaft of sunlight  
Broke in two  
And a woodpecker lost  
His brief tattoo,  
While the timid trees  
And the cringing grass  
Bent down to let  
A shadow pass.

Page Four

*A.E. Curtis*

A.E. CURTIS  
Public Relations Representative  
Eastern Division

AEC:hh



Mrs. R. J. C. Irvine, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, a visitor at the Pancoast for many seasons, has returned for her annual stay, after an absence of last season, when she passed the winter in California. Duchesse Julie del Monte, also of Grosse Pointe, formerly of Italy, arrived with Mrs. Irvine. Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie, Grosse Pointe, son-in-law and daughter of Mrs. Irvine, will join her here next week.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank L. Hatch, who make their home in Wardman Park, Washington, D. C., have arrived for their annual winter sojourn. They were joined by their daughter, Miss Cornelia B. Hatch, who arrived from Springfield, Illinois, where she has been visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Elliott, Detroit, winter colonists at the Pancoast for several seasons, have arrived for their annual stay.

Mrs. John S. Brehm, her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Wessel and Miss Edna Mae Morris, all of New York, have joined the resort colony at the Pancoast for their seasonal visit. Mr. Brehm is expected here the first of the month.

With the height of the season just ahead, cabana row at the Pancoast Hotel has taken on added impetus with the arrival of several families, annual members of this club, who entertain there daily.

Colonel William Neal Campbell, Sanford, Maine, and sub-debutante daughters, the Misses Connie and Barbara Campbell, arrived at the hotel this week-end for their seasonal stay. Their cabana is always the scene of hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Barr, Louisville, cottage colonists in Miami Beach, are here for the winter months, and are seen daily in their cabana and on the beach. They are accompanied by their sub-debutante daughters, the Misses Jessie and Bonnie Barr.

Mrs. Rodney Boone, New York, arrived this week to occupy their ocean front home in Miami Beach. She passed some time at her cabana a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Schwartzel, New Albany, Indiana, are making their first visit at the Pancoast. He is president of the New Albany Box and Basket Company.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Alexander, Lexington, who are on a motor trip in the South, have arrived at the Pancoast. He is a firm member of Alexander Thompson Automobile Company.

Mr. A. M. Pitcher, Elizabeth, New Jersey, who is making a brief stay at the Pancoast, will return North by airplane.

Mrs. Scott L. Probasco, Chattanooga, who commutes between the West Coast and Miami Beach, is passing several days at the Pancoast. Mr. and Mrs. Probasco, who have a new cruiser, are doing some fishing on the West Coast.

Mrs. Arthur H. Rand and Miss Katharine Rand, Minneapolis, are making an extended stay at the Pancoast.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stannard, who were guests at the Pancoast last winter, have returned for their annual visit. They are accompanied by their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Stannard, all of Staten Island. Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, Senior, will remain at this resort two months, while the younger Stannards will return home in about a fortnight.

Mr. William R. Kessler, West Chester, Pennsylvania, is a guest at the Pancoast. Mr. Kessler, who is president and publisher of the Daily Local News in West Chester, also is a well known agriculturist. On his estate in Swedesboro, Gloucester County, New Jersey, where he has his farm, he has been known as the "Asparagus King."

Mrs. Bernard J. Hogue and Mrs. C. Gordon MacLeod, neighbors in Providence, have arrived at the Pancoast for an extended stay. Mrs. Hogue, who was a guest here last winter, will be joined the first of February by Mr. Hogue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Witherspoon and the Misses Catherine and Mary Witherspoon, New York, after an absence of several seasons, have returned to Miami Beach. They are guests at the Pancoast, where they arrived after a West Indies cruise, during which they made stays in Havana and Colon.

Mr. Raymond Rubicam, New York, arrived at the Pancoast this week to pass a few days here with Mr. and Mrs. A. V. B. Geoghegan, Great Neck, Long Island. Mr. Rubicam will travel by airplane to Nassau to join Mrs. Rubicam, who will arrive from New York. Mr. Rubicam is chairman of board of Young & Rubicam, advertising specialists. Mr. Geoghegan is an associate of Mr. Rubicam.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kelly, Short Hills, New Jersey, are guests for several weeks at Pancoast.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nelson, Plandome Manor, Long Island, have arrived at the Pancoast for a several months' stay. Mr. Nelson is vice-president of T. Hogan and Sons, stevedoring concern, which operates the Ocean S. S. Lines.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. J. Doehla, Pittsburgh, are sojourning at the Pancoast. This is their first visit. He is retired.

Mr. and Mrs. John English, Schenectady, were recent luncheon hosts for Mrs. J. Elliott Parry of Lake George, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kelly, Short Hills, New Jersey, entertained with a cabana party, followed by dinner in the evening to mark their fifteenth wedding anniversary. Included in their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond N. Caverly of South Orange, New Jersey.

Joe Whalen, tennis pro and former national professional champion, will meet Karel Kozeluh, present national open champion, best of five sets, on the new tennis court of the Pancoast, Sunday, 3 p. m. Proceeds from the match will go to the Dade County Milk Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bachof, Montclair, have returned to the Pancoast for their annual sojourn. He is president of the Spool Cotton Company, New York, having the Clark Thread Company in Newark, and the Coates Thread Company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman M. Dodson, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, have joined the resort colony at the Pancoast.

Mrs. John S. McCormick, Pittsburgh, is passing several weeks at the Pancoast.

1/29/38 A. G.



—Russell Vinton Lewis

*Sunny tropic skies greet Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kelly of Short Hills, New Jersey, as they appear in cabana row at the Pancoast to celebrate their fifteenth wedding anniversary. They are guests in the hotel.*





**PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS, INC.**

GENERAL OFFICES - CHRYSLER BUILDING - NEW YORK CITY

MIAMI OFFICE . P. O. BOX 3311, MIAMI, FLORIDA

February 2, 1938.

Miss Stella Tuttle  
Guest Book  
Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Miss Tuttle:

Congratulations on the Clipper verse.

I can just see the busy old woodpecker pausing  
and cooking his eye upward as a ship passes over.

With appreciation and regards,

Sincerely yours,

A.E. CURTIS

Public Relations Representative  
Eastern Division

AEC:hh





## Bereft

*by Stella Tuttle*

Only the rush of swallows round my eaves  
Can penetrate the silence since you left,  
And as I watch them bearing twigs and leaves  
And bits of broken string, I am bereft.  
Bereft am I and stung with tardy shame  
That once your passion clothed me like a coat  
Which buttoned my ecstatic length in flame  
And wound a throbbing scarf about my throat,  
Remembering so wanton is your quest  
And so improvident your way of life  
That you will never seek a sheltered nest  
Or hunger for an honorable wife,  
I find it strange your memory should cling  
To birds who struggle home with bits of string.

—Poetry Caravan



## BEREFT

Only the rush of swallows round my eaves  
Can penetrate the silence since you left  
And as I watch them bearing twigs and leaves  
And bits of broken string, I am bereft.  
Bereft am I and stung with tardy shame  
That once your passion clothed me like a coat  
Which buttoned my ecstatic length in flame  
And wound a throbbing scarf about my throat.

Remembering so wanton is your quest  
And so improvident your way of life  
That you will never seek a sheltered nest  
Nor hunger for an honorable wife,  
I find it strange your memory should cling  
To birds who struggle home with bits of string.

*Stella Tuttle*



# PATTERNS *in* POETRY

Sylvia Gardiner Lufburrow, Editor

## BEREFT

By Stella Tuttle

Only the rush of swallows round my  
eaves  
Can penetrate the silence since you  
left,  
And as I watch them bearing twigs  
and leaves  
And bits of broken string, I am be-  
reft.  
Bereft am I, and stung with tardy  
shame  
That once your passion clothed me  
like a coat  
Which buttoned my ecstatic length  
in flame  
And wound a throbbing scarf  
around my throat.  
Remembering so wanton is your  
quest  
And so improvident your way of  
life  
That you will never seek a sheltered  
nest  
Or hunger for an honorable wife,  
I find it strange your memory  
should cling  
To birds who struggle home with  
bits of string.

—From "Poetry Caravan"



NEW MEMBERS. Eleanor Glenn Wallis; 1628 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.; Stella Tuttle, 1729 N.W. 51st Terrace, Miami, Fla. Alice Wilson Oldroyd, president of Poetry Society of Kansas. Elizabeth J. Buchtenkirk, 60 Grammercy Park, N. Y. C.; Thomas Francis Woods, Albany, N. Y., (Associate); Rosemary Farrar, Great Barrington, Mass. (associate) Dr. Evelyn Newman, Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. (associate); Membership resumed: Haniel Long; Santa Fe, New Mex. Reclassified to active membership, Josephine W. B. Jacobsen; Fania Kruger.



— REPRINTS —

CYCLE

Time is a Japanese print  
Slowly unrolling.  
Four shades are brushed on it with  
Flawless precision—  
The emerald of tea plants  
In spring's cloisonne,  
The gold of the avid sun  
Consuming summer,  
The scarlet of fallen leaves  
Patterned in lacquer,  
The blue of the horizon  
Blurring through snowflakes.  
Time is a Japanese print  
Signed by the seasons.

Stella Tuttle  
CYCLE

THE FIRST STONE

Molly kept the kettle boiling  
Every afternoon at four  
With a tremulous assurance  
That a friend might seek her door—  
But no callers came to visit,  
And she hardly thought they would;  
Still she kept the kettle boiling  
Lest they should.  
Molly cultivated flowers  
Lush with lavender and flame  
To attract a stroller's fancy  
If a stroller ever came—  
But no dust upon her pathway  
Ever welcomed lagging feet,  
For the populace avoided  
Molly's street.  
So she starched the nursery's curtains  
And she swept its waiting hearth,  
As she thanked her Lord for gardens  
Bearing beauty soiled with earth—  
And He praised the singing kettle  
And the friendly little house  
Which forgave the scarlet letter  
On her blouse.

—Stella Tuttle  
in Cycle

PRINTED IN CYCLE MARCH, 1938.

REPRINTS ABOVE FROM BETHEL

SEPT. 9, 1938  
JOURNAL AND "Let Us Sing," Dec. 1938.

Also in JAMES EABELLE'S ANTHOLOGY,  
"STARDUST AND DREAMS."

Cycle, June, 1938.

REPRINTED MARIPOSA GAZETTE  
DEC. 8, 1938.

The most popular poem in the June Cycle proved to be  
"The First Stone" by Stella Tuttle. Gertrude Gore awarded  
her book "Two Gates to a Garden" for the same poem. "A

SCARLET MEMORIAL

Hibiscus blossoms mark  
The place that last we met,  
And frequently at dark  
I go there, even yet.

The place that last we met  
I shroud with crimson bloom.  
I go there even yet  
But never seek your tomb.

I shroud with crimson bloom  
Each footprint that you left,  
But never seek your tomb  
Now that I am bereft.

Each footprint that you left -  
Each seems a holy sign.  
Now that I am bereft,  
They lead me to a shrine.

Each seems a holy sign,  
And frequently at dark  
They lead me to a shrine  
Hibiscus blossoms mark.

Seamstress

Perilously  
Close to tears,  
She bends above  
The gnawing shears

And guides each narrow  
Bevelled blade  
Down folded furrows  
Of brocade.

A hungered fever  
Wracks her head  
As her needle  
Nibbles thread

And her famished  
Vision whirls  
As she anchors  
Seedling pearls,

For she who hunches  
Gaunt and lean  
And clothed in shabby  
Gabardine,

Burns to wear  
This wedding gown  
And let its loosened  
Luster down.

—Stella Tuttle.

Poetry CARAVAN - 1938.

1ST PRIZE NARROW LYRIC CONTEST

LARAMORE GROUP - MARCH - 1939.

PRINTED CYCLE DEC - 1938.

Won Rebecca Helman Book Prize



INVITATION TO APPEAR ON  
Animated Magazine at  
Rollins College - Feb, 1939.

# LEAVES OF LAUREL

By ELVIA GRAHAM MELTON

Outstanding  
poems  
selected,  
in  
cooperation  
with the  
nation's  
poetry  
editors,  
for special  
mention  
in a  
review of  
today's  
Muse.



Elvia Graham  
Melton

Women in the news! You see their faces staring or laughing out at you each day. Some of them become so familiar we speak of them casually as Eleanor, Brenda, Mryna, Joan. Women who lead interesting, exciting or glamorous lives.

I do my share of picture-gazing and read the latest on this one or that, but somehow, the women who cross my line of vision in day by day life seem far more interesting. Perhaps this is because they are obscure, and secret from one, save for a chance remark, a facial expression or an unexpected confidence.

Poets have the gift of portraying these everyday people you and I know. How many times a few vivid lines cause us to say, "Why that's—"! Heading our brief character line-up today is the

## SEAMSTRESS

Perilously  
Close to tears,  
She bends above  
The gnawing shears  
And guides each narrow  
Bevelled blade  
Down folded furrows  
Of brocade.

A hungered fever  
Wracks her head  
As her needle  
Nibbles thread

And her famished  
Bision whirls  
As she anchors  
Seedling pearls,

For she who hunches  
Gaunt and lean  
And clothed in shabby  
Gabardine,

Burns to wear  
This wedding gown  
And let its loosened  
Luster down.

— Stella Tuttle.

(from Cycle: Homestead, Fla.)

## CYCLE

Editor, LILY LAWRENCE BOW

Homestead, Florida

Published quarterly in March, June, September and December  
Subscription, one dollar a year. Single copies, 35c each.

Volume 5 March 1939 Number 1

## Easter—1939

This Easter let us search our hearts  
Until we find the room  
Where One we lost is locked away  
From us, as in a tomb.

This Easter let us bruise our hands  
And brace our feet and moan  
His name, until with surging strength,  
We roll away the stone.

—Stella Tuttle.

Popularity Prize offered for summer 1939—Robert P. Tristram Coffin's Pulitzer Prize winning volume, "Strange Holiness" (Macmillan)—goes to Tessa Sweazy Webb for her poem, "Brief Philosophy." So close was the final count that we are awarding books to the runners up. To Stella Tuttle, for her poem, "Child of Salem," goes Faith Vilas' "Certificate of Flight" (Loker Raley). Samuel Schierloh will receive David Wrubel's "Burn the Heart to Song" (Poet's Press) for the poem, "Blind Choice."

Reprint Feb. 2, 1939.

Cherryville, N.C. "Eagle."

Also in Pittsburgh

and Niagara Falls.

FROM VALARIA — — —



INVITATION TO APPEAR ON  
Animated Magazine AT  
Rollins College - Feb, 1939.



ROLLINS COLLEGE

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA  
HAMILTON HOLT, PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENT AND  
PROFESSOR OF BOOKS

January 31, 1939

My dear Stella:

We were all happy over the good news that the operation was a thing of the past and that you had set out upon the high road of complete recovery. Be sure to take the road that leads straight ahead turning neither to the right nor the left -- and hurry back home!

I want you to be one of three of our young alumni to read two poems on the "Poetry Page" of the "Animated Magazine" on Sunday afternoon February 26. I have written Gilbert Maxwell and ~~Mereda~~ Hess and this is an official invitation for you. I hope this will be an added inducement for your quick recovery. Please ask your sister to drop us a card every few days until you are "out of the woods".

I was interested in the picture of the Kachler Hotel on your post card. When I went to Rochester forty-three years ago the "leading" hotel was in a two story building on Main Street and you had to go up a steep flight of stairs to get to the lobby of the hotel. My room was the first one on the left as you went down the corridor. Rochester was then a dingy little hamlet of two or three thousand people. Did you know that Doodie and I were born at Mantorville eighteen miles north of Rochester where our father was a Missionary Pastor from 1868 to 1872. He went to the end of the railroad line at Quincy, Illinois, then up the river by boat to Winona, then overland by prairie schooner to Rochester and Mantorville.

You may be interested in knowing who your associates are going to be on the Animated Magazine. Mr. Sulzberger editor of the New York Times will give the leading editorial. The other contributors will be President Seymour of Yale, Walt Disney himself, former German Ambassador Dodd, Marjorie Kinnah Rawlings, Frank O. King (who made Gasoline Alley even more famous than Angel Alley), Mary Margaret McBride (Martha Dean), Elvira Garner, Thomas Dreier and two or three others.

We all greatly enjoyed the poem "Rejected" which you enclosed in your en route letter. I wish that it might be incorporated in the next national platform of the Republican party. With love and best wishes for you and cordial greetings for your Mother, I am *you adopted father and*

Very cordially yours,

*Edwin O. Grover*  
Edwin O. Grover

*Mrs. Sealand wants a poem  
by you for the February meeting  
of the Faculty Society!!!*

*Save  
this for  
me, please.  
That you might  
like to hear who's  
going to be on the  
Animated Magazine.*



April 6, 1939

## LEAVES OF LAUREL

By ELVIA GRAHAM MELTON

Outstanding poems selected, in cooperation with the nation's poetry editors, for special mention in a review of today's Muse.

This coming Sunday is Easter. How much significance it holds! Churches will overflow with men and women re-awakened to spiritual gratitude. New fervor will clothe a large number of our fellowmen. Children will know the delight of colored eggs and Easter baskets. And Nature, not to be outdone will show a Spring face full of hope and new growth.



Easter is many things to many men, but I like to believe it is a song of faith and a belief in new and better beginnings.

Contemporary poets have given us inspirational lines especially fitting for this time. The first poem today is as moving as many a long sermon which will be preached on Sunday. It carries a message sure to find a place in the hearts of many readers.

EASTER 1939

This Easter let us search our hearts  
Until we find the room  
Where One we lost is locked away  
From us, as in a tomb.

This Easter let us bruise our hands  
And brace our feet and moan  
His name, until with surging  
strength,  
We roll away the stone.

—Stella Tuttle.  
(from Cycle: Homestead, Fla.)

REPRINTS: ABOVE—PITTS-  
BURGH, HOMESTEAD,  
PA., & NIAGARA FALLS.

THE OLD DOCTOR  
(From Cycle)

A dwindling confidence had rendered him  
Incompetent of handling all the new  
And many-fangled ailments which the town  
Had cultivated proudly as it grew.  
He felt that croup and measles were unchanged  
And treated them accordingly but shied  
Before the growing list of phobias  
That patients wore like crowns, before they died.

Yet children still insisted on his care  
Whenever there were illnesses or bumps,  
And having no new wisdom like adults,  
Still sucked his peppermints, rehearsing mumps.

—Stella Tuttle.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR  
(From Cycle)

Assurance marked the motions of his hands  
Selecting shining implements of pain,  
While clients sat like stolid statuettes  
Before his thrust. They feared the quick disdain  
Which followed any show of cowardice  
Or small unguarded shudder at the feel  
Of his sure slashing with its new technique.  
Reproach from him cut swifter than the steel.

Yet when a felon rankled on his thumb  
Till he sought solace at his elder's door,  
He showed a quite amazing nonchalance  
Then buttoned up his face and stoutly swore.

—Stella Tuttle.

## Cycle

Time is a Japanese print  
Slowly unrolling.  
Four shades are brushed on it with  
Flawless precision—  
The emerald of tea plants  
In spring's cloisonne,  
The gold of the avid sun  
Consuming summer,  
The scarlet of fallen leaves  
Patterned in lacquer,  
The blue of the horizon  
Blurring through snow-flakes.  
Times is a Japanese print  
Signed by the seasons.

—Stella Tuttle.

So she starched the nursery's curtains  
And she swept its waiting hearth,  
As she thanked her Lord for gardens  
Bearing beauty soiled with earth—

And He praised the singing kettle  
And the friendly little house  
Which forgave the scarlet letter  
On her blouse.

—Stella Tuttle.

8

Cycle — JUNE — 1940. REPRINTED  
IN "POET CRAFT", NEW CANAAN, CONN.

## CHILD OF SALEM

Enameled with a puritan veneer,  
She sits erect. Her small and budding breast  
Is corsetted in homespun and a sheer  
White muslin veils its turbulent unrest.  
Two glossy wings unfurl across her brow,  
Two wings of hair that ripple from her eyes  
And seem to pull them wide apart as though  
To stretch them in perpetual surprise.

She finds it hard to be a proper child—  
Unstirred by day, unstabbed by silvered night—  
When fluttering in her bodice sings a wild  
Sweet voice that trembles with a shy delight.  
She moves uneasily, aloof and chaste,  
Feeling twin stars that prick against her waist.

STELLA TUTTLE.

## Kitten Twins

Stella Tuttle

Cuddly and Scratchy  
Are the kittens in our house  
And one is white and one is black  
And both would like a mouse.

At least they're always crouching  
To spring, and so I bet  
They're smart enough to catch a mouse  
Although they haven't . . . yet!

ST. NICHOLAS

August, 1939.

TALARIA, JUNE, 1939. WON 1ST  
PRIZE LARAMORE GROUP FOR FEBRUARY.  
2nd PRIZE FOR ENTIRE YEAR. BOOK PRIZE FROM TALARIA.  
"NOT BITTER NOR PROFAVE," 1953.



—Fay Lewis Noble.

## Sunset

On, on we sped,  
And that bright burnished sphere's  
Wheel off a May-day chariot  
Skimmed over the veiled hills  
As if in wild rotation.

*Cybele*  
*March '38*


On, on, we sped;  
The bounding ball grew weary of the pace  
And let the filmy veils restrain  
And draw it slowly, slowly,  
Down into their shadowy depths.

—Marie Potter Froelich.



## CYCLE

Time is a Japanese print  
Slowly unrolling.  
Four shades are brushed on it with  
Flawless precision—  
The emerald of tea plants  
In spring's cloisonne,  
The gold of the avid sun  
Consuming summer,  
The scarlet of fallen leaves  
Patterned in lacquer,  
The blue of the horizon  
Blurring through snow-flakes.  
Time is a Japanese print  
Signed by the seasons.



From Cycle

—Stella Tuttle



# The First Stone

Molly kept the kettle boiling  
Every afternoon at four  
With a tremulous assurance  
That a friend might seek her door—

**But no callers came to visit,  
And she hardly thought they would;  
Still she kept the kettle boiling  
Lest they should.**

Molly cultivated flowers  
Lush with lavender and flame  
To attract a stroller's fancy  
If a stroller ever came—

**But no dust upon her pathway  
Ever welcomed lagging feet,  
For the populace avoided  
Molly's street.**

So she starched the nursery's curtains  
And she swept its waiting hearth,  
As she thanked her Lord for gardens  
Bearing beauty soiled with earth—

**And He praised the singing kettle  
And the friendly little house  
Which forgave the scarlet letter  
On her blouse.**

—Stella Tuttle.



Into the floodtides of my soul  
You dropped a loveseed fraught with dreams;  
Now after birththroes, exquisite with pain,  
A fulgent wonder gleams.

—Gordon LeClaire.

## Tryst

We walked the brooding battlements by night,  
Our arms about each other, deep in talk.  
Great plans, great hopes and visions there unrolled  
Beneath the far-flung canopy of stars.  
The high towers, misted, seemed to hang in air,  
A world above foundations far beneath,  
And overhead there hung a yellow moon,  
So close it seemed that we could stretch our hands  
And catch the drip of golden honey-pot,  
As down the sky it fled upon the wind.  
The tapered stars heard vows we uttered soft,  
As there we walked above the dizzy world,  
With all of life and love within our grasp,—  
Eternal mysteries of life revealed.  
There came below us then a wailing cry.  
The moon turned red, and stars were dim of light.  
There came a pall of smoke, and horrid fire  
Burst roaring from its fastness far beneath,  
And trapped us in our turrets by the sky,  
With no escape from raging, awful death.  
Our plans and hopes were in that castle wrecked,  
Our only joy, a lover's fond farewell.  
We died, embraced, that night of fire, but still  
We walk the brooding battlements by night.

—J. E. Elliott.



# THE LANTERN

Issued Bi-Monthly

C. B. McALLISTER *editor and publisher*

LEFA MORSE EDDY, ANTONIA Y. SCHWAB and WM. H. VANN *associate editors*

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE, *contributing editor*

62 Montague Street Brooklyn N. Y.

25 cents per copy — \$1.50 per year

"Entered as second class matter Nov. 10, 1931, at the Post Office at Brooklyn, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879."

Vol. 13

September-October, 1939

No. 5

(This issue edited by Lefa Morse Eddy)

## A POET TRAVELS SOUTH

This day I will track the sun  
Unto his lair —  
Mark each ruddy footprint  
Pressing the air.

I will know whose fingers crisp  
Each blade and stem,  
Pouring liquid emerald  
Over them;

Whose lance of flame and fire  
Gilds the skies,  
Burnishing the lyric path  
The lark flies.

And having trapped the laughing sun  
In his den,  
I shall retreat golden-brown  
Nor hunt again,

Who am turned radiant  
From sole to crown,  
Eyes and hair and skin glowing  
Golden and brown —

Who have found victory  
In surrender,  
Having grappled with the sun  
And known splendor.

Stella Tuttle

No. 49275

Bewildered by her freedom, she would stand  
Beside the doorway, with her dishes done,  
And press her forehead with a trembling hand  
Still wet with soapy water. One by one  
She'd watch the stars along the furrowed skies  
Invade the dying embers of the sun. . .  
A month had passed, but dusk still pricked her eyes,  
Too long protected by a walled-in night,  
And stung them with perpetual surprise  
At this magnificence of silver light.  
Ten years her lids had worn the weight of tears,  
And now it seemed her unaccustomed sight  
Could scarce endure this radiance of stars  
Untarnished by a silhouette of bars.

Stella Tuttle.

## Poetry Promenade with Richmond George Anthony

A weekly newspaper digest of America's outstanding current poetry, with thumbnail sketches of her contemporary poets.

"Poetry first came to me adorning in brilliant colors, decked with jewels, and I loved her. . . later, she appeared to me naked and unashamed, and I adored her."—Ramon Jimenez.

## A POET TRAVELS SOUTH

by STELLA TUTTLE

(The Lantern: Brooklyn, N. Y.)

THIS DAY I will track the sun  
Unto his lair—  
Mark each ruddy footprint  
Pressing the air.

I will know whose fingers crisp  
Each blade and stem,  
Pouring liquid emerald  
Over them;

Whose lance of flame and fire  
Gilds the skies,  
Burnishing the lyric path  
The lark flies.

And having trapped the laughing sun  
In his den,  
I shall retreat golden-brown  
Nor hunt again,

Who am turned radiant  
From sole to crown,  
Eyes and hair and skin glowing  
Golden and brown—

Who have found victory  
In surrender,  
Having grappled with the sun  
And known splendor.

Stella Tuttle, of Miami, Fla., confesses that she defected poetry until she attended Rollins college in Winter Park, Fla., "where you were practically ostracized unless you were either a lover or writer of poetry. So I decided to take a fling at it. I still send out everything I write to a couple of favorite professors up there, though I have been out of college 10 years."

Mrs. Tuttle has studied at various times under Jessie Rittenhouse, Cale Young Rice, Clinton Scollard, Eunice Tietjens and Vivian Yeiser Laramore. She is affiliated with the Poetry Society of America, Poetry Society of Florida, the Vivian Yeiser Laramore group in Miami and League of American Pen Women.

"Have one child, a little girl of seven," Mrs. Tuttle reports, "and a marvelous collection of rejection slips. My hobby at present, of all things, is lovebirds. Get a prize now and then—acquired one in 1939 to purchase a grand new desk—but I'm still poison to the editors."

## WATTERS in POETRY

Sylvia Gardiner Lufburrow: Editor

NO. 49275

By STELLA TUTTLE

Bewildered by her freedom, she would stand  
Beside the doorway, with her dishes done,  
And press her forehead with a trembling hand  
Still wet with soapy water. One by one  
She'd watch the stars along the fur-

Invade the dying embers of the sun. . .  
A month had passed, but dusk still pricked her eyes,  
Too long protected by the walled-in night,  
And stung them with perpetual surprise  
At this magnificence of silver light.  
Ten years her lids had worn the weight of tears,  
And now it seemed her unaccustomed sight  
Could not endure this radiance of stars  
Untarnished by a silhouette of bars.  
—From "The Lantern"

REPRINT DEC. 1939.

The LANTERN - OCTOBER, 1939.

1ST PRIZE - LARAMORE GROUP VERZA

RIMA CONTEST - MAY - 1938.



### THE FAIREST GIFT

Soft the herald angels sing,  
As underneath a Star  
The shepherds and the Wise Men kneel  
With treasure from afar.

And beautiful the burnished gold,  
The frankincense and myrrh,  
Yet the herald angels' gift  
Is even lovelier,

For it, a tiny halo, turns  
So luminous the place  
Above the Child that Mary leans  
As if to shield His face.

Then hushed the herald angels stand,  
No word at all they speak,  
For brighter than the halo burns  
The tear on Mary's cheek.

Stella Weston Tuttle

### POST-MORTEM

As lightly as your love for me,  
I bore my love for you  
And knowing you would kiss and tell  
I kissed and tattled, too—

Until continuous reports  
And whispers unabated  
Revealed I only kissed and told  
But you exaggerated!

Stella Weston Tuttle

McCall's Mag.  
January - 1947.  
See fan mail below.

Good Housekeeping  
December - 1946



### THESE THREE

Three gifts there are from God  
To every true woman—  
A first doll, a first love,  
A heart wholly human.

My first doll I still possess,  
But my heart I have buried  
Along with other needless things—  
My first love I married!

Stella Weston Tuttle

You kissed and told,  
But that's all right.  
The man you told  
Called up last night!

MANY thanks to Mrs. C. L. Ragland,  
418 S. 20th Ave., Hopewell, Vir-  
ginia, for this poem, clipped from the  
Richmond, Virginia, News-Leader.

Dear Mrs. Tuttle:  
If you must  
use one of them  
Now do it for me  
why not just stick  
to Roxanne?  
Say - who was  
this guy & what  
did he want?  
Bob  
P.S. This is fan mail.

McCall's again

"Bob" is Bob Stander.



# Poetry Pays in Fame and Funds

By Rosemary Krieger Smith

Oklahoma '42, Miami, Florida Alumnae

WHEN Stella Weston took a reading course at Rollins College where she was a member of Alpha Mu chapter of Gamma Phi Beta and the professor assigned a book of poetry to be read, it seemed so simple that she tried to write a bit herself. She did, and very successfully, too, as her work now appearing in many of the national magazines shows. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America.

It wasn't long after that time, that Stella, or Boots as she was better known, published her first book of poems. This was the years that she won the Howard Fox award for literary achievement in the senior class.

"I am also probably the only editor who ever rejected a Shakespearean sonnet!" Stella recalls. "Dr. Holt, President of Rollins College, sent an obscure one to me when I was on *Florida Magazine of Verse*, saying it was written by a friend of his and wanting to know what I thought of it. I returned it as unfit for publication in our esteemed magazine, but admitted the author showed promise! Maybe you think Dr. Holt didn't play that up in the college newspaper!"

All set for an important writing career Stella was graduated in 1930, but shortly afterwards married Harry E. Tuttle of Miami and settled down to domesticity. Her daughter, Judy, was born in 1932 and for the next eight years Stella didn't have much time to devote to her writing, but as Judy grew older and there was more leisure it was back to the typewriter for her.

In 1940 the family moved back to Winter Park and Stella became assistant editor of the *Florida Magazine of Verse*, which is the only publication of poetry printed in Florida. There she renewed friendships with her former professors and Hamilton Holt, the president of Rollins.

Now that the Tuttle and Mrs. Weston, Stella's mother, are living in Miami, Stella is having more time to spend on her writing and it is really paying off in dollars and cents as well as national fame. In one week recently three of the poems that had been sent to national magazines brought in a neat back log in real dollars. Who says poetry doesn't pay?

"Apparently I have 'arrived' for this past holiday season, the publishers sent ME greeting cards!" says Stella.

Of course it isn't all poetry for this talented Gamma Phi writes articles for magazines like *The Woman*, *Woman's Day*, *Parents' Magazine*, *Readers Scope*, *Your Life*, *True Detective*, and has sold to Canadian publications.

Stella was the younger sister of a Gamma Phi Beta at the University of Minnesota, Pearl Weston, now Mrs. Pearl E. Hall, but the family had moved to a section of the country where there were no chapters so when her group at Rollins was ready to petition a national sorority in 1928, it just "happened" that it was Gamma Phi Beta that received the request. The colorful initiation ceremonies were held at the college assisted by Upsilon chapter at Hollins College, which was the only other southern chapter.

Offices in the sorority followed and for the rest of her college career Stella was THE CRESCENT correspondent for her group.

Her charming book-filled apartment at the Gralynn Hotel is shared with a small family of love birds, five turtles and a dog. The pair of love birds and their one offspring is quite a come down for Stella who once had over 70 of the bright creatures.

Stella is one of the few people in Miami with no housing problem; Mr. Tuttle is the manager of the Gralynn.



Stella Weston Tuttle

## RETURN OF THE DISPLACED PERSONS

Upon the crest  
Of the final hill,  
They pause a moment,  
Gaunt and still,

Incredulous  
That down the plains  
They see a house  
Where none remains.

And suddenly  
A withered branch  
Lets fall a petalled  
Avalanche

While through the thicket,  
Sere and stark,  
Flows remembrance  
Of the lark.

Restored by these,  
The sight and sound  
Of things well loved  
On well loved ground,

They kneel to grasp  
The shattered loam—  
Hearts filled with peace,  
Hands filled with home.  
—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted by special permission of *The Saturday Evening Post*, copyright, 1946 by the Curtis Publishing Company.)

The Crescent  
May - 1947



"OF LOVE IMMACULATE" WON

1ST PRIZES IN "SMALL GROUP,"

Monday Night Group, LARAMORE

GROUP FOR AUG. 1939, PEN WOMEN'S

CLINIC, NOV. 1939, SHERRILL PRIZE

FOR 1940, PONCE DE LEON CONTEST

(TIED FOR FIRST), 2nd prizes IN

LARAMORE GROUP ANNUAL

CONTEST-APRIL, 1940, AND NAT'L

PEN WOMEN'S 1940 CONTEST.

PRINTED IN "NOT BITTER NOR

PROFANE," 1953, AS RENUNCIATION.



MIAMI BRANCH  
NATIONAL LEAGUE  
of  
AMERICAN PEN WOMEN  
JANUARY 1940

OF LOVE IMMACULATE

Was it thus that Mary stood  
Facing Gabriel -

Flame upon my fingertips  
And in my breast a bell,  
A bell whose rhythm as it sings  
Quickens at the brush of wings?

Was it these that Mary knew  
When they moved asunder -

Rapture compassionate and pure  
And a quiet wonder  
That I, of all beneath the sun,  
Should have been the chosen one?

It was these and it was thus -  
O, blessed, too, by far

Am I in whom a poem stirs,  
Sired by a star;  
And shame upon these lips that would  
Renounce it all for flesh and blood.

-- Stella Tuttle

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate  
Telegram or Cable-  
gram unless its de-  
ferred character is in-  
dicated by a suitable  
symbol above or pre-  
ceding the address.

R. B. WHITE  
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS

DL=Day Letter  
NL=Night Letter  
LC=Deferred Cable  
NLT=Cable Night Letter  
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

JNH26 24 NT=TDN FLUSHING NY MAR 19

1940 MAR 20 AM 8 43

SLA TUTTLE=

BOX 414

YOUR POEM OF LOVE IMMACULATE RECEIVED SECOND PLACE LEAGUE  
OF AMERICAN PEN WOMEN HOPE YOU CAN ATTEND POETS LUNCH AT  
CONVENTION WASHINGTON APRIL 24TH=

LOUISE LAIDLAW.

212-R

TELEPHONE NO. 210 R  
TELEPHONED TO case  
TIME 1257  
5 14 22  
we 1106

24

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



## The Old Doctor

PRES

A dwindling confidence had rendered him  
Incompetent of handling all the new  
And many-fangled ailments which the town  
Had cultivated proudly as it grew.  
He felt that croup and measles were unchanged  
And treated them accordingly but shied  
Before the growing list of phobias  
That patients wore like crowns, before they died.

Yet children still insisted on his care  
Whenever there were illnesses or bumps,  
And having no new wisdom like adults,  
Still sucked his peppermints, rehearsing mumps.

## The Young Doctor

Assurance marked the motions of his hands  
Selecting shining implements of pain,  
While clients sat like stolid statuettes  
Before his thrust. They feared the quick disdain  
Which followed any show of cowardice  
Or small unguarded shudder at the feel  
Of his sure slashing with its new technique.  
Reproach from him cut swifter than the steel.

Yet when a felon rankled on his thumb  
Till he sought solace at his elder's door,  
He showed a quite amazing nonchalance;  
Then buttoned up his face and stoutly swore.

—Stella Tuttle.





To Stella Tuttle, Miami Branch  
1729 N.W. 51st Terrace  
Miami, Florida

On behalf of the President and the Board of  
Governors of the National League of American  
Pen Women, I have the pleasure to announce  
that you have won the following award in the  
1940 POETRY CONTEST, conducted by the National  
Chairman, Louise Laidlaw Backus, and to extend  
to you sincere congratulations for your achieve-  
ment.

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in green ink that reads "Grace Thompson Seton". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Grace Thompson Seton  
National Chairman of Awards

SECOND PLACE  
For the poem, Of Love Immaculate



Press Release for Wednesday, April 24, evening papers, and Thurs. April 25,  
morning papers.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICAN PEN WOMEN  
In Convention at the Willard Hotel, April 20th to 26th

National Poetry Contest  
National Chairman, Louise Laidlaw Backus, of New York

The awards were announced and presented by Grace Thompson Seton, National Chairman of Awards, at the Poets' Luncheon at the Willard Hotel, on Wednesday, April 24th. According to the rules of the contest, the poems must be unpublished, the length limited to twenty-four lines, any subject and any form being permissible, and only one poem accepted from each member.

The judges were: Amy Bonner  
Harold Vinal  
Margaret Widdomer

From one hundred and fifty-two poems submitted, the following were selected:

The First Place, with a prize of \$20.00, was awarded to Leila Jones of Hyde Lane, Southport, Conn., for her poem, The First Word.

Second Place went to Miss Stella Tuttle of 1729 N.W. 51st Terrace, Miami, Florida, for her poem, Of Love Immaculate.

First Honorable Mention was awarded to Miss Helen Benson of 9063 Martindale Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, for her poem, Late Snow.

Second Honorable Mention was awarded to Miss Laura Lourene Le Gear of 71-19 162nd Street, Flushing Hillcrest, New York, for her poem, Fallow Field.



## Mrs. Tuttle Wins Contest

Mrs. Harry Tuttle's lyric, "Of Love Immaculate," was awarded first place in the monthly poetry contest of the Vivian Yeiser Laramore Poetry group at a meeting Tuesday with Mrs. Fred Ballman.

Orma Jean Surbey's lyric, "Why?" won the book award, and Mrs. Samuel Church's poem, "Lullaby in Egypt," received honorable mention.

In the absence of the president, Mrs. Henry M. Carr, parliamentarian, presided. Lewis Leary of the University of Miami spoke on Philip Freneau, first American poet. Mr. Lewis' biography of this poet will be published this fall under the title, "That Rascal, Freneau."

Mrs. Laramore offered a cash prize for the best poem in appreciation of Lily Lawrence Bow, editor of Cycle and Homestead librarian, in whose honor the new library of Homestead will be named. These poems are to be submitted anonymously to Mrs. Laramore, 225 N. E. 35th st., by Sept. 1. The prize-winning poem will be read over WQAM at the program planned in honor of Mrs. Bow when the Homestead library has its formal opening.

The regular monthly assignment is a narrative poem not to exceed 24 lines, three single-spaced copies to be sent to Mrs. Laramore not later than Sept. 5.

An interesting visitor from Washington was Raymond Baumgardner, who has retained membership in the group since leaving Miami last December. The next meeting will be held Sept. 19 at the home of Mrs. Samuel Church, 223 S. W. 31st road.

FLORIDA, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1940

## Rollins Students Win Awards in Many Lines Of Cultural Work

The annual prize awards in poetry, music, drama, art and short story contests sponsored by the Allied Arts and the Poetry Society of Florida were announced here yesterday, with 20 of the awards going to students of Rollins College.

Prizes were announced as follows:

The Donce de Leon Poetry Award: two first prizes of \$30 each to Stella Weston Tuttle of Miami, and Peggy Hudgings, Rollins student, for their poems "Of Love Immaculate" and "The Grape Souring"; \$25 to Edith Moodie of Bournemouth, England, a student at Rollins, for "The Doomed City of the Albigeni," and \$15 to Mary Elizabeth Miller for her entry, "Caution."

The Allied Arts poetry awards were: first, Agnes Kendrick Gray for "Lament for Finland," and second to Stella Weston Tuttle for "Origin."

THE PEN WOMEN LEAGUE CONTEST. The winners in this contest were as follows: First place, for the prize of twenty dollars, to Leila Jones of Southport, Connecticut, for her poem entitled *The First Word*. Second place to Stella Tuttle of Winter Park, Florida, for her poem entitled *Of Love Immaculate*. Honorable mention in this contest went to Helen Benson of Detroit, Michigan, and Laura Lourene Le Gear of Flushing, New York, for *Late Snow* and *Fallow Field*, respectively. Louise Burton Laidlaw was the chairman of the contest and the judges were Amy Bonner, Margaret Widdemer and Harold Vinal.

## Mrs. Tuttle Poetry Winner

MRS. HARRY TUTTLE was the winner of the poetry clinic prize in the November contest held at the home of Mrs. J. Ira Gore in Miami Beach, Friday, by the National League of American Pen Women.

MRS. HARRY TUTTLE'S lyric, "Of Love Immaculate," was awarded first prize in the August poetry contest of the Vivian Yeiser Laramore Poetry Group. Orma Jean Surbey's lyric, "Why?" won the book award, and Mrs. Samuel Church's poem, "Lullaby in Egypt," won honorable mention. Mrs. Laramore has offered a prize for the best poem in appreciation of Lily Lawrence Bow, editor of the Cycle and Homestead librarian, in whose honor the new Homestead library will be named. These poems are to be submitted anonymously to Mrs. Laramore by September 1. The regular monthly assignment is a narrative poem not to exceed 24 lines, three single spaced copies to be sent to Mrs. Laramore not later than September 5. The next meeting will be September 19 at the home of Mrs. Church, 223 S. W. Thirty-first road.

## Noteworthy Poems For Your Album

Spring 1940

By STELLA TUTTLE

Spring again is plucking at door and window,  
Hurling spears of emerald through each shadow  
Till she sees from every trampled meadow  
Tears are now seeping.

Spring, perplexed and pale in the fields of Flanders,  
Watches hatred burgeoning as it thunders  
With a brutal violence till it sunders  
Graves of the sleeping.

Spring again at Chateau Thierry . . . Brussels . . .  
Sees with shame the withering stems of thistles,  
Finding only asphodels thrive in vessels  
Watered by weeping.

## PIRATE'S GOLD

Edited by LILY LAWRENCE BOW

Flotsam and jetsam, nuggets of gold and burried treasure may be found in this column each week. Help yourself, take what you want.

Poetry must no longer be a filler, but a FEATURE of the modern newspaper and magazine.—John Richard Moreland.

The real secret of how to use time is to pack it as you would a portmanteau, filling up the small spaces with small things.—Sir Henry Hadow.

### TO A CERTAIN POLITICIAN

A narrow lane  
Leads to your door  
And you who walked it,  
Walk no more.

Your meager mind  
Has hemmed you in  
Until your shouting  
Is so thin

Your stunted sound  
Can scarce be heard  
Except for that  
Too frequent word—

The repetitious  
"I" or "me"—  
Brief harvest of  
Your entity

Whose wisdom is  
So very small  
That you will matter  
Not at all.

—Stella Tuttle.

Reprinted from "Expression"  
First Prize Monday Night Group.  
2nd Prize - V.Y.L. Group Sapphic  
Contest.

Redland District News  
Reprinted from Cycle.

Miami Daily News Orlando Sentinel Miami Herald



## Patterned in Frost

STELLA TUTTLE

Delicately webbed with threads of sleet,  
My windowpane imprisoned every word  
You flung at me as you loitered in the street  
To lean upon my sill, and all I heard  
Were bits of the provocative tattoo  
Your fingers tapped, insistent as the rain,  
Before you raised a mittened hand and blew  
The kiss that riveted upon the pane.

Now it is spring, and eons since you left—  
Hunching your shoulders as you turned to go—  
Now it is spring, but not to one bereft  
Nor one insensible to all save snow;  
Impervious to stars and blind to grass,  
I resurrect a kiss, melting on glass.

## Placid Armor

Disinherited am I,  
Forsaken for desire -  
Deprived of stares and fragile moons  
Thin as curling wire.  
I who nightly made your love

A bracelet for my wrist  
With marks like opals on my arms  
Showing where you kissed,  
Now am stripped of searing gems.  
Nude beneath a fold  
Of sackcloth singed with petalled ash,  
I purple with the cold.  
But think not I am turned to ice  
Nor bitter nor profane;  
This blessed garment of my grief  
Has made me sane.

Florida

WESTMINSTER Magazine -  
Spring - 1940. Placid Armor  
WON 2nd PRIZE LARAMORE  
GROUP IN OCT, 1938 - 1ST  
PRIZE - Monday Night Group.  
"IN "Nor Bitter Nor Profane,"  
1953.

November, 1940.

## PORTRAIT OF A MERMAID

By Stella Weston Tuttle

THE feathered ripples  
On the water  
Follow after  
Neptune's daughter.

Lithe of limb  
And slim of wrist,  
Away she darts  
Through amethyst.

And when a vessel  
Finds its grave,  
She rises lightly  
Wave on wave

Until she sights  
The broken ship —  
Then touching each  
Transparent lip,

She wraps her captives  
In a snare  
Of phosphorescence  
From her hair.



## TAMED

By Stella Weston Tuttle

E LUSIVE as a doe  
And as delicately proud,  
I watched you walking  
Alone in a crowd.

I watched you running  
Through April rains  
With skin like a petal  
And tendrilled veins

'Till I ensnared you,  
And now you go  
Pale as white violets  
Brushed with snow —

Pale as the breath  
Of a word unspoken  
Or a white violet  
With its stem broken.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, now a resident of Winter Park, was born in Minnesota and obtained her A. B. degree at Rollins College, where she studied poetry with Jessie B. Rittenhouse, continuing at Miami with Vivian Yeiser Laramore. She has won prizes from the Poetry Society of Florida and elsewhere.

If the above stanzas are not good poetry, this editor knows nothing about poetry.

NOVEMBER, 1940

Page 19

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

"NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE," 1953.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1939

## MIAMIANS WIN POETRY PRIZES

Virginia Connett, Vivian  
Yeiser Laramore, Stella  
Tuttle Lead

(Special to Miami Daily News)

WINTER PARK, April 29.—Annual prizes for poetry, drama, music and fiction, awarded jointly by the Poetry Society of Florida and the Allied Arts of Winter Park, have been announced by Jessie B. Rittenhouse Scollard and Irving Bacheller, presidents of the two organizations, as follows:

The Allied Arts Poetry prize of \$50, awarded annually to the author of the best poem read at the Allied Arts meetings during the year, was presented to Charles Hyde Pratt of Winter Park for his sonnet, "Off the Road."

Winners of three cash prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 in the Ponce de Leon poetry contest were: first, Virginia Connett, Coconut Grove, for her poem, "Sequoia"; second, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Miami, for "Lazarus," and third, Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, who submitted "Tamed." Honorable mention was given to Maude Enlow Barze, Daytona Beach, for her poem, "Simile."

## Miamians Awarded Prizes For Poems

THREE Miamians were awarded cash prizes in the Ponce de Leon Poetry contest this year. They are Virginia Connett for her poem, "Sequoia," Vivian Yeiser Laramore for "Lazarus," and Stella Weston Tuttle, who submitted "Tamed."

The annual prizes, awarded jointly by the Poetry Society of Florida and the Allied Arts of Winter Park, were announced by Jessie B. Rittenhouse Scollard and Irving Bacheller, presidents of the two organizations.

Carmen Judson, of Coconut Grove, won second prize in the drama division, first prize going to Jess Gregg, Rollins College student, for his one-act play, "The Kind Saints Weep."

I bought my desk with this

DECEMBER, 1940

21

## Gamma Phi Poets In Print

A RECENTLY published book of interest to the fraternity world is *The Greek Letter*, an anthology of verse by fraternity and sorority members (Henry Harrison).

Gamma Phi Beta is well represented in this 435 page volume, as it contains poems by the following members: Jane Balch, Helen M. Benson, Virginia Bosworth, Jean Anne Crawford, Eleanor Doan, Louise Frank Dunlap, Constance Etz Ferdon, Frances J. Flick, Cecilie Henry, Florence H. Hollister, Martha Howard,

### BEREFT

Only the rush of swallows round my eaves  
Can penetrate the silence since you left,  
And as I watch them bearing twigs and leaves  
And bits of broken string, I am bereft.  
Bereft am I and stung with tardy shame  
That once your passion clothed me like a coat  
Which buttoned my ecstatic length in flame  
And wound a throbbing scarf about my throat.

Remembering so wanton is your quest  
And so improvident your way of life  
That you will never seek a sheltered nest  
Nor hunger for an honorable wife,  
I find it strange your memory should cling  
To birds who struggle home with bits of string.

STELLA TUTTLE, Alpha Mu

Cynthia Laraway, Suzanne Maurer, Mary L. Reed, Helen Solem Sand, Eleanor Tracy, Stella Tuttle, Harriet R. Willcutt.

Some of the poets in *The Greek Letter* are unknown, and many of the poems are hitherto unpublished, so that representation in this anthology may be a stepping stone to further literary triumphs for some of these Greek-world poets.

The following poems from *The Greek Letter* include one from each Gamma Phi writer represented.

The Crescent



WINTER EVENING

To know contentment through and through  
These five do I require—  
A window brushed with wings of snow  
That frames a spire,  
A bowl of ruddy Northern Spies,  
A pewter knife to pare them,  
Some popcorn crackling on the hearth  
And you . . . to share them.

\*\*\* STELLA TUTTLE

WINTER OF 1941.

SLANDER

PERISHABLE as breath  
And permanent as sound,  
It glides in venomous pursuit  
Over shifting ground.

One moment deep in studied death  
And the moment after  
Quivering its pliant length  
With malicious laughter,

It poises, languorously smooth  
And sleek as folded wings,  
Before it coils a pointed tongue  
And stings.

Stella Weston Tuttle

FLA. MAG OF VERSE - JAN. - 1941.  
N.B.V.P. 1953.

ORIGIN

SLUMBROUS with the weight of frost,  
The doe becomes aware  
Of the symmetry of sun  
Slanting through air.

Suddenly alert to earth,  
She paws its brittle crust  
Till beneath her hooves she feels  
A crocus thrust—

And the punctual stir of blades  
Prophesying grass,  
While overhead in flowing clouds  
The swallows pass.

And as the doe, reassured,  
Licks her silver shoulder,  
A fragmentary new year  
Grows older.

Stella Weston Tuttle

# Leaves Of Laurel

ELVIA GRAHAM MELTON

Outstanding poems selected, in cooperation with the nation's poetry editors, for special mention in a review of today's Muse.

sea and sea fancies to send to him, and it occurred to me that my column readers might like its loveliness also. Here it is:

PORTRAIT OF A MERMAID

The feathered ripples  
On the water  
Follow after  
Neptune's daughter.

Little of limb  
And slim of wrist,  
Away she darts  
Through amethyst.

And when a vessel  
Finds its grave,  
She rises lightly  
Wave on wave

Until she sights  
The broken ship—  
Then touching each  
Transparent lip,

She wraps her captives  
In a snare  
Of phosphorescence  
From her hair.

—Stella Weston Tuttle.  
(from The Florida Mag. of Verse:  
Winter Park, Fla.)



MISS MELTON

Letters, at any time, from anywhere, are somehow exciting -- full of hidden but about-to-be disclosed thoughts and experiences. The return address or the postmark generally identifies the sender and puts the mind on tip-toe for the contents.

Letters from abroad these days bring a special eagerness or anxiety, for the postmarks show how long they have been on once-short journeys. Inside, the lines may bring reassurance, brief bits of description of a changed way of life, a hint of future plans shrouded by lack of definite knowledge, hopes, mixed thoughts, and sometimes sad mention of a mutual friend now "gone west" in the war.

An hour or so before I began this column there was a new letter from one of the dozen or more American men I know in service overseas. This one was postmarked "England," with an RAF station address. So . . . I said to myself, he has, at last, arrived on the other side! I had known that the intervening weeks without mail from an embarkation point in Canada meant he was sailing rather than flying across.

This letter, like all letters, with its bits of news and comments and impressions, set me to thinking what a big part letters play in our lives. And how this taken-for-granted form of communication keeps us tuned in on the lives of others instead of leaving gaps and holes and abrupt endings to the continued stories of our friends and kinfolk.

J's letter told, among other things, about his safe crossing with only several scares on the way. But skipping his news, one of the things in his paragraphs that gave me a new slant on him was his long and even lazy thoughts while on the ocean. The sea fascinates him, and his description of what he thought and felt was the secret, seldom-revealed side of him. The feelings and fancies were an escape from the months of intensive warrior drill. For little moments he was the poet and the dreamer deep in every man.

I am clipping a poem about the

FEB. 2, 1941  
NINAGARA FALLS.

Mrs. A. Buel Trowbridge, Jr., read the contributed poems for April, written by Clifford Gessler of San Francisco, John Richard Moreland of Norfolk, Va., and William F. Yust, Jr., Carolyn Hudgins, Stella Weston Tuttle and Rose Powers Spurr, of Winter Park. Mrs. Spurr won the first vote with her "Column of Fighting Words," and Mr. Moreland's "These Yellow Sands," won second vote. In the final reading, including the six poems receiving highest vote in January, February and March and written by Mary Sinton Leitch, Norfolk, Va., Helene Mullins, California, Agnes Kendrick Gray, Daytona Beach and Eugene R. Shippen and Stella Weston Tuttle, Winter Park, the first and second Allied Arts poetry awards were given to Agnes Kendrick Gray for "Lament for Finland" and to Stella Weston Tuttle for "Origin," two poems of distinction and lyrical beauty.

WINTER PARK HERALD

Slander

(From Florida Magazine of Verse)

PERISHABLE as breath  
And permanent as sound,  
It glides in venomous pursuit  
Over shifting ground.

One moment deep in studied death  
And the moment after  
Quivering its pliant length  
With malicious laughter.

It poises, languorously smooth  
And sleek as folded wings,  
Before it coils a pointed tongue  
And stings.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

REPRINT - N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE  
FEB. 9, 1941.

FLA. MAG. OF VERSE - MARCH - 1941.

1st PRIZE - LARAMORE GROUP - JAN. 1940. Tied FOR 2nd PRIZE FOR YEAR.

1st PLACE Poetry Soc. of FLA. - MARCH 1940. 2nd PRIZE FOR YEAR.

"Nor Bitter Nor Profane" 1953.



The Poetry Society of Florida, directed by Jessie B. Rittenhouse of Winter Park, divided its annual Ponce de Leon Prize as follows: First prize of \$50. to the poem "Divorce" by Robert E. Standen. Second prize of \$30. to "Green Armour" by Stella Weston Tuttle. Third prize of \$20. to "Gallant Lady" by Vivian Yeiser Laramore. Congratulations to the winners.

FLA. Mag of Verse - May, 1941.

AUTUMN, 1941

Page Nine

### GREEN ARMOR

(Winner of \$30 prize in Ponce de Leon Contest, 1941)

Two emerging on a field  
Eyed one another,  
Moving closer warily;  
Foe — or brother?

Neither chevron, stripe nor sickle,  
Swastika nor star  
Signified from whence they came,  
Whether near or far.

And before they could speak,  
Each was rendered mute  
Hearing a bell unfurl  
And the thin flute

Of a lone meadowlark.  
No strident tongue  
Marked either alien  
As the bell rung.

And no difference of dress  
Or dialect could shroud  
Glory blowing round them  
In a gusty cloud.

On a field two enemies  
Shared, undefended,  
Fragments of a miracle. . .  
And war ended.

Stella Weston Tuttle

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, whose poetry has been published and praised in many quarters, is now Assistant Editor of FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE. She has been sentenced to edit our next issue.

FLA. Magazine of Verse, Nov. 1941.  
Honorable Mention in Issue (Starr-Judge)  
"Nor Bitter Nor Profane", 1953.



VOLUME II

WINTER, 1941-42

NUMBER 2

## FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

CHARLES HYDE PRATT, *Editor*

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, *Assistant Editor*.

Published four times a year without excessive regularity in November, January, March and May, at Winter Park, Florida. \$1 a year. 35¢ a copy.

*(This issue is edited by Stella Weston Tuttle)*



FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE is an independent poetry journal published and financed by the editor. It pays nothing to contributors, and asks nothing from them except good poetry. They need not belong to any group, circle or society, nor pay any dues, nor buy copies of the Magazine unless they so desire. All manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: P. O. Box 6, Winter Park, Florida.

Look WHO'S AN Editor !!!!!

NOTE - from Hannah Kahn - Aug 18, 1960 -

You couldn't wish for a nicer one! She  
could make a rejection sound  
like a love letter!



# The LYRIC

LEIGH HANES, *Editor*  
CARLETON DREWRY, *Associate Editor*  
GEOFFREY JOHNSON, *British Editor*

*Advisory Editors*  
DAVID MORTON  
JOHN HALL WHELOCK

MARGARET YATES FRANKLIN, *Secretary*

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO    SPRING NUMBER, 1942    NUMBER ONE

## AIR RAID REHEARSAL

I had long forgot the sound  
Of the dark along the ground,  
Shadows murmurous with notes  
Issuing from ardent throats,  
Clarion of katydid  
Mingled with the panoplied  
Creaking of the lordly cricket.  
I had long forgot the thicket  
Clamored with the strident bells  
Of their tiny aerals.  
These I had forgot, and these:  
How the ancient hickories  
Clucked maternally when dark  
Pressed against their withered bark;  
How the wavering of hedges  
Lapped the dusk along their edges  
While wisteria's cascade  
Splashed in puddles dark had made.  
These I had forgot somehow  
But I repossess them now  
While the blackout thrums for me  
Overtures of ebony,  
And the covert choirs release  
Pandemoniums of peace.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Three)

← 1st PRIZE LYRAMORE

GROUP FOR FEB. 1942.

2nd PRIZE FOR YEAR.

## MIST

by Stella Weston Tuttle

The silvered mirror  
Of the lake clouds at the breath  
Of dying autumn.

## IN THE MANNER OF THE HAIKU

The winners of free subscriptions this month are Stella  
Weston Tuttle (Winter Park, Florida)

THE AMERICAN POET - JANUARY, 1942.

WINNER OF HAIKU CONTEST FOR  
ISSUE.

Spring Issue - 1942

Page Four

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

## NAZI YOUTH TO AN ENEMY

If now I do not love you, it is no fault of yours,  
And if, indeed, I hate you, it is no fault of mine,  
I who trailed unwittingly with the other children  
A piper playing miracles before the Siegfried Line —

A piper out of Hamelin whose notes of lyric hatred  
Flowed in faultless melody from his persuasive flute.  
If you hear bugles blowing, hear too the furtive thunder  
And then be sure, be very sure, you know what you salute.

For flutes fanatically sweet can whip the pulse to madness  
And a pretentious pride in blood can turn it into brine;  
If you hear bugles blowing their prelude to disaster —  
Recall at least, God pity me, it was no fault of mine.

Stella Weston Tuttle



FLA. Mag. OF Verse →

24

## Prize Winning Poem

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE (Rollins College) whose verse has decorated the pages of current magazines and who is as gracious as her lines won the Ponce de Leon contest prize for 1941 with the following poem. She is assistant editor of *Florida Magazine of Verse*.

### GREEN ARMOR

Two emerging on a field  
Eyed one another,  
Moving closer warily;  
Foe—or brother?

Neither chevron, stripe nor sickle,  
Swastika nor star  
Signified from whence they came,  
Whether near or far.

And before they could speak,  
Each was rendered mute  
Hearing a bell unfurl  
And the thin flute

Of a lone meadowlark.  
No strident tongue  
Marked either alien  
As the bell rung.

And no difference of dress  
Or dialect could shroud  
Glory blowing round them  
In a gusty cloud.  
On a field two enemies  
Shared, undefended,  
Fragments of a miracle . . .  
And war ended.

1941

That was the year (they'll say)  
The very heavens reeled,  
The earth was ribbed with blood  
And we ourselves sealed  
In vaults of tunnelled dark  
Wherein each night we crept  
At curfew of the siren  
And fitfully slept.

That was the year (we'll say)  
That exaltation stirred,  
As out of the wind poured wonder  
And into the wind a word  
Was given for a token,  
While touch of our hands clinging  
Translated distant thunder  
In syllables of singing.

And as the heavens choired  
Their angelus of blue,  
Peace was all about,  
And we alone knew.

Stella Weston Tuttle

*As a wife, mother, homemaker and loyal friend, STELLA WESTON TUTTLE is known for her ability to laugh at hardship and find joy in the daily duties of life. As a poet, she adds to her mastery of the lyric form a rare sensitiveness to beauty and sympathy for the helpless. Two published collections of her poems are now out of print. She lives in Winter Park.*

KALEIDOGRAPH - Dec. 1942

### BOMBER

A SHAFT of sunlight  
Breaks in two.  
An oriole checks  
His gay halloo—

While the timid trees  
And the cringing grass  
Bend down to let  
A shadow pass.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

The Crescent - May - 1942

Stella Weston Tuttle, Florida, is Assistant Editor of *Florida Magazine of Verse*. Her poems have been in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Lyric*, *New York Times*, *Talaria*, *St. Nicholas*, and others. She has membership in the *Poetry Society of Florida*, and *The Poetry Society of America*. She is author of one book of poems and co-author of another.



## For Verse Writers

by ANNE HAMILTON

POEMS forced into even the best of the technical molds are almost never successful. Each poetic experience will bring along its own form, but only if the poet experiences his poem with an open mind. If he is addicted to the sonnet form or the French forms, how is either an Epic or a Cinquain idea going to get shaped without distortion? Perhaps, you may say, a confirmed sonneteer or pantoum writer is not going to think Epic thoughts or experience so delicately as a Cinquain. It is, of course, possible to think only sonnet thoughts, or even Blank Verse thoughts solely. It is also possible for the poet to stop any poetic idea from revealing its shape the minute his brain gets to work on it, for if he is so fond of writing in one form that he never tries another, his mind adapts every thought to that special shape, and he writes always within its limitations. So each practising poet should train his mind, not only in technique, but also in openness to the inner perceptions, then, that his poetic experience may take shape without pressure, and be externalized gently, polished up after it has shown its own special mold. As the psychologists say, he works with a relaxed mind, so that the poem need not suffer warping as it comes through his brain from the inspiration which was its source.

### FIRE

by Stella Weston Tuttle

There will be other years and other days  
When the vermillion of the autumn leaves  
Will suddenly ignite the brooding haze  
Yet bring no further grief to one who grieves;  
And other paths as narrow and obscure  
As this will flare in ecstasy of frost,  
And still the startled wayfarer endure  
The passion of October's holocaust.

But sight of this too vivid counterpart,—  
This scarlet tableau of my homeland burning—  
Today provokes a smouldering in the heart  
That chars all rapture in the woodland's turning,  
While I, defenseless in the ruddy glow,  
Long for the pale oblivion of snow.

The writer of this beautiful sonnet is evidently experienced in the form, for there are many subtleties of technique well handled. It is worthy of notice, however, that the form of the thought is that of the Petrarchian sonnet rather than that of the Shakespearian, which the rime pattern follows. The thought's progression breaks at the end of the octave and changes, rather than progresses in a single wave to the climaxing final couplet.

ANOTHER VERSION, "NO FURTHER GRIEF" IN "NOT BITTER NOR PROFOUND," 1953.  
THE WRITER - JANUARY - 1943. —

MARCH, 1943

Page Fifteen

### INEVITABLE

Possessed am I by stark and lovely words  
That hungering for you alone instils—  
Words beautiful as that thin wedge of birds  
Probing a lyric arrow through the hills.  
Yes, beautiful as song but stark and stripped  
Of every artifice of tone and trill,  
They beat against my heart like water dripped  
Upon a rock. Oh, beautiful as spray  
The thought of you has shaken me and gripped  
My throat with awe, while words I dare not say  
Surge in my heart, unbidden and unsung.  
And yet inevitably I betray  
Their presence when, despite my prudent tongue  
And shuttered eyes, my heart—my heart is wrung.

Stella Weston Tuttle

Florida Magazine of Verse.



BUSINESS AS USUAL

*April! And the cherry tree  
Beside the pool, incredibly  
Blossoms out in fragrant snow,  
Disregarding Tokyo.*

*April! And the placid wren  
Seeks her sheltered nest again,  
Nor asks a bonus to assure  
Further wrens in miniature.*

*April! And the meadow's sheen  
Issues bulletins of green,  
Censored only when a mist  
Blots them out with amethyst.*

*April! And the gift of birth  
Scatters loveliness on earth,  
Vowing by each sign of spring  
Beauty needs no rationing.*

(From The Saturday Evening Post) STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



### Example for Poets

Whenever down a country lane  
There drifts a tremulous refrain

And through the swirling grasses flow  
Rhythms murmurous and slow,—

Whenever an alluring branch  
Diverts a feathered avalanche

And echoing from hill to hill,  
Ecstatic gusts of music spill,—

These are lyrics fashioned by  
One anonymously shy,

Indifferent if his signature,  
Along with beauty, shall endure.

Stella Weston Tuttle.

Stella Weston Tuttle is the Assistant Editor of the Florida Magazine of Verse and her poems have appeared in leading magazines. "Example for Poets" is reprinted from the Oregonian.

27

### BUSINESS AS USUAL

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

APRIL! And the cherry tree  
Beside the pool, incredibly  
Blossoms out in fragrant snow,  
Disregarding Tokyo.

April! And the placid wren  
Seeks her sheltered nest again,  
Nor asks a bonus to assure  
Further wrens in miniature.

April! And the meadow's sheen  
Issues bulletins of green,  
Censored only when a mist  
Blots them out with amethyst.

April! And the gift of birth  
Scatters loveliness on earth,  
Vowing by each sign of spring  
Beauty needs no rationing.

Saturday Evening Post  
April 17, 1943—

Reprinted FMV—May, 1943

Page FROM HUCKLEBERRY Poems  
Reprinted FROM OREGONIAN  
"Nor Bitter Nor Profane," 1953.

### BUSINESS AS USUAL

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



"It's no use, Mrs. Tuttle; I just don't have any butter."

### Air Raid Rehearsal

I had long forgot the sound  
Of the dark along the ground,  
Shadows murmurous with notes  
Issuing from ardent throats,  
Clarion of katydid  
Mingled with the panoplied  
Creaking of the lordly cricket.  
I had long forgot the thicket  
Clamored with the strident bells  
Of their tiny aerials.  
These I had forgot, and these:  
How the ancient hickories  
Clucked maternally when dark  
Pressed against their withered bark;  
How the wavering of hedges  
Lapped the dusk along their edges  
While wisteria's cascade  
Splashed in puddles dark had made.  
These I had forgot somehow  
But I repossess them now  
While the blackout thrums for me  
Overtures of ebony,  
And the covert choirs release  
Pandemoniums of peace.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(From The Lyric)

The Crescent  
May—1943.

FAN MAIL! I never  
Found out who sent it!



# FOUNDLING

Stella Weston Tuttle

I who was not hungered for  
Before my birth or after,  
A birth which harvested the seed  
Of neither grief nor laughter,

Shall always yearn for a caress  
From flesh the same as mine,  
Aware no stem denies the grape  
Nor it—the vine.

POETRY CHAPBOOK  
Summer - 1943-

## From Every Bough

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Though autumn come as casually this fall  
As any other fall, still it will seem  
Bright with a loveliness incredible  
To those allied in sheltering the Dream.  
To those who must continually endure  
The discipline of sacrifice and grief,  
October's fire will bear the signature  
Of courage flying scarlet from each leaf.

O banners beautiful against the sun,  
Unfurled in valor's name from every bough,  
Bear witness that our cause is being won.  
Repeat from wood to wood the crimson vow  
That through eternity these burnished hills  
Shall always stand as freedom's citadels.

SATURDAY EVENING  
POST - OCT. 2, 1943

## Keeping Posted

### Poison Pen

FOR benign Borgias who love their fellowmen, for philanthropic snakes in the grass who carry spiced and scented daggers to thrust into your back, for very Hydeish Jekylls, give us poets, bless their murderous hearts.

The way we came to find out about the sadistic impulses of quatrainers was by correspondence with Stella Weston Tuttle, of Winter Park, Florida, a poetess herself and victim of the kindly knife thrust of another poetess. Mrs. Tuttle, though, with a charity which surpasses our understanding, blames only herself.

"I was so thrilled to place a second poem (FROM EVERY BOUGH, page 103) with you," she wrote, "that I can't begin to tell you what a nice sensation it is. I have also become so insufferable in my relations with the other members of a small poetry group here which meets every other week, that one of them dashed off this quatrain at our meeting Thursday and passed it around at my expense:

"Better a gal who isn't nice  
Than a poet rhyming for a price;  
Yes, better a hanged murderer's ghost  
Than a kept woman of the Satevepost."

All we can say is "T-t-t-t —"

BOB STANDEN WROTE ABOVE  
QUATRAIN. OBJECTED TO BEING  
CALLED "POETESS". THE POST SENT HIM  
\$10.00!



Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle  
(Who-is-a-Poetess-sufficiently-  
well-known-that-you-Postoffice-  
boys-should-know-her-address)  
Winter Park,  
Florida

MORE FAX MAIL.



## Poetry Society of Florida Makes Annual Awards Saturday

The Poetry Society of Florida sponsoring the Allied Arts made its annual award of prizes for original poetry and creative work at a meeting held in the Morse Gallery of Art last Saturday afternoon. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard, who was ill, the meeting was in charge of Mrs. Rose Mills Powers, secretary, who called on Dr. Hamilton Holt, vice president of the Allied Arts, to assist her. Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle took the place of Mrs. Henry Winslow, treasurer, also ill, and Charles F. Hammond acted as secretary.

The absence of Mrs. Scollard at this meeting was a matter of deep regret to her many friends and admirers and her radiant personality which has been a distinctive feature of these Winter Park gatherings was greatly missed. Under her sympathetic encouragement the Poetry Society has been a great help to writers and artists. Over six thousand dollars have been awarded in prizes for creative work under the direction of Mrs. Scollard during the sixteen years of her leadership of the organization.

Prof. Nathan Comfort Starr, of

the Rollins Faculty, read the nine poems submitted for voting at this meeting and also the poems which had received the highest number of votes at the previous meetings of the season. The wide extent of the contest was indicated by contributions from Seattle, Pasadena and Paterson, N.J. First prize of \$30 was voted to Jessie Wilmore Murton, of Green Bay, Wis. for her poem "Inducted" which had received a very large vote at one of the meetings earlier in the season. A tie for second prize of \$20 was declared between Rose Mills Powers for "Change-ling" and Nathan Comfort Starr for his "Stephen Vincent Benet".

Prizes were also announced for the Ponce De Leon contest which is limited to poets either resident or native to Florida. The judges were Professors Willard Wattles and Charles Mendell, of the Rollins English Department, and Charles Hyde Pratt, Editor of the Florida Magazine of Poetry. The first prize of \$50 was awarded to Agnes Kendrick Grey, of Daytona Beach, for her poem, "A Patient Man". Second prize of \$30 went to Stella Weston Tuttle, of Win-

ter Park, for "A Note for a Dictator", which Mrs. Tuttle recited by general request of the meeting. Third prize of \$20 was given to Nathan Comfort Starr for his poem "Stephen Vincent Benet".

Dr. Henry Powell Spring reported for the drama department that it was decided not to make an award as there were less than five works submitted. Prof. Edwin Osgood Grover announced that the first prize of \$35 for the short story contest was awarded to Robert Ellis Standen for his story "Unidentified Woman", second prize to his wife, Clarizetta Standen, and honorable mention to Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle. Prof. Starr reported for the music department in the absence of Prof. Herman F. Siewert that the compositions submitted did not justify the award of a first prize, but gave a second prize of \$15 to Morton Schoenfeld, Rollins Conservatory student for his composition, "Fugue".

WINTER PARK HERALD  
APRIL - 1943.

NOVEMBER, 1943

Page Nine

### NOTE TO DICTATORS

("Whoever wins the war, food will win the peace.")

Put not your faith in granite,  
You of the iron fist,  
For in their leafy arsenal  
The seasons keep tryst

And he who trusts in granite  
For permanence of fame  
May find green hieroglyphics  
Blotting out his name;

But he whose credo is the soil,  
Knowing what he knows,  
Will need no graven shaft to mark  
Where his harvest grows

Nor see his monument at length  
Crumbling into dross  
And his carven eulogy  
Muted under moss.

So plot no more with granite—  
Parley not with stone,  
Lest in the final siege you stand  
Beleagured and alone.

Stella Weston Tuttle.

Note For Dictators was awarded the second prize of \$30 in the 1943 Ponce de Leon Contest conducted by the Poetry Society of Florida. The author says that her hobbies are her husband and their eleven-year-old daughter, raising lovebirds, housecleaning, catching cold, moving from one address to another and being assistant editor of FMV.

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE  
(COMPLYING WITH PLAINTIVE RE-  
QUEST BELOW FROM MAY ISSUE.)  
"Nor Bitter Nor Profane" 1953.

### CONTESTS

The 1943 Ponce de Leon Contest for Florida poets, conducted by the Poetry Society of Florida, resulted as follows: First prize to Agnes Kendrick Gray, Daytona Beach, for "The Patient Man". Second Prize to Stella Weston Tuttle, Winter Park, for "Note for Dictators". Third prize to Nathan Comfort Starr, Winter Park, for "Stephen Vincent Benet". We hope to be permitted to publish one or more of these poems in a future issue.

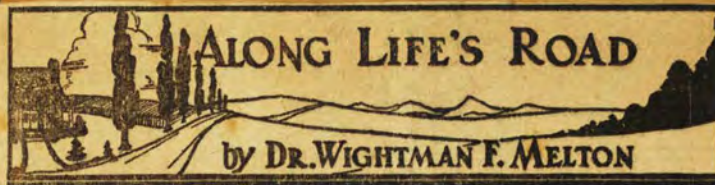


## Mrs. Tuttle Wins Prize For Poem

Mrs. Harry Tuttle won first place for her poem, "Simile," in the lyric contest at a meeting of the Laramore Poetry group held this week at the home of Miss Leila White in Coral Gables. Judge of the contest was Stanton Coblenz.

Mrs. Thelma Peters won the popular prize for her poem, "Once I Sat Upon a Hill." Mrs. Charles Hyde Pratt of Winter Park read her poem, "In Praise of Silence," which is to appear in a future issue of the Saturday Evening Post. An interpretation of Robert Frost's "Masque of Reason" was given by Dr. and Mrs. Harry I. Marshall, Mrs. C. Roy Angell and Mrs. Theodore Lenox.

Next meeting of the group will be held on Tuesday, July 17, at the home of Mrs. Will M. Preston, 621 NE 55th st., with Mrs. Frank M. Gregg as co-hostess. The assignment for next month is a "poet's choice," any form, with a 24-line limit.



### WAKE UP, AMERICA!

Along life's road

The way seems rough;

But if we mortals

"Have the stuff

It takes" to win,

We'll take fresh heart

And do our part,

Now and again,

At home and overseas—

This is no time for ease!

—W. F. M.

### A BEAUTIFUL SATURDAY EVENING POST POEM

Benjamin Franklin, founder of The Saturday Evening Post, loved poetry when he was a boy; and when he was an old man he regretted that he had not been allowed to read more poetry in his childhood and youth. He said that the reading of good poetry enlarges one's vocabulary and helps to keep the mind on the more beautiful things of life. We recall that some of "Poor Rich-

ard's Sayings" are in the form of easy-to-remember jingles; and, of course, everybody knows that "Poor Richard," he of almanac fame, was none other than Benjamin Franklin, himself—one of the most versatile men this country or any country has produced.

In later years the Post has published poetry rather sparingly, except for the light verse appearing in "Postscript," and the editor of this great publication are to be congratulated on the type of serious poetry they select for their pages. I think all of us will like a poem in the current issue of this magazine. It is timely, both as to the season of the year and the activities of the world; and it is beautifully written. Here it is:

### FROM EVERY BOUGH

Though autumn come as casually  
this fall

As any other fall, still it will  
seem

Bright with a loveliness incredible  
To those allied in sheltering  
the Dream.

To those who must continually  
endure

The discipline of sacrifice and  
grief.

October's fire will bear the  
signature

Of courage flying scarlet from  
each leaf.

O banners beautiful against the  
sun.

Unfurled in valor's name from  
every bough.

Bear witness that our cause is  
being won.

Repeat from wood to wood the  
crimson vow

That through eternity these  
burnished hills

Shall always stand as freedom's  
citadels.

—Stella Weston Tuttle

PAGE 6

THE FLORIDA TIMES-UNION, JACKSONVILLE, WE

## Woman's Club Poetry Workshop Has July Meeting on Monday

At the July meeting of the Poetry Workshop of the Woman's Club of Jacksonville, held Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Horace C. Avery, chairman, read a letter from Dorothy Quick, of New York City, giving helpful hints and enclosing types of her own poetry which are finding a ready market in current magazines and newspapers. This information coming from so prolific a writer of both prose and poetry is valuable and inspiring.

Mrs. Avery also gave the address of, "Poet Laureate," a poetry magazine of Key West, P. O. Box 370, which offers a monthly prize of \$10 for poems accepted. Mrs. Laura M. Gradick, editor of the club bulletin and treasurer of the workshop, is offering a prize for the best poem entitled "The Open Door," for the first page of the October issue, August 15 is the closing date.

Because of their excellence in adhering to the form assigned, regional poetry, originality of expression, vividness and clarity, Mrs. Floyd G. Arpan, program chairman for the day, found it impossible to choose

the best submitted by the group. The poems were: "Pirate's Point," Laura M. Gradick, "Desolation," Holly Holferty, Mrs. Arpan's pen name, "Florida Sand," Stella Sawyer.

"Ballad of Van Allen," Reba Avery, "Wings Over Mayport, 1944," Harriett Beals, "Evanescence," Elizabeth Tyler, "Route One," Edith Traver, "Memories," Margaret West, "Cow Country," Olive Zipperer, and "North Carolina Daisies," Louise Truman. Mrs. Arpan's concluding advice in criticising the poems was: "Change your form in every assignment for facility of expression and development of style."

In discussing "exotic" poetry, the topic for August, Mrs. Arpan defined the word as "strange, weird, out of this country or world. The requisites of exotic poetry she stated, are: "Sensuousness, sensuality, shiver up-the-spine, emotion, pent-up or unleashed, passion, vividness, color, atmosphere, haunting, as in "The Listener," by de la Mare."

Methods of suggesting exotic

themes, the chairman stated, are foreign names, alliteration onomatopoeia use of refrain, exalted tempo, languid tempo, imagery, classification of exotic background, Mrs. Arpan, suggested tropics, flamboyance, strange customs, poetic native names of places, people, things, giving Yeats' "The Hoisting of the Sidhe," as an example, Don Blanding's "Vagabond House," and Shelly's "Ozymandias."

For further inspiration, she named the islands of the sea, their rich spices, perfumes, food, fruit, speech, dances, dress, jealousy and hate, poisons, sudden and lingering death, reading Lawrence Hope's "Malaria," as a type. The strange brooding India, the riches of Persia, Congo, Arabia, the Aztecs, Incas and Mayans of Mexico, Central and South America. The "Fay" element of the Far North, Iceland and Wales legends and Gaelic names.

The American Indian with his tenseness of expression and rhythmic chants and poems, and last, the chairman mentioned fantastic names, "Kublar Kahn," Coleridge, and "dream material," such as "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," "The Song of the Wandering Aengus," Yeats, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Keats, "Cap and Bells," Yeats, "Sea Widow," Tuttle, "Ullume," Poe.

JACKSONVILLE Times-Union

1944 WAS A YEAR OF PUBLICITY RATHER  
THAN POEMS, APPARENTLY. BUT LOOK WHAT  
COMPANY I'M IN. DEFINITELY OUT OF MY  
DEPTH!



## Late Marriage

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

*Cherish this love ordained to walk shyly  
Hand within your hand, down into dusk;  
Rebuke it no further for its unflowering—  
Where no seed wakens, withers no husk.*

*Cherish this love timidly faltering  
Into a cloister strange and obscure;  
Though you win only fragments of rapture,  
Losing all else, these will endure.*

*HOLLAND'S - JANUARY - 1945*

## Daughter Is Hobby Of Author

*Mrs. Tuttle Writes  
Poetry and Prose*

By MARY SWARTZ  
Herald Club Editor

MRS. HARRY E. Tuttle's number one hobby is 13-year old daughter, Julia. Another is raising birds and turtles.

But if you want to bring a very special light to her eyes, mention poetry writing. That's where she really shines.

Publicity chairman of the Vivian Yeiser Laramore poetry group, Mrs. Tuttle once served a three year term as associate editor of the Florida Magazine of Verse. She also has had her poetry accepted by several national publications, including Saturday Evening Post and the New York Times.

### WRITES PROSE, TOO

But though she specializes in poetry, Mrs. Tuttle writes prose, too. Such magazines as Woman's Day, Hollands, Parents, and Your Life have printed numerous of her short articles. The latest is "Little Mother of World War One" which appeared in a recent issue of Readers Scope.

The story reports the work of Countess Hillyer de Caen, a French noblewoman who volunteered her services to the Red Cross during the first World War.

Her biggest jobs were getting supplies to the front and delivering soldiers' death bed messages to their families. The latter took 14 years to complete, for in many cases she had to travel to distant parts of the globe to get in touch with the sorrowing parents or wives.

Mrs. Tuttle majored in English at Rollins college but she took some journalism courses, too. A member of Gamma Phi Beta national sorority, she also is affiliated with the Poetry Society of America.

The writer's daughter was named for her great grandmother, a pioneer Miamian who helped found this city.

A National Magazine of Poetry

5

### BEYOND MEASURE

SHE has riches beyond measure  
Who has earthly things to treasure—

The certain way a ladder leans  
Against a bough, blue denim jeans

Hanging on a sturdy hook,  
Feathered ripples where the brook

Nudges stones as round and white  
As lilies spreading to the light.

She who lives in sight of these  
With a rugged man to please

Savors fruit that will not perish  
Having earthy things to cherish.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

*KALEIDOGRAPH - MARCH, 1945*

### NOTE OF BEREAVEMENT

F. M. V. mourns the loss of its talented Assistant Editor, Stella Weston Tuttle, who has forsaken this Pinnacle of Parnassus for the worldly pleasures of Miami, apparently lured by the tall buildings, bright lights and crowds of gay soldiers, sailors and marines which characterize that famous center of care-free abandon. It is hoped that she may see the error of her ways and return to the fold before it is too late. Meanwhile, a tone of latent anxiety will doubtless pervade these pages, and in the foot-notes, heretofore under the supervision of the departed, the foot may limp a little and the notes sound somewhat off key.

*Miami Herald*

*FLA. MAG. OF VERSE - JAN. - 1944*



## LEGEND

Once I watched  
A meadowlark  
Investigating  
Something dark

And as he searched,  
An ardent note  
Dripped like silver  
From his throat.

And what it was  
He challenged there,  
This tiny sentinel  
of air,

I do not know,  
But something dim  
Plummeted  
To silence him.

I only know  
That morning found  
Notes of silver  
On the ground;

Notes of silver  
And the stain  
Where song was stilled  
And rapture slain.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

F. M. V. is still without the services of its in-happier-days Assistant Editor, STELLA WESTON TUTTLE. She continues to prefer the mundane glamour of Miami, whence she contributes prose articles to magazines that pay cash, and at long intervals, poems to this magazine that pays in prestige. Before her descent from this Pinnacle of Parnassus, one of her responsibilities was to write bright footnotes about our contributors. Pity she is not here to write this one.

FLA. Mag. of Verse  
Reprinted in  
Bird Anthology.  
Honorable men-  
tion in Force  
de Leon Contest.

## OF LOVE IMMACULATE

Was it thus that Mary stood  
Facing Gabriel—  
Flame upon her fingertips  
And in her breast a bell,  
A bell whose rhythm as it sings  
Quickens at the brush of wings?

Was it these that Mary knew  
When they moved asunder—  
Rapture compassionate and pure  
And a quiet wonder  
That she, of all beneath the sun,  
Should have been the chosen one?

It was these and it was thus—  
O fortunate by far  
Am I in whom a poem stirs  
Sired by a star.  
And shame upon these lips that would  
Renounce it all for flesh and blood.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

TALARIA - FALL  
Issue - 1945.  
My most PRIZE-  
WINNING POEM  
BUT I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD NEVER  
GET PUBLISHED.  
It was rejected  
16 times!



# I, FAMISHED

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Impetuous and young this love I bear  
For you who love me little, if at all—  
Impetuous the stream of futile words  
That stumble on my lips before they fall  
To be rebuked by you who love me less  
And even less than that—who, undismayed,  
Can fling my timid words back in my teeth  
Where they taste bitter, leaving me afraid.

That I, alas, should thirst and thirst in vain  
Is none of your concern. Not of your doing  
This dark confusion in a troubled heart  
And not for you the final day of ruing;  
But I shall hunger always, as I must,  
Who banqueted too long upon a crust.

261

*PRAIRIE SCHOONER - WINTER - 1946.*  
*"Nor Bitter Nor Profane," 1933 AS "THIS*  
*DARK CONFUSION."*

## Call Entries On Free Verse

March assignment for the Vivian Yeiser Laramore Poetry group is free verse. Members will bring their completed compositions to the next meeting, March 19, in the home of Mrs. Ralph Polk, 381 N. E. 20th st.

At this week's session, with Mrs. Martin H. Feinman, 2205 Meridian ave., Miami Beach, first prize in the narrow lyric contest went to Mrs. H. E. Tuttle, jr., for her "Return of the Displaced Person." Mrs. J. H. McDonald's "Progress" received second honors; Mrs. David T. Mashburn's "Home Town," third. "Heritage," by Mrs. Frank Kahn, rated honorable mention while the popular prize was awarded Mrs. Alan Connett for "Chinese Beggar Boy."

## RETURN OF THE DISPLACED PERSONS

*By Stella Weston Tuttle*

Upon the crest  
Of the final hill,  
They pause a moment,  
Gaunt and still,

Incredulous  
That down the plains  
They see a house  
Where none remains.

And suddenly  
A withered branch  
Lets fall a petaled  
Avalanche,

While through the thicket,  
Sere and stark,  
Flows remembrance  
Of the lark.

Restored by these,  
The sight and sound  
Of things well loved  
On well-loved ground,

They kneel to grasp  
The shattered loam—  
Hearts filled with peace,  
Hands filled with home.

*1st PRIZE LARAMORE GROUP*  
*FEB, 1946. PRINTED IN →*  
*SATURDAY EVENING POST*  
*MARCH 30, 1946.*



APRIL AFTER WAR

Through the agony of war  
Still the fragile things endure

And at touch of April weather  
Magically they rise together.

So today, through the debris  
Stirs the azure fleur-de-lis,

While across each bombed crevasse  
Creeps the triumph of the grass.

So tonight, the years of dark  
Shall dissolve before the lark,

While through silence, new and thin,  
Cricket choirs will begin.

Whether countries rise or fall  
In battle or in council hall,

Of this only am I sure —  
Still the fragile things endure.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, formerly a resident of Winter Park, now lives in Miami and contributes verse and prose to a number of periodicals such as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies Home Journal*. We are gratified that some of her best poems are saved for FMV. The implications in *April After War* are apparent when we remember that all beauty and high ideals are "fragile things".

April After War

(From Florida Magazine of Verse)

THROUGH the agony of war  
Still the fragile things endure

And at touch of April weather  
Magically they rise together.

So today, through the debris  
Stirs the azure fleur-de-lis,

While across each bombed crevasse  
Creeps the triumph of the grass.

So tonight, the years of dark  
Shall dissolve before the lark,

While through silence, new and thin,  
Cricket choirs will begin.

Whether countries rise or fall  
In battle or in council hall,

Of this only am I sure—  
Still the fragile things endure.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

PEACE

Regard the tiger, — how he coils  
With muscles limp and slackened jaw,  
His eyes benignly studying  
What squirms beneath his paw!

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

BOTH POEMS ABOVE APPEARED IN  
FLA. MAG. OF VERSE IN MAY, 1946.  
APRIL AFTER WAR CAME IN FIRST AT  
POETRY SOCIETY OF FLORIDA MEETING IN  
MARCH, 1946.

N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE, JUNE 2, 1946.



Dear Stella Weston Tuttle  
Your lovely poem!! Thought you  
would like this copy Poetry Pilot - Best  
wishes from many friends.

POETRY PILOT

1030 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

JUNE 1, 1946

The problem of securing a home nowadays is a poignant one. In the intensity of our search we may often forget those who have had to be away from their home and loved ones for far longer than even our worst fears. And also those who have lost their home, which has become a part of the rubble to which so much of the world has been reduced. The following poem from a recent edition of the Saturday Evening Post may be a little reminder.

RETURN OF THE DISPLACED PERSONS

Upon the crest  
Of the final hill,  
They pause a moment,  
Gaunt and still,

Incredulous  
That down the plains  
They see a house  
Where none remains.

And suddenly  
A withered branch  
Lets fall a petaled  
Avalanche,

While through the thicket,  
Sere and stark,  
Flows remembrance  
Of the lark.

Restored by these,  
The sight and sound  
Of things well loved  
On well loved ground,

They kneel to grasp  
The shattered loam-  
Hearts filled with peace,  
Hands filled with home.

-- by Stella Weston Tuttle.



## Poet Honored By Friends At Reception

A reception for Mrs. Paul C. Rader (Vivian Yeiser Laramore) poet laureate of Florida and founder of the Laramore Poetry Group was given by her pupils at the home of Elizabeth Antonova (Mrs. Martin H. Feinman) Tuesday afternoon. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. T. J. Blackwell and Mrs. Frank M. Kahn. A surprise shower was given the honor guest by group members. Refreshments featured a wedding cake.

Mrs. Rader spoke informally during the meeting, telling about her summer at Huckleberry Mountain Artists Colony. Activities there included a national art show.

Mrs. William B. Mell, president of the group, opened the meeting. The editor's choice for this month's prizes were announced: First, Stella Tuttle for "Appointment in October," second, Mrs. Kahn's "Reason," and third, "Late Spring" by Lillian Grant. The popular vote of the group went to Mrs. Samuel Church for "Storm."

Next month's pattern is a sonnet, entries to be in the hands of Mrs. Rader by Oct. 1.

Several reports of success in marketing poems were heard, the work of the group is currently in such national magazines as "Good Housekeeping," "McCall's," "Parent's," etc.

Mrs. Kahn, librarian, called attention to the radio program, "Poet on the Air" Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

The next group meeting will be Oct. 15, place to be announced.



**FETED AT RECEPTION**—Vivian Yeiser Laramore Rader (center) at a party given Tuesday by the Laramore Poetry Group at the home of Mrs. H. M. Feinman, (Elizabeth Antonova), Miami Beach, cuts the wedding cake presented to her

in honor of her recent marriage to Paul C. Rader. Pictured with Mrs. Rader are, left to right, the hostess, Mrs. Feinman, Mrs. Frank M. Kahn, Mrs. William B. Mell and Mrs. T. J. Blackwell.

—Daily News Photo by Elmore

### Return

By Stella  
Weston Tuttle

Hushed lies the meadow,  
Mute lies the lane;  
Someone beloved  
Is coming again—

Someone approaches;  
See how the fern  
Shines where her sandals  
Casually turn

Into our valley;  
See how each stem  
Trembles at knowing  
The touch of her hem.

Lovely as morning,  
Light as the deer,  
She pauses on tiptoe:  
Summer is here.

### Appointment in October

By Stella Weston Tuttle

Dreaming in the orchard,  
Leans the laden bough,  
Lifting as her burden  
Lightens even now.

Nodding in complacency,  
Harboring no sorrow,  
She knows that her loss means  
Seed for tomorrow.

So the fragrant harvest  
Plummets, one by one,  
Till a single Winesap  
Reddens in the sun;

Till the final robin  
Punctually calls,  
Heralding the hour  
The last apple falls.

### SONG WITH SUDS

By Stella Weston Tuttle

All the world is bright  
When the washtub rings  
With the lively tunes  
That Missoula sings,  
For she whacks my clothes  
On the foaming board  
With a "Hal-le-lu"  
And a "praise de Lord."

Then the harp in her throat  
Plucks out high C,  
And her body sways  
With the jubilee  
As she feels the Spirit,  
And the music swells  
To the strains of "Peter,  
Go ring dem bells."

Yes, the world is bright  
Though the dress I wear  
May be scorched a bit  
And scrubbed threadbare,  
Yet no heavenly robe  
Ever swung along  
More washed with glory  
Or starched with song.

Ladies Home Journal  
OCTOBER — 1946

1st PRIZE LARAMORE GROUP

SEPT. 1946 —

Ladies Home Journal

JUNE — 1946

"Nor Bitter Nor Profane," 1953.

Saturday Evening Post  
November 16, 1946.



## THE FAIREST GIFT

Soft the herald angels sing,  
As underneath a Star  
The shepherds and the Wise Men kneel  
With treasure from afar.

And beautiful the burnished gold,  
The frankincense and myrrh,  
Yet the herald angels' gift  
Is even lovelier,

For it, a tiny halo, turns  
So luminous the place  
Above the Child that Mary leans  
As if to shield His face.

Then hushed the herald angels stand,  
No word at all they speak,  
For brighter than the halo burns  
The tear on Mary's cheek.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted by special permission Goodhousekeeping Magazine, copyrighted December 1946.)

## POST MORTEM

As lightly as your love for me,  
I bore my love for you  
And knowing you would kiss and tell  
I kissed and tattled, too,

Until continuous reports  
And whispers unabated  
Revealed I only kissed and told—  
But you exaggerated!

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted by special permission of McCall's Magazine, copyrighted 1947.)

## APRIL AFTER WAR

Through the agony of war,  
Still the fragile things endure

And at touch of April weather,  
Magically they rise together.

So today through the debris  
Stirs the azure fleur-de-lis

While across each bombed crevasse  
Creeps the triumph of the grass.

So tonight the years of dark  
Shall dissolve before the lark,

While through silence, new and thin,  
Cricket choirs will begin.

Whether countries rise or fall  
In battle or in council hall,

Of this only am I sure—  
Still the fragile things endure.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted from Florida Magazine of Verse, Spring, 1946)

## SONG WITH SUDS

All the world is bright  
When the washtub rings  
With the lively tunes  
That Missoula sings,  
For she whacks my clothes  
On the foaming board  
With a *Hal-le-lu*  
And a *praise de Lord*.

Then the harp in her throat  
Plucks out high C  
And her body sways  
With the jubilee  
As she feels the Spirit  
And the music swells  
To the strains of *Peter*,  
*Go ring dem bells*.

Yes, the world is bright  
Though the dress I wear  
Is scorched a bit  
And scrubbed threadbare;  
Yet no heavenly robe  
Ever swung along  
More washed with glory  
Or starched with song.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted by special permission of The Saturday Evening Post, copyrighted 1946 by the Curtis Publishing Company)

## RETURN

Hushed lies the meadow,  
Mute lies the lane—  
Someone beloved  
Is coming again,

Someone whose going  
Kindled such grief,  
It withered the grasses  
And darkened the leaf.

Someone approaches—  
See how the fern  
Shines where her sandals  
Casually turn

Into our acres—  
See how each stem  
Trembles at knowing  
The touch of her hem.

Lovely as morning,  
Light as the deer,  
She pauses on tiptoe—  
Summer is here.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(Reprinted by special permission of The Ladies Home Journal, copyrighted 1946.)



# PROPAGANDA

The pen is mightier than the sword,  
And so the latter shall  
Not dare to strike until the pen  
First drips vitriol.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, formerly of Winter Park, is now a resident of Miami, where her husband is manager of a large hotel. Her literary work consists mainly of prose articles written for various magazines in this country and Canada, but she contributes verse occasionally to *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *New York Times*, *Holland's* and others.

*FLA. MAG. OF VERSE - NOVEMBER - 1947*

Page Six

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

## AIR MAIL PILOT

(Recalling a small statue of Mercury  
that stood on my father's desk)

"Routine flight", his logbook read.  
Not a syllable was said  
That he had known a sudden grace,  
A unity with wind and space;

Not a word he still could feel  
Wings that rustled at each heel,  
Nor that he had been aware  
Small wings arrowed from his hair.

Routine flight! His bronzed face lit  
With the miracle of it  
As he poised, his errand done,  
On a pedestal of sun.

## YOUNG WIDOW

Pretending circumspectly, as I must,  
That my deserted bed is now a crypt  
And my impatient body turned to dust,  
Why do I falter and seem ill equipped  
To live without you? Not for lack of trying  
Nor any lack of tears have I been stripped  
Of the capacity to curb my sighing;  
Oh, not for lack of these my eager breath.  
So which of us is more concerned with dying,  
Which one of us more intimate with death—  
You whose tranquillity is never shaken  
By either ecstasy or smouldering wrath,  
Or I who in the morning when I waken  
Still call your name, by whom I am forsaken.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

The author of the two poems on this page was formerly a resident of Winter Park and Assistant Editor of this magazine. She now lives in Miami, where her husband is Manager of a large hotel. Mrs. Tuttle contributes short stories, articles and verse to *Saturday Evening Post* and other journals in this country and Canada, but some of her best poetry is reserved for publication in *Florida Magazine of Verse*.

*"Nor Bitter Nor Profane", 1953.*

*FMV - JANUARY - 1948. AIR MAIL PILOT WON  
1ST PRIZE LARAMORE GROUP IN MAY - 1944...*



## TWO IN THE COLD

Frostbitten words a year ago  
Encased these two within a tomb.  
Each word with cold and cutting edge  
Congealed to form an icy wedge  
Which still divides their narrow room  
And flakes them over with its snow.

The pressure of their hands, the slow  
Sweet merging of their lips would doom  
This freezing vault; would melt the ledge  
Of hardpacked snow and let the pledge  
Of their old love uncurl and bloom  
And flood their bodies with its glow.

But he sits half a room from her  
And neither will be first to stir.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

*McCALL'S MAG.*

## Two Days

By Stella Weston Tuttle

More rapturous and far more gay  
Than any other sort of day

Are two that children celebrate,  
All unmindful of the date.

And one of them is born of mist,  
The other blue and amethyst.

One of them is crisp and cold,  
The other marked with marigold.

Two days dissimilar and still,  
They each unfold a miracle,

For one's the final day of school  
When all good-bys are beautiful;

The other brings the hushed hello  
That heralds the first fall of snow.

*Ladies' Home Journal  
October, 1948*

*Young Widow WON SONNET PRIZE  
OFFERED by NINETTE CARTER SMITH  
1947*



"Light verse has its place, but do, please, give us an occasional article on serious verse by one who actually sells it." This plea from innumerable poet-readers of *A. & J.* I am happy to be able to answer this month with a very fine article by Stella Weston Tuttle, "Poems For Profit."

Mrs. Tuttle is a "Floridian transplanted from Minnesota who won first prize in a short story contest while at Rollins College. Result: I have never been able to sell a short story since, though I've managed to outwit thirty-odd editors who were resisting my poems and articles. Having started life as a middle-Westerner used to wide open spaces, I find living in a hotel room plus porch rather cramped. But I married a hotel manager, so what can I do? Incidentally that porch is inhabited by one teen-age daughter, three lovebirds, four tropi-

cal fish, a dozen or so snails and several hundred books. The latter have to be hauled to safety during every hurricane, and my husband swears that next time he marries, he's going to pick a gal who can neither read nor write. Which is a fairly sound description of me during the summer, for then I do nothing but curl up with a rod, a reel and a suntan."

FROM THE "STRICTLY  
PERSONAL" COLUMN -

## POEMS FOR PROFIT

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



Stella Weston Tuttle

SO YOU have been writing verse. And of course you want to sell it. Well, you couldn't have picked a better time. The magazines are buying more poetry than ever before and paying the best prices in history. I, myself, have received \$1.50 a word for my efforts. Not that the editors are clamoring for my work. But the word in question loomed across an entire line, and that is how most poetry is purchased—by the line.

Still, I have practiced what I am about to preach, long enough to know it pays off. And along the way I have shed enough blood, sweat and postage to entitle me to a thrill at seeing my poems featured in four of the leading slicks in as many months. Which makes me recall with surprise the nonchalance with which I greeted my first check. For I didn't even frame it! (But before cashing it, I had it photostatted, a handy procedure for beginners wishing to eat their cake and have it, too.)

So I am not trying to sound smug when I say that there is a lot of sloppy writing being done these days. And though much of it is bounded on the north by a title and on the east and west by wide margins, it still isn't poetry. Nor will it sell, even though it contains such sure-fire material as hearts, flowers, or lost puppies.

Actually, of course, there is no sure-fire material in this field nor is there a "formula poem." There is, however, such a thing as salable verse and it is easily defined. Salable verse is simply verse with emotional impact, couched in simple language, marked by a singing quality and handled with a skill so smooth as to appear deceptively easy. That, my friend, is good salable verse. And while I would be the last to deny that trash gets printed, it does so by accident. And accidents cannot be counted on to bring home the bacon.

So if you are not satisfied with your present record of acceptances or have not yet taken the plunge, perhaps I can help. First, take emotional impact, for if your poem lacks that, it lacks everything. In other words, do you need a stethoscope to hear a man's heart beat? A real poet can not only hear a man's heart beat; he can hear it break. He is so receptive to feelings, especially the other fellow's, that he instinctively separates emotion from mush. And when writing, he substitutes sincerity for sentimentality.

Take the poem, "Drouth," which I wrote one summer when both crops and cattle were dying of thirst. Remembering my Minnesota background, I chose an elderly Scandinavian farmer for my main character and tried to portray his reaction as he looked at the desolation of the farm to which he had devoted his life.

Old Nelson's heavy shoulders drooped.  
Confusion seamed his brow  
As he surveyed his silent barn  
And stroked his idle plow.  
He stooped to patch the ancient fence

Although obsessed by doubt,  
For he had nothing to keep in  
And nothing to keep out . . .  
And for the hundredth time, he marked  
His crop of sticks and stones,  
Twelve acres brown with rooted death,  
Three pastures white with bones.

Though I have quoted only half the poem, I believe the reader will sense the tragedy here. Yet did I speak of the farmer's grief? Did I mention tears? No, I didn't. But the *New York Times* bought the poem on its first trip out. And I believe they bought it for its universal appeal, which is another way of saying a poem has emotional impact, whether that emotion be grief, joy, complacency or what-not.

Now you may not believe this, but simple words simply used are excellent in building up emotional impact. In poetry especially, a writer's originality is shown by the way he can take commonplace words and make them sparkle. He does not have to use an unusual word to get an unusual effect. And in writing commercial verse, he'd better not! The purpose of commercial verse is to communicate something and to do it painlessly.

Therefore, commercial verse must be simple and to the point. And the poet must get to that point quickly, for unlike the story writer, he cannot take much time in setting the scene and building up the mood. So what does he do? He uses a device popular in the movies, the musical background. And through rhyme, rhythm, and other poetic tools, he whips up audience reaction. The reader, of course, may not be conscious of this, any more than he is conscious of the orchestration during a tense movie scene. But he would miss it if it were suddenly blacked out. In fact, it is this ability to reach a reader through the ear as well as the eye which marks the difference in poetry between mediocrity and magic.

In "Drouth," the musical background is quickened—and so is the emotion—by repetition, "nothing to keep in . . . nothing to keep out"; and by alliteration, an example of which is "sticks and stones." But sometimes the rhythm alone accomplishes this effect. Thus in "Song With Suds," I tried for a lilting rhythm by using two unaccepted syllables at the beginning of each line, and I made the poem purposely sing-song. Did I succeed in picturing my colored laundress swaying jubilantly as she sang at her work? Peggy Dowst of the *Saturday Evening Post* evidently thought so, but I'll let you judge for yourself. Here's the first verse:

All the world is bright  
When the washtub rings  
With the lively tunes  
That Missoula sings,  
For she whacks my clothes  
On the foaming board  
With a "Hal-le-lu"  
And a "praise de Lord."

Virtually all poets competing in the commercial field appreciate the use of rhyme and rhythm to put a poem across. Yet it is surprising how many of them entirely overlook an important third ingredient of good poetry called "word value." For

AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST



# POEMS FOR PROFIT

By STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



Stella Weston Tuttle

SO YOU have been writing verse. And of course you want to sell it. Well, you couldn't have picked a better time. The magazines are buying more poetry than ever before and paying the best prices in history. I, myself, have received \$1.50 a word for my efforts. Not that the editors are clamoring for my work. But the word in question loped across an entire line, and that is how most poetry is purchased—by the line.

Still, I have practiced what I am about to preach, long

enough to know it pays off. And along the way I have shed enough blood, sweat and postage to entitle me to a thrill at seeing my poems featured in four of the leading slicks in as many months. Which makes me recall with surprise the nonchalance with which I greeted my first check. For I didn't even frame it! (But before cashing it, I had it photostatted, a handy procedure for beginners wishing to eat their cake and have it, too.)

So I am not trying to sound smug when I say that there is a lot of sloppy writing being done these days. And though much of it is bounded on the north by a title and on the east and west by wide margins, it still isn't poetry. Nor will it sell, even though it contains such sure-fire material as hearts, flowers, or lost puppies.

Actually, of course, there is no sure-fire material in this field nor is there a "formula poem." There is, however, such a thing as salable verse and it is easily defined. Salable verse is simply verse with emotional impact, couched in simple language, marked by a singing quality and handled with a skill so smooth as to appear deceptively easy. That, my friend, is good salable verse. And while I would be the last to deny that trash gets printed, it does so by accident. And accidents cannot be counted on to bring home the bacon.

So if you are not satisfied with your present record of acceptances or have not yet taken the plunge, perhaps I can help. First, take emotional impact, for if your poem lacks that, it lacks everything. In other words, do you need a stethoscope to hear a man's heart beat? A real poet can not only hear a man's heart beat; he can hear it break. He is so receptive to feelings, especially the other fellow's, that he instinctively separates emotion from mush. And when writing, he substitutes sincerity for sentimentality.

Take the poem, "Drouth," which I wrote one summer when both crops and cattle were dying of thirst. Remembering my Minnesota background, I chose an elderly Scandinavian farmer for my main character and tried to portray his reaction as he looked at the desolation of the farm to which he had devoted his life.

Old Nelson's heavy shoulders drooped.  
Confusion seamed his brow  
As he surveyed his silent barn  
And stroked his idle plow.  
He stooped to patch the ancient fence

Although obsessed by doubt,  
For he had nothing to keep in  
And nothing to keep out . . .  
And for the hundredth time, he marked  
His crop of sticks and stones,  
Twelve acres brown with rooted death,  
Three pastures white with bones.

Though I have quoted only half the poem, I believe the reader will sense the tragedy here. Yet did I speak of the farmer's grief? Did I mention tears? No, I didn't. But the *New York Times* bought the poem on its first trip out. And I believe they bought it for its universal appeal, which is another way of saying a poem has emotional impact, whether that emotion be grief, joy, complacency or what-not.

Now you may not believe this, but simple words simply used are excellent in building up emotional impact. In poetry especially, a writer's originality is shown by the way he can take commonplace words and make them sparkle. He does not have to use an unusual word to get an unusual effect. And in writing commercial verse, he'd better not! The purpose of commercial verse is to communicate something and to do it painlessly.

Therefore, commercial verse must be simple and to the point. And the poet must get to that point quickly, for unlike the story writer, he cannot take much time in setting the scene and building up the mood. So what does he do? He uses a device popular in the movies, the musical background. And through rhyme, rhythm, and other poetic tools, he whips up audience reaction. The reader, of course, may not be conscious of this, any more than he is conscious of the orchestration during a tense movie scene. But he would miss it if it were suddenly blacked out. In fact, it is this ability to reach a reader through the ear as well as the eye which marks the difference in poetry between mediocrity and magic.

In "Drouth," the musical background is quickened—and so is the emotion—by repetition, "nothing to keep in . . . nothing to keep out"; and by alliteration, an example of which is "sticks and stones." But sometimes the rhythm alone accomplishes this effect. Thus in "Song With Suds," I tried for a lilting rhythm by using two unaccepted syllables at the beginning of each line, and I made the poem purposely sing-song. Did I succeed in picturing my colored laundress swaying jubilantly as she sang at her work? Peggy Dowst of the *Saturday Evening Post* evidently thought so, but I'll let you judge for yourself. Here's the first verse:

All the world is bright  
When the washtub rings  
With the lively tunes  
That Missoula sings,  
For she whacks my clothes  
On the foaming board  
With a "Hal-le-lu"  
And a "praise de Lord."

Virtually all poets competing in the commercial field appreciate the use of rhyme and rhythm to put a poem across. Yet it is surprising how many of them entirely overlook an important third ingredient of good poetry called "word value." For



while rhyme and rhythm help a reader anticipate a poem's music, thus increasing the total effect, "word value" tosses in an element of surprise which is also desirable. And no other device is so successful in putting emphasis where it belongs. Take this stanza from "Recipe for a Winter Evening."

A bowl of ruddy Northern Spies,

A pewter knife to pare them,

Some popcorn crackling on the hearth

And you . . . to share them.

It would have been consistent with the already established rhythm to say, "And you, my dear, to share them." But by leaving out two syllables, I made the reader dwell longer on the word, "you," giving it an importance which said more than "my dear" would. Or I hope it did. Anyway, an editor thought so, and that is the acid test.

Regarding poetry technique, however, I do have a confession to make. Editors in general seem to regard it with supreme indifference. If they object to an inversion, it is because it clutters up the progress of thought, not because it gets the cart before the horse or the noun before the adjective. And an awkward rhyme in a poem doesn't bother them nearly as much as a note of artificiality or insincerity.

So rather than imply that an editor purchases a poem because of its technique, it would be more truthful to say that he rejects it for lack of it. Thus a thorough knowledge of technique pays dividends in the long run, and if you haven't already worked at it, I suggest that you get a good textbook and dig in. Master poetry technique and then forget about it. For only when it becomes second nature, can you write most effectively, and the editors appreciate that, whether they say so or not.

Now we are going to stop generalizing and get down to brass tacks. So here are a few pointers as to what sells best. And particularly where!

First, the shorter the poem, the better its chances. Poems are regarded as fillers in the commercial publications, and so those between eight and sixteen lines in length are the most popular. Occasionally a twenty-four liner makes the grade, but the publication of anything longer than that is decidedly the exception, except in literary markets.

Second, to win approval, a poem should not be set in an elaborate verse form such as a rondeau or pantoum. Except for the sonnet, such verse forms are not popular with editors and this is entirely understandable. Unless expertly handled, a form of this sort becomes a mould constricting the poem, rather than a frame enhancing it. And the total effect is then artificial.

Third, when it comes to subject matter, anything will do that is in good taste and has universal appeal. And since most magazine audiences are unwieldy masses rather than specialized groups, particularly in the best-paying markets, the more elemental a poem's appeal, the larger will be its number of satisfied customers. There is one factor which I have found very helpful in selling verse—timeliness. Most of my sales during the past year were touched by that quality and four of them were seasonal poems. Furthermore, I made that quite clear in their titles.

"Return of Summer" and "Appointment in October" both appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, while "The Fairest Gift," a Christmas poem, made its bow in the December *Good Housekeeping*. "April After War" brought in no cash as it was

taken by *Florida Magazine of Verse*. But I believe in cooperating with the editors who think poetry can be the main dish as well as an appetizer. Provided, of course, that they reciprocate by putting out beautiful and dignified publications.

A timely poem is not necessarily seasonal, however. Take my "Return of the Displaced Persons" which I sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*, a market, incidentally, which is very receptive to poems about people, especially if laid in specific localities such as New England, the Carolina mountains or even the Florida Everglades.

Poems with emotional impact of a romantic sort go well with almost all women's magazines, as do nature poems. *McCall's* is the exception as it uses virtually no nature poetry, although the emotional thing is right up its alley. All three of my sales to this market last year were concerned with unrequited love, although two of them treated this subject lightly, very lightly.

Heartbreak and humor are both salable with humor having a slight edge. The main thing in the in-between stuff is to write it so the reader can identify himself with the poem. Though this is not so necessary in the case of poems which are to be sent to newspapers. They like their verses impersonal, as a rule, and those which publish a poem a day, like the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Times*, consume thirty poems a month, or more than any of the paying magazine markets. Furthermore, if you're the type who can't get the Christmas spirit in July or August, you will have to submit your timely stuff to newspapers. Magazines are made up several months ahead, you know.

Finally, you wouldn't call on an editor in a soiled or torn suit, would you? Then give your poem an equal chance to make an agreeable first impression. Type it neatly, single-spaced, on a good grade of white paper and center it on the page with its title in caps. Naturally you put your name and address in the upper left-hand corner and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for its return. And naturally, when it returns, you keep on sending it out again and again, even up to thirty or forty times. Furthermore, three is about the right number of poems to submit at one time. One postage stamp will carry this number, and while it is enough to give the editors a choice, it is not enough to give them a headache.

Two more points and I'll call it quits. You will note that I have avoided the literary markets in this article, and I have done so purposely. Because in the first place, this is an article on commercial verse; in the second place, the literary markets are unpredictable; and in the third place, my conscience doesn't tolerate my telling others how to get into the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Harper's* when I have never been able to do so myself.

The other point I'd like to make is in regard to rates. As I mentioned in the beginning, they are the best in history and still going higher. The *Saturday Evening Post* has recently changed its standard rate from \$1.50 to \$2 a line, and will pay \$5 a line for quatrains, a fancy name which means a four-line poem that packs a wallop. So there's something for you and you and you to shoot at!

Speaking for myself, my range at present varies from 50 cents a line in the secondary markets to \$3 in the slicks. And everything in between. And I understand that many editors raise rates after they have taken a certain number of poems from

(Continued on Page 28)



## POEMS FOR PROFIT

*(Continued from Page 8)*

one writer. In other words, they help you establish a name and then pay you a bonus for having established a name. How can you lose?

But before we become too mercenary, let us consider this also. If you write for the commercial markets and do outstanding work, you may inadvertently turn out some of the stuff of which immortality is made. For who do you think selects the poetry that is to live? The publishers? The critics? Not at all. It is the reading public who casts the final vote, and a poem's chance at immortality is in exact ratio to its popularity.

So who knows? In the quality anthologies of the next century, perhaps we'll be seeing each other. But whether we do or not, we can dream, can't we?



# The ROLLINS ▼ ALUMNI RECORD



RECIPIENTS OF ROLLINS DECORATIONS OF HONOR

*Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle, Jr. (Stella Weston '30), Dr. Charles S. Mendell, Susan Wesley,  
Dr. Alexander Waite and Mrs. Rodman Lehman (Katherine Lewis '27).*

Volume XXVI

JUNE, 1948

Number 2

Five Rollins Decorations of Honors were bestowed as follows: to Dr. Alexander Waite and Dr. Charles S. Mendell for service to Rollins and eminence in their fields as well as many other human qualities; also to Mrs. Rodman Lehman (Kay Lewis '27) and Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle, Jr. (Stella Weston '30), the former well known for her many years of devoted service as Alumni Secretary of the College and the latter a distinguished poetess and editor; and finally to the veteran negro maid of Cloverleaf Hall, Susan Wesley, who has served in that capacity for more than 25 years.

Dean of Women, Mrs. Stanley M. Cleveland, in her address presenting Susan Wesley for her award submitted the testimony that Susie has "taken care of nearly 1,500 freshman girls," in her quarter century of employment on the campus. Mrs. Cleveland paid special tribute to Susie's intrepid daring and faithful sense of responsibility, in reporting for duty during the 1944 hurricane, a "dangerous and exciting journey," in the Dean's words.



# Rollins College Graduates Largest Class In History In Wednesday Ceremonies

Sullivan Medallion Won By Mary Clair Upthegrove,  
Libra Cup by Jean Brown and the  
Honor Award by William Rinck

Rollins College Wednesday morning graduated 119, its largest class in history as H. Jerry Voorhis, former congressman from California and leader in the World Government Movement warned seniors that the education they had received belonged not to them but to mankind, as he delivered the Commencement Day address.

Mary Clair Upthegrove, Ann Arbor, Mich., received the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Medallion, one of the college's most coveted awards, while Jean Bohrer Brown of West Plains, Mo., and Winter Park received the Libra Cup and William Rinck, Detroit, Mich. received the 0000 Honor award, both for outstanding leadership on the campus.

Mrs. Brown, who graduated with highest distinction in English, also received one of the \$100 prizes under the General Reeve Award for Scholarship, which goes to the five seniors who have maintained the highest academic standing during the last three years. Others receiving \$100 prizes were Sidney Jacqueline Thomason, Orlando, Barbara Herring, Auburndale, Paula B. Shapiro, Elkins Park, Pa., and Carlyle Seymour, Wilmington, N. C.

Five received Rollins Decorations of Honor: Dr. Alex Waite, Professor of Psychology, Charles S. Mendell, Professor of English, Katherine L. Lehman, Winter Park, Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, well-known poet, and Susan Wesley, who has served faithfully as chief maid at Cloverleaf Dormitory for over 25 years. She is the first negro to receive the decoration, which is awarded for service and contribution to the progress of Rollins.

In giving the commencement address, Voorhis declared that "human values cannot be salted away."

"Knowledge can be possessed by men and women," he said, "but our creative powers . . . we can never possess for ourselves, unless we give our fruits to the world. The vital part of your education therefore does not belong to you. Instead it is entrusted to you to tend and develop as the days pass, and to return, with increase to mankind."

Students from Winter Park, who were graduated: bachelor of arts, Frances Lee Bradley, Mary Edna Branch, William M. Davis, Weston L. Emery, Stuart M. Kincaid, Otto A. Mooney, Thomas E. Royal, William R. Shelton, Dulcie and Mary Jane Whitley, and Franklin L. Williamson.

Bachelor of Science; Philip D. Greene, Ivor D. Groves, and John T. McCall.

Dean Darrah:

Mr. President, twenty-five years ago the New York Southern Society in order to perpetuate the memory of its founder, established the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award. This award in the form of a bronze plaque is intended to "recognize and encourage in others those same principles of love for and service to men, which were Mr. Sullivan's dominant characteristics." In the selection of the recipient "nothing shall be considered except the possession of such characteristics of heart, mind and conduct as evince a spirit of love for and helpfulness toward other men and women." Rollins College is one of the few institutions of higher learning privileged to give this award. Rollins can bestow no greater honor than the Sullivan Medallion. Today Mr. President, on behalf of the faculty it gives me great pleasure to

nominate a student whose life among us has exemplified what was once said about Mr. Sullivan: "He reached out both his hands in constant helpfulness to his fellow-men;" the nomination is MARY CLAIR UPTHEGROVE.

President Holt:

Mary Clair Upthegrove, brought up in the shadow of the great University of Michigan yet taking to the more intimate family life of Rollins like a duck to water; active in every sport listed in the catalogue; tireless worker in your sorority; faithful member of the Chapel Choir; enthusiastic and constructive member of the Chapel Committees; interested in every organization designed to help others—whether in the Rollins campus, in the community or in the world at large, yet finding time and opportunity to help every person with whom you come in contact; we present to you the Sullivan Medallion for your loving heart; for your generous spirit and your sincere and selfless kindness to others; for your gayety and enthusiasm; for your summer work with children in camp and playground; for your help and inspiration to younger students; for your devotion to your alma mater and for your love for your fellowman. May it be an inspiration and satisfaction to you all the days of your life.

Orator:

The Rollins Decoration of Honor is given by the Trustees of Rollins College in recognition of distinguished service. It is awarded only to Trustees, members of the faculty, the staff, alumni or friends of the College whose services have been a real and significant contribution to the progress and welfare of Rollins. Under the regulations of the Board of Trustees the Decoration is to be worn by the recipients at all academic occasions of Rollins which they attend or whenever they wear the formal academic costume of the College. This morning we have five candidates for the Rollins Decoration of Honor—two Rollins alumnae, two members of the faculty and one member of the staff.

Dr. Grover:

Stella Weston Tuttle was born in Minneapolis, but fortunately for all concerned, she became a resident of Winter Park and a student at Rollins College. She refused to be graduated until she had sampled courses with virtually all the Rollins professors, but finally consented to graduate in the class of 1930.

During her student days at Rollins she lived a busy—if not hectic—life, participating in most of the social and academic activities of her Gamma Phi Beta Sorority, a member of the Student Council, a member of the Sandspur Staff and an editor of The Flamingo. She won the campus. She was president a creative writing contest with a short story entitled, "The One Who Got Spanked." While still a freshman she wrote, a four-line poem, as an exercise in Dr. Wattles class, which was quoted in leading magazines throughout the country. A few days ago, 20 years after the poem was written, it was quoted at the head of his daily column, by none other than John Temple Graves, I am sure, Mr. President, that you will recall the four-line poem:

## LOCOMOTIVE

Across the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of Industry  
The manuscript of men.

She scored three times in the Ponce de Leon Prizes offered by the Poetry Society of Florida. During her junior year, she published her first book of verse entitled "Daguerreotypes," or "Portraits from a Village Album," in the series of "Vest Pocket Poets." During her senior year, she won the "Howard Fox Award for Literature," then offered for the first time.

But this, Mr. President, is as nothing to the busy and happy life she has lived since leaving Rollins. In 1931 she married Mr. Harry Tuttle of Miami, where they make their home. Their daughter, Judy Tuttle, is already enrolled as a member of the Rollins class of 1954.

Her literary children, however, are much more numerous. Her poems appear frequently in such popular magazines as "The Saturday Evening Post," "Good Housekeeping," "Ladies Home Journal" and "McCall's Magazine." Her clever prose has found a place in such highbrow publications as "Parents Magazines" and "Better Homes," and in such low-brow periodicals as "Your Life" and "True Detective" magazine.

For two years she was Assistant Editor of the distinguished "Florida Magazine of Verse," and her own poetry has been collected in two substantial volumes.

Mr. President, I have the pleasure and the honor to present to you Stella Weston Tuttle, one of Rollins' most loyal alumni and a gifted literary craftsman, for the Rollins Decoration of Honor.

President Holt:

Stella Weston Tuttle, I found you at Rollins when I came here as a Freshman College President nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Your standing before me now recalls a bright-eyed, sunny-haired somewhat abashed college girl who was sent to my office by one of her professors to show me a poem he thought I would admire as much as he did.

That poem gave me the rare thrill that an editor only gets those few times in his life when he discovers a new writer of both achievement and promise. Ever since that day I have watched your career with approval and admiration. It is indeed a joy that all my hopes and expectations for your literary career have been fulfilled.

Professor Grover has told something of your professional and personal achievements. I would only add that you were the first Rollins student to ask me to give you the Rollins Blessing at your marriage. Thus began the happy custom that has continued to this day. I like to think this blessing which I have given nearly 100 times is more than a pretty sentiment, for I am told that these marriages with the Rollins Blessing "never go on the rocks."

Stella, ever since we came to Rollins together I have had faith in you as a poet and a woman. Therefore it gives me especial pleasure to bestow upon you the Rollins Decoration of Honor and to admit you to all its rights and privileges.

WINTER PARK

HERALD

June 4, 1948



# WHALE'S BRIDE

Oh, she was lovely on that night  
She caught him in her spell.  
Her hands lay gently on her breast,  
Like gulls upon a swell,

While soft as foam her hair blew back  
Against the cliff's dark hollow,  
And soft as foam her timid glance  
Invited him to follow.

As cool as mist, the flesh of her,  
And white as ocean spray,  
So white and cool the look of her  
He could not choose but stay,

And even yet he marvels that  
Such soft, submissive wiles  
Can hold a man like anchor chains  
Across ten thousand miles.

Stella Weston Tuttle

106



## Laramore-Rader Prizes Announced

Prize winners of the Laramore-Rader Poetry group's monthly contest are Stella Tuttle for "Dog Days," Nancy McDonald for "Upon Interviewing a Maid," and Esther Church's for "Vice Versa." Miss McDonald's entry received the popular award.

Prize winners in the contest on "Love" are Stella Tuttle, "Whaler's Bride," Jane Henderson, "Come Gently Love," and Adeda Hall, "Unforgettable."

Next meeting of the poets will be held March 16 in the home of Mrs. J. N. Bidwell, 4004 Anderson rd., Coral Gables. The assignment for the month is animals and pets.

Also won Love Poetry  
Contest in Laramore Group.

Good Housekeeping  
MARCH - 1949  
"Nor Bitter Nor Profane"  
1953.

## the Phoenix Nest

### DEAF-MUTE IN SPRING

**B**EREFT by birth of every sound,  
He finds his music in the ground,  
While overhead a flight of birds  
Speaks more authentically than words.

For not by ear does he attend  
The thrush's note or river's bend  
Where waters trill, and not by ear  
Does he hear more than others hear.

And not by voice does he compute  
His dividends from seed and root,  
The bushel-yield that slumbers now  
In furrowed soil and fragrant bough.

He never counts these part by part  
But keeps the total in his heart,  
Knowing that lips sealed overlong  
May quicken silence into song.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE.

SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF LITERATURE—  
APRIL 16, 1949. Re-  
PRINTED IN BOSTON

TRANSCRIPT: 1ST PRIZE  
LARAMORE GROUP FOR APRIL.

New version in "Nor Bitter Nor  
Profane" as "Deaf Girl in Spring."  
1953.

## John Temple Graves:

Asheville Citizen

### July 10/47 It's Easy To Fight The Railroads

"Across the parchment of the land  
I write with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry.  
The manuscript of men . . ."

"The railroads of this country,"  
well-says The Spartanburg Herald,  
"are under government control. If  
they seek to avoid some of the threat  
of the anti-trust laws in working  
out their problems, it is not an un-  
reasonable request."

But it is unreasonable to expect  
politicians to give up an issue on  
which it is so easy to win friends and  
influence people. There was a time  
when fighting the railroads was  
brave business. Today, with the  
roads in trouble, with competition  
cutting in everywhere, with public  
regulation established and increas-  
ing, it's easy.

An indication that our American  
people understand how time has  
altered things with the railroads,  
however, is the huge majorities Con-  
gress gave the Reed-Bulwinkle bill  
exempting roads from anti-trust  
laws on the grounds that railroading  
has natural monopoly aspects and is  
regulated by the Interstate Com-  
merce Commission.

The majorities were too big to be  
just "vested interests." The vote was  
an expression of the common sense  
which tells our people the railroads  
are too important and troubled now  
either to be left alone or to be inter-  
fered with destructively.

The Reed-Bulwinkle bill is no in-  
vention of selfish interests. It is the  
proposal of the Interstate Commerce  
Commission itself, made annually  
for several years now.

than snow. If the demagogues and spe-  
cial pleaders would stand aside and  
let a practical point of view prevail  
we could go about the vital business  
of seeing that our railroad system  
is preserved now as the ever more  
perfect instrument of our national  
economy it needs to be.

I FINALLY MADE  
IT! I'M NOW  
"ANONYMOUS"!  
FROM ASHEVILLE  
CITIZEN, 1947.



*Stella Weston Tuttle lives in Miami, Florida. She started writing poetry at Rollins College—has written both prose and poetry for many leading periodicals and received prizes from the Poetry Society of Florida.*

---

SEA WIDOW

She burnishes the brasses  
And lays the linens straight.  
A man a continent away  
Is entering the gate . . .  
She holds a lamp above her head  
And flings the portal wide  
That he who sleeps six fathoms deep  
May swifter step inside.

The linens and the brasses,  
The lamp above her head,  
Reflect his burning splendor  
And she is comforted.  
But when the dawn flows inward  
Upon the salty breeze,  
A glowing figure leaves her door  
To drown in Asian seas.

The brasses dull their luster.  
The linens cloud and dim.  
The lamplight sputters feebly  
And falters after him,  
While she in terror shields her face,  
Lest turning from the south,  
She lose the kiss still trembling  
Upon her yielded mouth.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

( 174 )

*The Lyric - Summer - - -*

*Autumn Issue, 1949.*

*Reprinted in Kansas City Star*

*October 26, 1949.*



# POETRY AWARDS

1420 EAST MOUNTAIN STREET • PASADENA 7, CALIFORNIA

*Editor-in-Chief*  
ROBERT THOMAS MOORE

*Managing Editor*  
JOSEPH JOEL KEITH



*Advisory Editors*  
LIONEL STEVENSON  
HILDEGARDE FLANNER  
NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

October 25, 1949.

Miss Stella Weston Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel  
Miami, Florida

Dear Miss Tuttle:

Your manuscript was one of eight which was retained out of two hundred and eighty-two for final consideration by the Judges, preserving your anonymity, and the Editors feel that it, as well as the others, represents work of high distinction.

Sincerely,

*Robert Thomas Moore*

RTM:ct

Editor-in-Chief.

*Submitted collection of 43 poems  
in book contest for \$1,000 prize.*



Vol. 30

No. 1

# THE LYRIC



WINTER  
1949 - 1950

Joseph Auslander  
Amanda Benjamin Hall  
Hannah Kahn  
Leslie Nelson Jennings  
B. Y. Williams  
Nancy Byrd Turner

Stella Weston Tuttle  
Jacob Hauser  
Isabel Fiske Conant  
Sjanna Solum  
John Russell McCarthy  
Gustav Davidson

and others

Under the Auspices  
of  
THE LYRIC ASSOCIATES, INC.  
(Foundation for Traditional Poetry)

50c a Copy

\$2.00 a Year

*Stella Weston Tuttle lives in Miami, Florida. She started writing poetry at Rollins College . . . has written both prose and poetry for many leading periodicals and received prizes from the Poetry Society of Florida.*

## TO POETRY

I, Emily, shall never thirst for things  
Like wealth and rank and vanities of fame,  
Who feel upon my heart the brush of wings  
And in my throat the singing of your name.  
Beloved name, more often than I should  
And hushing other names but half begun,  
I chant it reverently in a wood  
And tilt a muted echo to the sun.

For since you made a mark upon my brow,  
A mark not even I dare comprehend,  
I have no need of wealth, possessing now  
The sun and moon and all the stars to spend;  
Nor could I ask for holier acclaim  
Than this—to toil for you and in your name.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

(212)

*"Nor Bitter Nor Profane"*

1953.



## Poetry Awards Honor British and U.S. Women

By Kimmis Hendrick

Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

Pasadena, Calif.

Established here to help re-  
cover an audience for poetry,  
Poetry Awards has granted its  
first prizes.

It has given awards of \$1,000

Mrs. Gibbs, whose long poem  
wins the \$1,000 prize in the second  
class, calls her poem "Vision."  
Mrs. Howard's group of poems, for  
which she receives a similar  
award, is entitled "All Keys are

## POETRY AWARDS

1420 EAST MOUNTAIN STREET • PASADENA 7, CALIFORNIA

Editor-in-Chief

ROBERT THOMAS MOORE

Managing Editor

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH



Advisory Editors

LIONEL STEVENSON

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

February 6, 1950.

Miss Stella Weston Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel  
Miami, Florida

Dear Miss Tuttle:

We are sorry that we must return your manuscript,  
and we thank you for patiently awaiting the decision of the judges,  
after the editors had completed their work.

One of the typescripts chosen for final consideration,  
your manuscript received special attention because the editors had  
first seen in your work qualities for which they were searching.

The winner of the manuscript of miscellaneous verse  
is Frances Minturn Howard, with her typescript, "All Keys Are Glass".  
The check for \$1000 was awarded to her on Thursday, Feb. 2nd, in New  
York when our Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Moore, addressed the members of the  
Poetry Society of America at the Society's Fortieth Anniversary Dinner.  
At that time Dr. Moore also awarded another prize of \$1000 to Mrs.  
B. R. Gibbs, of England, for her long poem in manuscript, "Vision".  
Two poems by Mrs. Howard, one that first appeared in The Atlantic and  
a second that appeared in Voices, are printed in "Poetry Awards 1949",  
our compilation of magazine verse published by the University of  
Pennsylvania Press. First, second and third prizes of \$200, \$100, and  
\$50 for single poems were awarded to James Rorty (Harper's), Maureen  
Cobb Mabbott (The Saturday Review of Literature) and Alfred Hayes  
(Poetry).

Thank you again for your interest in the Poetry  
Awards project.

Sincerely yours,

Managing Editor

JJK:ct



# POETRY AWARDS

1420 EAST MOUNTAIN STREET • PASADENA 7, CALIFORNIA

*Editor-in-Chief*  
ROBERT THOMAS MOORE

*Managing Editor*  
JOSEPH JOEL KEITH



*Advisory Editors*  
LIONEL STEVENSON  
HILDEGARDE FLANNER  
NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

February 6, 1950.

Miss Stella Weston Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel  
Miami, Florida

Dear Miss Tuttle:

We are sorry that we must return your manuscript, and we thank you for patiently awaiting the decision of the judges, after the editors had completed their work.

One of the typescripts chosen for final consideration, your manuscript received special attention because the editors had first seen in your work qualities for which they were searching.

The winner of the manuscript of miscellaneous verse is Frances Minturn Howard, with her typescript, "All Keys Are Glass". The check for \$1000 was awarded to her on Thursday, Feb. 2nd, in New York when our Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Moore, addressed the members of the Poetry Society of America at the Society's Fortieth Anniversary Dinner. At that time Dr. Moore also awarded another prize of \$1000 to Mrs. B. R. Gibbs, of England, for her long poem in manuscript, "Vision". Two poems by Mrs. Howard, one that first appeared in The Atlantic and a second that appeared in Voices, are printed in "Poetry Awards 1949", our compilation of magazine verse published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. First, second and third prizes of \$200, \$100, and \$50 for single poems were awarded to James Rorty (Harper's), Maureen Cobb Mabbott (The Saturday Review of Literature) and Alfred Hayes (Poetry).

Thank you again for your interest in the Poetry Awards project.

Sincerely yours,

*Joseph Joel Keith*  
Managing Editor

JJK:ct



# Poetry Awards Honor British and U.S. Women

By Kimmis Hendrick

Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

Pasadena, Calif.

Established here to help recover an audience for poetry, Poetry Awards has granted its first prizes.

It has given awards of \$1,000 each for two unpublished manuscripts of verse, both by women. The winners are B. R. Gibbs of Upminster, Essex, England, and Frances Minturn Howard of Boston.

Their entries were found outstanding by eight judges of great reputation in the poetry field. Several others were of such merit that the editors of Poetry Awards are satisfied that the contest, to be repeated this year, is preeminently worthwhile.

Robert Thomas Moore, editor in chief, says it is a special satisfaction that the first two awards confirm Poetry Award's hope to encourage poets not only in America but throughout the English-speaking world.

## Poetry Published

The first announcement of Poetry Awards, a nonprofit organization, appeared early last year. Dr. Moore, poet and one of the country's most distinguished ornithologists, heads the staff. Joseph Joel Keith, whose verse has won him recognition by critics as one of the foremost younger poets of the country, is managing editor.

Besides offering prizes as incentives for poets, the Poetry Awards project has published, through the University of Pennsylvania Press, its first annual of verse. Called "Poetry Awards 1949," the volume is a compilation of outstanding verse published in American, English, Canadian, and Australian magazines, and also includes poems by undergraduate college students.

Assisted by an advisory board, the editors of Poetry Awards have spent recent months reading and appraising verse published in magazines, as well as the scores of manuscripts submitted under the terms of its prize competition.

For the latter, two types of contribution were solicited—manuscript collections of unpublished short poems, and manuscript long poems on the general theme of "Individual and International Morality."

Mrs. Gibbs, whose long poem wins the \$1,000 prize in the second class, calls her poem "Vision." Mrs. Howard's group of poems, for which she receives a similar award, is entitled "All Keys are Glass." Mrs. Howard's verse is well known to Americans who read the Atlantic Monthly, Voices, and The Christian Science Monitor.

Dr. Moore presented the awards at the 40th anniversary dinner of the Poetry Society of America in New York City. He explained that one qualification for the awards was that the recipient had published less than three books of verse.

Judging was done by panels from a board of eight judges—Louise Townsend Nicholl, Stanton A. Coblentz, Hermann Hagedorn, Robert Hillyer, David Morton, Robert Nathan, A. M. Sullivan, and John Hall Wheelock.

## Additional Awards

They selected two manuscripts for honorable mention. First honorable mention went to Dorothy Hobson of New York City, second to Stella Weston Tuttle of Miami.

The judges set aside five more as worthy of special consideration—by Margaret Haley Carpenter, Norfolk, Va.; Charles Edward Eaton, Chapel Hill, N.C.; Hanson Kellogg, Glendale, Calif.; Starr Nelson, New York City; Ulric Trobetzkoy, Hartford, Conn.

The editors and judges showed no preference for any particular "school" of poetry. What they were looking for, Mr. Keith says, were "fresh and disciplined craftsmen." They wanted to encourage "poets who have something to say, and who say it more melodiously and profoundly than their contemporaries."

For 1950, Poetry Awards will give two cash prizes—\$1,000 for the best long poem of unpublished English verse on international or individual morality or "some other significant theme dealing with the dignity of man," and \$1,250 for the best book of miscellaneous verse published between July 1, 1949, and July 1, 1950. Inquiries and contributions may be addressed to Poetry Awards at 1420 East Mountain Street, Pasadena 7, Calif.



PRAYER FOR 1950

*The man:*

Thank you, Lord, for this interval  
Unregimented and helter-skelter  
When I may work at what I please  
And know that my bit of roof is shelter  
Enough to keep out what should stay out  
And keep in what is worth the keeping,  
The firelight on my Mary's hair  
And the whispered word and the child sleeping.

*The woman:*

And thank you, Lord, for little cares,  
For the luxury of worrying  
Over a small calamity  
Like buttons off or hurrying  
My Dave to catch the eight-fifteen,  
His kiss still tasting of butter and bread.  
Thank you for moments, slow and sweet,  
For dreaming over the things he said.

*We thank you, Lord, for this roof unbombed,  
This hour unhurried, these cares absurd;  
For hands that cling in the firelight  
And the sleeping child and the whispered word.*

Stella Weston Tuttle

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, the author of "PRAYER FOR 1950," was born in Minnesota, received her education at Rollins College and thereafter was for some years Assistant Editor of this magazine. She now resides in Miami, her husband being a member of one of the pioneer families of southern Florida.

*Florida Magazine of Verse*  
*MARCH, 1950.*



THINK

APRIL, 1950.

#### MONUMENT

How futile is a pedestal  
That elevates a man apart  
From every neighbor save when he  
Looks up with humble heart.  
For even the most reverent  
Will weary of the strain until  
His eyes, grown careless of the  
man,  
See but the pedestal.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Page Six

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

#### LOST CHILD

As lovely and elusive as a star,  
You slipped away to watch the slender squills  
Wave handkerchiefs of white and lavender  
Across the rolling patchwork of the hills.  
Yet not contented when the blowing sprays  
Drooped passively in your determined fist,  
You panted on, bewitched by distant rays  
That beckoned you to follow through the mist.

Lost child who touched the very hem of magic  
And bartered sanctuary for a dream,  
For you no grief was mingled with the tragic  
Fulfillment in the bosom of the stream.  
Nor was there any heartbreak in the sound  
The water lullabied where you were found.

Stella Weston Tuttle

The work of STELLA WESTON TUTTLE is well known. For several years she was Assistant Editor of this magazine. In a moment of relaxed vigilance, we allowed her to escape to Miami, where she has since remained. Much of her poetry has appeared in Saturday Evening Post and similar publications, but some of her most delicate lyrics are saved for Florida Magazine of Verse.

The Miami Herald

Friday, June 9, 1950

Section B

## The Town Crier

By JACK BELL

★ ★ ★

#### Page Ogden Nash

All right; so I don't use poetry  
In this column. But when Stella  
Weston Tuttle does one this  
good—

#### DOG DAYS

Too bad about August  
Since it doesn't choose  
To rhyme up with anything  
Songwriters use.  
Of course, there is rust  
And there's dust and disgust  
There even is love  
If you change it to lust.

Yet when there's a moon  
And a tune you can croon,  
It seems fairly obvious  
That it is June;  
While even July  
Has its lovers who sigh  
And its quota of stars  
And of clouds drifting by.

But August? It simply  
Refuses to rhyme  
And its rhythm is wrong  
When you're beating out time.  
And that's why a songster  
As well as a dog  
Reacts so unspeakable  
When it is Aug.

★ ★ ★

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF  
VERSE - MAY, 1950.

WON PRIZE OF \$5 FOR BEST SONNET  
IN ISSUE.



### STUBBLE

Beauty and wonder now lie dead  
While I, harrowed and harvested  
And robbed of my unfolding grain,  
Sicken to weeds at your disdain.

And though I wept as I felt the rake  
Of your sharp arrogance; for your sake  
I received the blade that plowed me under,  
Stripping me of my ripened plunder.

Yet for myself and my wasted yield,  
I laugh as you ravish another field,  
Worn-out acres that hide the curse  
Of moth and blight and something worse.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

RECURRENCE

AUTUMN - 1950

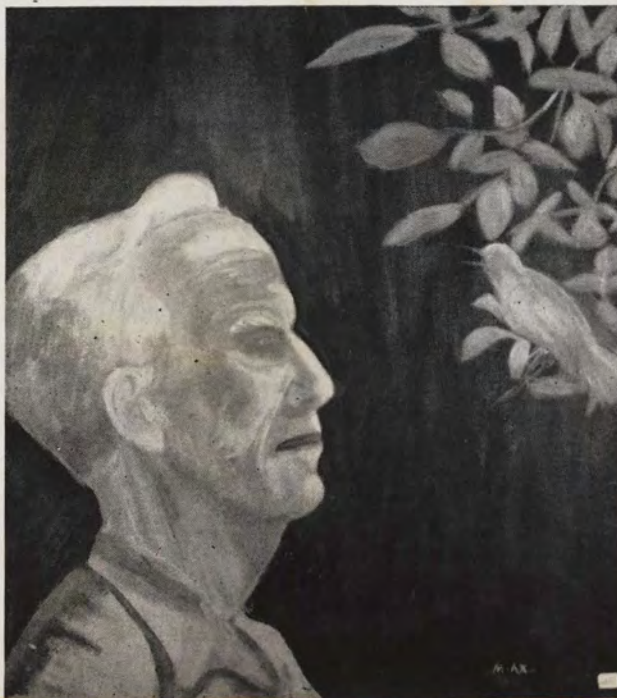
Orma Jean Surbey and Stella Weston Tuttle both live in Florida. Mrs. Tuttle's collection of miscellaneous verse ranked among the seven best in the first year of the *Poetry Awards'* contest.

### PLACID ARMOR

Stella Weston Tuttle

Disinherited am I,  
Forsaken by desire—  
Deprived of stars and little moons  
Thin as curling wire.  
I who fashioned of your love  
A robe of rich brocade  
And wore like opals round my throat  
Marks your lips had made,  
Now am stripped of searing gems.  
Nude beneath a fold  
Of sackcloth singed with petalled ash,  
I purple with the cold.  
But think not I am turned to ice  
Nor bitter nor profane;  
This blessed garment of my grief  
Has made me sane.

—Westminster Magazine



FLAMINGO - Volume One, No. I



## CONSCRIPT

Surfeited am I of creeds  
And of all urgency to hate,  
Who now lie shattered on a field  
Bleak and desolate.

I who served in every war  
To win but clay and the dark thereunder,  
Welcome again the drifting dust  
Stopping my ears to thunder.

And I who died of flame at Troy  
And at the Bulge of bitter cold  
Again resign my rigid limbs  
To ravages of mold.

But now reluctantly aware  
Of many deaths, — all died in vain,  
Not in the name of peace shall I  
Ever rise again.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

Born in Minnesota, the author of the above poem came to Florida in childhood with her parents. She graduated with honors from Rollins College and became the wife of Harry E. Tuttle, a grandson of one of the founders of Miami, in which city she and her husband and their daughter now reside. Mrs. TUTTLE's poems have appeared frequently in this magazine, as well as in others of less exclusive circulation.

## PHOSPHORUS SHELLS

(For Willard)

Over the hill the white stars flare  
And under a hill you sleep,  
Who never before lay stricken blind  
Or mute of throat or numb of mind  
When beauty came . . . but God was kind  
And under a hill you sleep.  
For well He knows these paths are steep,  
These stars too bright for those who keep  
His counsel well . . . whose hearts still burn  
For men who will somehow never learn.  
And being moved by a soul so wild  
And lovely and lost and undefiled,  
He called you home. And I think He smiled,  
Smiled as you went to sleep.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE, NOVEMBER-1950.  
BOTH IN "NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE", 1953.



## CONTEMPORARY VERSE

Edited by Charles Hyde Pratt  
(Editor of Florida Magazine of Verse, Winter Park)

### PRAYER FOR 1950

The man:

Than you, Lord, for this interval  
Unregimented and helter-skelter  
When I may work at what I please  
And know that my bit of roof is shelter  
Enough to keep out what should stay out  
And keep in what is worth the keeping,  
The firelight on my Mary's hair  
And the whispered word and the child sleeping.

The woman:

And thank you, Lord, for little cares,  
For the ~~small~~ luxury of worrying  
Over a small calamity  
Like buttons off or hurrying  
My Dave to catch the eight-fifteen,  
His kiss still tasting of butter and bread.  
Thank you for moments, slow and sweet,  
For dreaming over the things he said.  
We thank you, Lord, for this roof unbombed,  
This hour unhurried, these cares absurd;  
For hands that cling in the firelight  
And the sleeping child and the whispered word.

Stella Weston Tuttle.

One of the best known present-day poets of Florida is Stella Weston Tuttle. Born in Minnesota, she was brought as a child by her parents to Orlando and Winter Park, where she attended school and graduated from Rollins College with honors. She is the wife of Harry E. Tuttle, whose pioneer grandmother, Mrs. Julia Tuttle, persuaded Henry Flagler to extend his railroad to Miami, at a time when the latter town was regarded as a sand-bank and was accessible only by ship from Jacksonville.

Poems by Stella Weston Tuttle have appeared in Saturday Evening Post and other journals of national circulation. Her work is distinguished by precision in the use of the right word and sensitiveness to the musical phrase.

### PHOSPHORUS SHELLS

(For Willard)

Over the hill the white stars flare  
And under a hill you sleep,  
Who never before lay stricken blind  
Or mute of throat or numb of mind  
When beauty came . . . but God was kind.  
And under a hill you sleep.  
For well He knows these paths are steep.  
These stars too bright for those who keep  
His counsel well . . . whose hearts still burn  
For men who will somehow never learn.  
And being moved by a soul so wild  
And lovely and lost and undefiled,  
He called you home. And I think He smiled,  
Smiled as you went to sleep.

Stella Weston Tuttle

WILLARD WATTLES was an inspired poet, a great teacher  
and a good American.

REPRINTS FROM ORLANDO POST.



THE SUN IS THE SAME

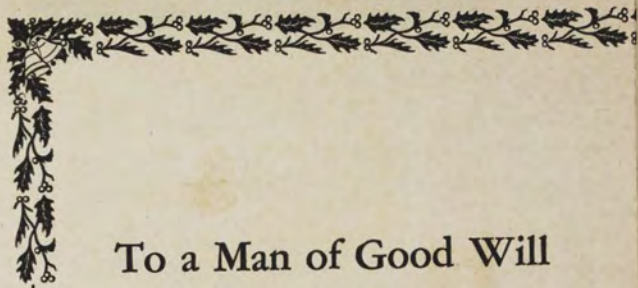
Stella Weston Tuttle

Whatever my color  
Of skin or of hair,  
I am your brother—  
I who share  
The same days of rejoicing  
And nights of despair.

Though different our creeds  
As the lands whence we came  
And different our tongues  
As we call God by name,  
In your sky and mine  
The sun is the same.

And we who have learned  
How a conflict of sight  
Or a discord of language  
Can fall like a blight  
On a world that still sobs  
Like a child in the night,

Shall worship together —  
Not kneeling apart,  
Whether Bible, Koran  
Or the Talmud our chart,  
By trusting that compass  
Which burns in each heart.



To a Man of Good Will

Stella Weston Tuttle

To you all men are holy  
And every star at morn  
Proclaims a thousand Bethlehems  
Where miracles are born.

To you there is no silence  
So total and complete,  
You cannot hear the rush of wings  
Along each quiet street.

And whether you are Moslem,  
Jesuit or Jew,  
Men of faith everywhere  
See their God in you.

SURVEY - DECEMBER - 1951.

POETRY CHAP-BOOK, SPRING, 1951.

December Poems

TO THE EDITOR: I want to send a word of appreciation, even though belated, for the "frontispiece" of your December magazine, the group of three poems. It seemed to my husband and me a very wonderful holiday message to the *Survey* audience. You may be interested to know that our pastor read the one by Kahn ["New Year's Eve — 1952"] in the course of our annual watch-night service on December 31.

Philadelphia

MARGARET KASTNER

THE BOUGH BREAKING

Stella Weston Tuttle

Chill as the heart  
Of a wounded doe  
Or the lark that falls  
In an early snow,  
Chill as the frost  
On a breaking bough,  
Chill as these  
Your caresses now.  
But I recall  
When the doe leapt free  
As though her hooves  
Were mercury  
And the lark swung out  
On the petalled spire  
With throat unfurled  
And heart on fire.  
How shall I rid me  
Of doe and lark,  
Of fragrant bough  
And quickened dark  
Goading me toward  
That last abyss—  
The suave denial,  
The final kiss.

POETRY CHAPBOOK, WINTER, 1952.

HON. MENTION - LYRIC CONTEST

POETRY SOC. OF VIRGINIA, 1950.

"NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE,"

1953.

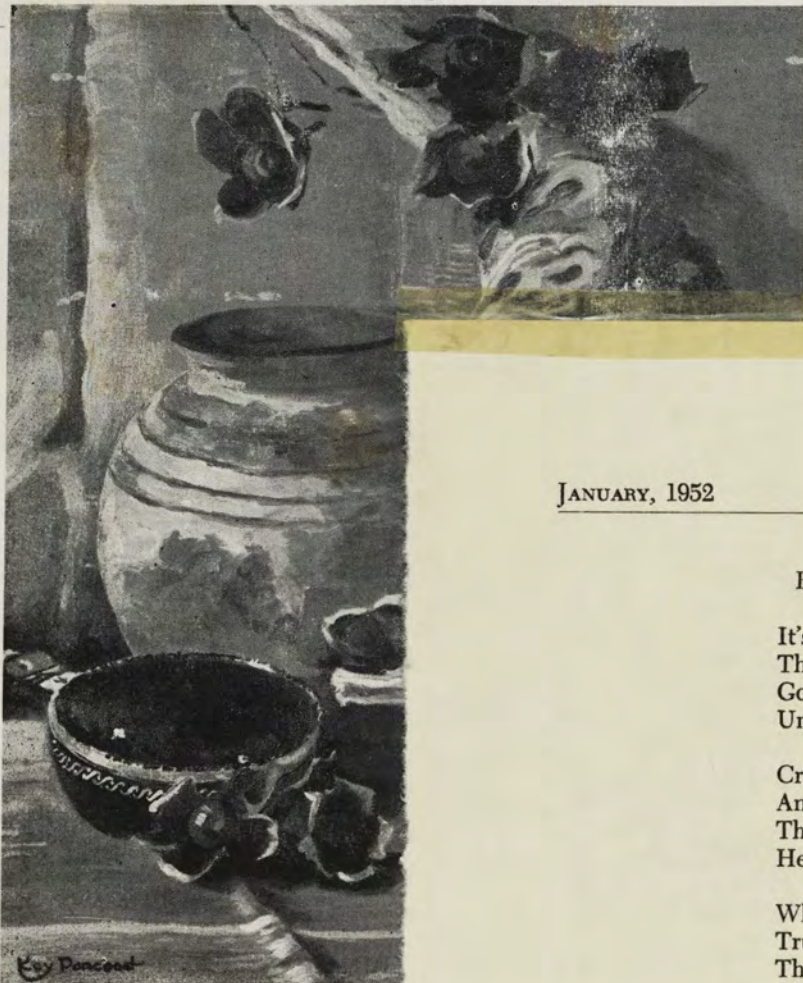


# TAMED

Stella Weston Tuttle

Elusive as a doe  
And as delicately proud,  
I watched you walking  
Alone in a crowd.  
I watched you running  
Through April rains  
With skin like a petal  
And tendrilled veins  
Till I ensnared you,  
And now you go  
Pale as white violets  
Brushed with snow—  
Pale as the breath  
Of a word unspoken  
Or a white violet  
With its stem broken.  
Florida Magazine of Verse

Reprinted -  
FLAMINGO - JAN. 1952.  
CORAL GABLES  
WOMEN'S CLUB PRIZE.



"Wooden Roses"  
14

JANUARY, 1952

Page Seven

## HUNTING SEASON

It's a good season.  
The feathered and furred  
Go serenely  
Undeterred.

Cropping the brown  
And snow-patched sward  
The doe attends  
Her antlered lord,

While he in turn  
Trumpets his pride  
That she walks docile  
At his side.

The untrapped mink  
With rippling skin  
Glides in the open  
Sleek and thin

While overhead  
In smoky feather,  
Wild geese soar  
The skies together.

It's a good season...  
Quiet the glen  
When men are busy  
Stalking men.

Stella Weston Tuttle

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE was Assistant Editor of this magazine in its early years. More recently, she and her husband have been residents of Miami. Mrs. Tuttle contributes poems and prose articles to a number of magazines.

The Winter issue contains many fine lyrics. "Hunting Season" by Stella Weston Tuttle is the most outstanding for its music and for a power unusual in a lyric, and it wins the Cordray Maxwell Award of five dollars.

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE, WINTER, 1952.  
AWARD FOR BEST LYRIC IN ISSUE.  
"NOT BITTER NOR PROUD," 1953.



## Winners of Annual Awards, 1951

### OLD SOUTH PRIZE:

1. William D. Barney, Fort Worth, Texas: *The Daughters of Job*
2. Lora Beth Dobkins
3. Goldie Capers Smith

### THE ALINE B. CARTER PEACE AWARD:

1. Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, Florida: *Peace Talk*
2. Eleanor Graham Vance
3. (Tie) Mildred Lindsey Raiborn and Laura Lourene LeGear

### THE HARRY KOVNER MEMORIAL AWARD:

1. Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, Florida: *Search*
2. Eleanor Graham Vance
3. Pauline Larimer Binford

KAS

ce Award

you who lie  
shattered under  
a blazing sky,

the winter sun  
bleaching your bones  
to shards anonymous  
as stones—

If you could walk  
the path we walk  
for ritualled  
and futile talk,

would we hear you  
who now sprawl  
sacrificed  
to protocol?

If you could speak,  
would we not pause  
to learn the truth  
from fleshless jaws,

suddenly shamed  
and surfeited  
by pacts with the living—  
none with the dead.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

PRIZE-WINNING POEMS AS DISPLAYED AT  
MIAMI PUBLIC LIBRARY

1952  
BOTH IN "NOT BITTER NOR PROFANE", 1953.



*The Aline B. Carter Peace Award*

## PEACE TALK

If you could speak,  
you who lie  
shattered under  
a blazing sky,

the winter sun  
bleaching your bones  
to shards anonymous  
as stones—

If you could walk  
the path we walk  
for ritualled  
and futile talk,

would we hear you  
who now sprawl  
sacrificed  
to protocol?

If you could speak,  
would we not pause  
to learn the truth  
from fleshless jaws,

suddenly shamed  
and surfeited  
by pacts with the living—  
none with the dead.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

PRIZE-WINNING POEMS AS DISPLAYED AT  
MIAMI PUBLIC LIBRARY

1952  
BOTH IN "NOT BITTER NOR PROFANE", 1953.



My bitterness I prided in;  
Yet it is nothing when Cassia looks with her proud eyes.  
The young men start, they flinch to see her step.  
They follow her as jackals a young lioness, hoping  
for slight favors.  
Her firm breasts fever them, her stride is wine.  
She overcomes and confounds them as the night, yet she  
is full of hidden fires.

She is haughty, knowing she may choose.  
She appears to disdain, she will not bestow her love  
lightly.  
I have called her after sharp spice:  
She hangs in my heart a cluster of pungent buds,  
Remembrance of indignation, kernels of spleen.

I thought I had achieved wisdom,  
But out of my loins came Applescent.  
My piety men praised,  
My integrity withstood harsh testing—  
Behold my daughter, Applescent, dancing among her  
brothers!  
Hard to describe she is—  
Lay hold of odors in white orchards,  
Strip the swift whirlwind,  
Melt rainbow from a fish scale!  
Seeing her flashing knees, the eloquence of her wrists,  
doddering old sheiks forget their counsel.  
They would cast off years like husks  
For a glimpse of her in her chamber.

Threefold is my flowering,  
A thousandfold my harvest.  
The Eternal, who compensates, did He not know?  
Did He not wisely grant the dearest of all gifts  
(Though they be daughters) fair, fit girls—  
Ringdove, Cassia, Applescent?

WILLIAM D. BARNEY



## PEACE TALK

If you could speak,  
you who lie  
shattered under  
a blazing sky,

the winter sun  
bleaching your bones  
to shards anonymous  
as stones --

If you could walk  
the path we walk  
for ritualled  
and futile talk,

would we not heed  
those who fall,  
sacrificed  
to protocol?

If you could speak  
would we not pause,  
hearing the truth  
from fleshless jaws,

suddenly shamed  
and surfeited  
by pacts with the living --  
none with the dead.

Winner of the ALINE B. CARTER NATIONAL AWARD for  
the best poem on peace.....1951.



*The Harry Kovner Memorial Award*

## SEARCH

WHO seek the Lord among the hills,  
The brooding hills of Rome,  
May find an empty crucifix  
Upon their wall at home.

Who tread hot coals in India  
Enticed by temple bells,  
May learn of mystic ecstasies  
But not where Brahma dwells;

Nor does great Buddha sweep Tibet's  
Immensities of space  
Nor plains of Israel disclose  
Jehovah's hiding place.

On Roman hill, Israeli plain  
Or Himalayan snow,  
Who walk with God are one with God  
No matter where they go.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

*The Alamo Prize*

## CARROUSEL

UNDER the wooden dome that is their sky  
Now funeral-footed horses toss slow manes,  
Now hands of habit tug the useless reins,  
Heels beat until the painted flanks soar high.  
The tarnished shafts rise and more quickly die,  
The frantic drums beat out defunct refrains.  
Framed and fast lost outside the passing panes  
In mist the lion-headed blooms go by.

So does the dormant child attempt reprise:  
The haunted city, the remembered zoo  
And last the somehow smaller carousel,  
Coming to recollect, not recognize  
But finding the old discords oddly new,  
Knowing the futile motion now too well.

LUISE PUTCAMP, jr.



KOFOED

Poetry will be the topic at the Miami Public Library Thursday night at 8:30 when there will be readings by Florida poets Vivian Laramore Rader, Lillian Grant, Harriet Gray Blackwell, Hannah Kahn, Orma Jean Surbey, Stella Weston Tuttle and Cecil Rockwell.

★ ★ ★

There's a poetry forum at the new Public Library Thursday night with Vivian Laramore Rader presiding. Others who'll read their verse include Lillian Grant, Harriet Gray Blackwell, Hannah Kahn, Orma Jean Surbey, Stella Weston Tuttle and Cecil Rockwell.

MARCH 6, 1952



*The Texan Prize*

## CALEB WAS AN AMISHMAN

CALEB was an Amishman  
Who trusted in the Lord,  
But Abigail, his new-wed wife,  
Laid store by gun and sword.

High on the hill their cabin stood,  
Their fields at harvest-tide,  
And Caleb proudly gazed upon  
His chattels and his bride,

For leaving childhood's home and kin  
And all he once held dear,  
This Eastern trader had become  
A Texas pioneer,

Slight of physique but stout of heart  
Was he, while Abigail  
Was tall, and lithe of arm and limb,  
With strength like a young male,

She labored with him in the fields,  
Chopped cotton and pitched hay—  
A sturdy, Texas-nurtured girl.  
Then one October day

Just as they rode in home at dusk  
A horseman galloped by  
And shouted, "Redskins on the path,  
To cover, or we die!"

And as they looked, the settlement  
That lay below the hill  
Became a smoking funeral pyre—  
And all their world grew still.

"Come, Caleb, quick," cried Abigail,  
"By riding hard till dawn  
We'll reach the soldiers at the Fort  
And they can help us on."



## SEARCH

Who seek the Lord among the hills,  
The brooding hills of Rome,  
May find an empty crucifix  
Upon their wall at home.

Who tread hot coals in India  
Enticed by temple bells,  
May learn a mystic ecstasy  
But not where Brahma dwells;

Nor does great Buddha sweep Tibet's  
Immensities of space  
Nor plains of Israel reveal  
Jehovah's hiding place.

On Roman hills, Israeli plains  
Or Himalayan snow,  
Who walk with God are one with God  
No matter where they go.

Winner of the HARRY KOVNER NATIONAL AWARD for  
the best poem on comparative religion.....1951





The Poetry Society of Texas  
2945 STANFORD  
Dallas 5, Texas

S. L. COWAN  
Rt. 3 Box 436  
ARLINGTON, TEXAS

2-18-52

Dear Mrs Tuttle -

With pleasure, in the name of the Poetry Society of Texas, I enclose two awards, the Aline B. Carter Peace prize and Kover Memorial prize, which you won <sup>in</sup> the 1951 annual Contest of the Society - Because our Society President, Wm D. Barney, did not have your address, he returned the checks to me for forwarding - therefore they are a little late - However, please accept our congratulations and best wishes -

Sincerely

S. L. Cowan

ALSO FROM LIBRARY DISPLAY



PRIZE AWARDS 1951 - 1952

*The John Barton Seymour Memorial Prize*—\$25.00, offered by Mrs. John B. Seymour for a poem on the sea or shipping, or one inspired by the heroism of the Navy or Merchant Marine. Not awarded. Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Judge.

*The Jane Judge Memorial Prize*—\$25.00 offered by friends, was awarded by the judge, Joseph Killorin, to "Old Woman Rocking", by Esther Church. Honorable mention was given to "Lady in The Dark", by Orna Jean Surby.

*The John Clare Memorial Prize*—\$10.00 offered and judged by Helen Catherine Robinson, was not awarded.

*The Popular Prize*—\$10.00 was awarded by the judge, Girdler B. Fitch, to "Night Encounter", by Eva Willes Wangsgaard.

*The Critics Prize*—\$10.00 offered and judged by the Critics Committee, was awarded to "Korean Briefing", by Paschal N. Strong.

*The Thomas Gamble Memorial Prize*—\$10.00 offered by Thomas Weldon Gamble was awarded by the judge, Edwin M. Everett, to the sonnet, "Heritage", by Julia Eve Strong. Honorable mention went to "The Final Sword", by Kate Fort Coddington.

*The Society Prize*—\$25.00 was awarded by the judge, Clare Leighton, to, "Not As Stones", by Stella Weston Tuttle. Honorable mention was given to "Begone", by Margaret McGarvey.

*The Barrow Prize*—\$50.00 offered by Mrs. Craig Barrow, was awarded by the judge, Dr. Lyman Cotten, to the ballad, "Storm Breeder", by Eva Willes Wangsgaard. Honorable mention went to "The Golden Glade", by Stella Weston Tuttle.

*The Henry Odum Prize*—\$5.00 was awarded by the judge, Stella Weston Tuttle, to an epigram by Richard F. Armknecht. The donor was Mrs. Odum.

Poetry Society of Georgia  
1952



THE SOCIETY PRIZE

NOT AS STONES

Has it mattered  
that over the surface of the earth are scattered  
the bones of generations?  
Numerous as stones they lie  
whether tumbled into shallow graves or gathered  
as for a museum in that vast collection called  
a cemetery.

Dessicated and sterile, the shattered  
pieces do not move—  
neither recede into the shame of their dying,  
the uselessness of their dying,  
nor advance to the final peace  
since there is no peace.

Immovable they lie, victors and victims alike,  
piles of anonymous jackstraws  
blown to the darkness.

Has it mattered? It may  
if one day  
they will move, being stirred and uncovered by us  
in the throes of our last desperation.  
For then we shall remember—  
shall recall them not as stones  
but as bones wrapped in a tangle of veins,  
a mesh  
turning back into flesh.

( 17 )

black;  
air,  
curly;  
to the stocky and lean

e learned

e final choice,

whether to die of dying  
to bring to an end what is already ending,  
or whether to die of living,  
death a reward, not a waste—  
it will have mattered. It may.  
*They* will know.  
being blown back into darkness  
or forth  
to a dreaming peace.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Stella Weston Tuttle won the Society Prize, and received 2nd place in the Barrow Prize contest, offered by this Society. She received the Aline B. Carter award for the best poem on peace, the Harry Kovner Award for the best poem on comparative religion, offered by the Poetry Society of Texas, and the Lyric Prize in the Winter issue of *The Florida Magazine of Verse*. She tied for 1st place in the Terza Rima Contest of Anonyme Workshop, California, and won three of the monthly Judges' Awards from the same group. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *The Survey*, *The Poetry Chapbook*, *The Florida Magazine of Verse*, *Flamingo*, and a prose article in *Think*, was reprinted in *Magazine Digest*.

"Nor Bitter Nor  
Profane," 1953.

Poetry Society of Georgia Yearbook  
Volume XXVIII



We shall rekindle their eyes,  
the grey—the blue—the deep black;  
once more be aware of their hair,  
the straight—the kinky—the curly;  
we shall sort out their limbs to the stocky and lean  
and those in-between.

No longer will they be bones  
but men  
all different again.

And conceivably we shall have learned  
foe and friend  
dis-similar in the beginning,  
alike in the end.

Conceivably when we make the final choice,  
whether to die of dying  
to bring to an end what is already ending,  
or whether to die of living,  
death a reward, not a waste—  
it will have mattered. It may.  
*They* will know.

being blown back into darkness  
or forth  
to a dreaming peace.



HERITAGE

The woman dips her pail into the well  
Then lifts onto her back the heavy load  
And trudges homeward, heedless of the spell  
Deep waters cast. She sternly takes the road  
Away from music, earth-made on a theme  
Of soft renewing sound, and turns her thought  
To chores, rejecting every happy dream  
That women use to make a pathway short.

As gray and shallow pools look to the sky  
For color, so her child looks up to her  
For hope to lighten, laughter to deny  
Her flat monotony, her somber blur.  
As pool and empty sky these two are caught,  
One giving nothing, one reflecting naught.

JULIA EVE STRONG



THE BARROW PRIZE

THE STORM BREEDER

The coachman said, "Though clear the sky,  
A storm will follow now he rides by—  
First a speck and then a cloud  
Black as a crow flock, twice as loud—"  
The sun hides out and the heavens pour  
Driving us all to the tavern door,  
All but the man with the speeding horse,  
A child on his arm, his eye on the course.  
"Old Peter Rugg," the coachman explains,  
"For twenty years, forerunning these rains,  
His only query for years on end:  
How many miles to Boston, Friend?"  
*How many miles? How many years  
Riding the highways, driven by fears?*  
We wait at the inn by the new-laid fire.  
The mud grows deeper, the water higher.  
"What of this man with the rugged name?  
Tell us his story and whence he came.  
I've met him a hundred times or more  
But never once at an innkeeper's door.  
He never stops but to ask the miles  
To Boston Town, and he never smiles."  
The driver scowls with a weary shrug,



## Poetry Society Hears Excerpts Of Dr. Faustus

A short but stirring presentation of excerpts from Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" was given last night at a meeting of the Poetry Society of Georgia, when a group of younger members read from this classic dramatist. The reading began after the prologue and covered the serious elements of the play, omitting the comedy element.

Bayard Baldrige read the part of Mephistopheles and John McIntosh that of Dr. Faustus, and while the dramatization took but a very short time, it rose to an impressive dramatic pitch. Mr. McIntosh's voice in the moving climax having a fine musical quality and achieving eloquence. The chorus and a minor part were suggested by Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh.

Announcement of two prizes were made last night. Esther Church of Coral Gables, Fla., won first place in the Jane Judge Memorial prize contest, winning the award with her poem "Old Woman Rocking," and Orma Jean Surbey of Miami, Fla., won the honorable mention with "Lady in the Dark."

The coveted society prize was won by Stella Weston Tuttle of Miami, Fla., for her poem "Not As Stones," and honorable mention went to Margaret McGarvey's "Begone."

Joseph Killorin was judge of the Judge Memorial poems and read the winning poems. Clare Leighton was judge of the society prize poems and winning ones were read by James McIntosh. The meeting was held in the West Wing of Telfair Academy of Arts

and Sciences, Charles Mills presiding.



SAVANNAH, GA.

April 25-1952

My dear Mrs. Tuttle -

It is with pleasure and congratulations, I am sending you the award of the Society prize given at the meeting of the Poetry Society, April 24th. Being one of our new members makes the award a double pleasure. We hope to have more of your work in the future.

We hope that sometime you will be able to visit some of our meetings which we think are very interesting.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours

Mrs. Frank D. Smalley  
Treas.



## PERSONALLY SPEAKING

# Stella Breaks Spell Cast By Black Cat, Collects 3 Prizes

By ETHEL TOMBRINK  
Assistant Society Editor

"MUST HAVE BEEN the black cat I befriended," laughed Stella (Mrs. Harry E.) Tuttle. That's the way she explains her winning streak in poetry contests which within the past couple of weeks has brought her three top prizes.

A few days ago she received word that her "Not As Stones" won the society prize for the best poem in a contest of the Poetry Society of Georgia. The contest was open to members—for poems on any subject.

"Not As Stones" is a war poem. So is "The Unreconciled," which brought her a tie for first place in a national contest sponsored by the Anonyme Workshop, Mill Valley, Cal.

Word of that win came a little over a week ago, just a few days after she had won the prize, offered by Mrs. Gilford Hall in a contest open to members of the Laramore Rader Poetry Group. Her entry for this was a portrait poem, "Mrs. Murphy."

Mrs. Tuttle became contest minded, on a national scale, when as contest chairman for the Laramore group, she decided to make up a contest chart, giving rules of the various contests.

Her winning streak began, it seems to her, after she had started taking care of an old black cat, with a broken leg, that she found in the back yard of the Gralynn Hotel, where the Tuttles live. (He's manager of the Gralynn).

In writing poetry, Mrs. Tuttle finds it very hard to write the first draft, but once that's done, she loves to take it apart and polish it up.

Most of her writing is done in the morning—mainly because Mr. Tuttle doesn't like the sound of a typewriter while he's trying to take an afternoon nap.

*The Miami Herald*

## Poets To Hear New York Critic

Sidney King Russell, New York poet, critic and editor of Poetry Chapbook, will address the Laramore Rader Poetry Group at its April meeting Friday.

Mrs. A. C. (Gertrude Gore) Fowler will be hostess in her home at 300 NE 91st st. Meeting will be at 2:30 p.m.

The judge's March award went

to Stella Tuttle, with Lillian Grant second and Orma Jean Surbey third. Edith Etzwiler won the popular prize. Mrs. Tuttle recently won two prizes in the contest sponsored by the Poetry Society of Texas and was given the award for the best lyric in the Florida Magazine of Verse.

## SUMMER WEDDING

Lovely the bride who weds in a garden --  
Larkspur and lavender, fragile of stem,  
Swaying beside her so stirred by her wonder  
They tremble at knowing the touch of her hem.

Lovely the bride who waits at an altar  
Fashioned of maple to whisper her vows,  
For as she kneels, a soft benediction  
Falls with the sunlight that drifts through its boughs.

Lovely the bride receiving these blessings;  
Grace will abide in her all of her life.  
Lovely the bride who weds in a garden,  
Lovely the bride and more lovely the wife.



## Poetic Jackpot

POETRY AWARDS have been coming Stella (Mrs. Harry E.) Tuttle's way frequently this year, and recently Mrs. Tuttle hit the jackpot, poetically speaking.

In a double-contest open to all writers throughout the country, sponsored by the Poetry Society of Texas, Mrs. Tuttle entered both divisions—one was for poems on peace, the other, on comparative religion. She took top honors in both.

Another recent honor was winning the judge's prize in the Laramore Rader Poetry Group (of which Mrs. Tuttle is a member). She also took the prize for best lyrics in the winter issue of Florida Magazine of Verse and took the prize given by the Coral Gables Woman's Club for the poem they liked best in the magazine Flamingo.

One of Mrs. Tuttle's poems shared honors with poems of two other Miamians, Hannah (Mrs. Frank) Kahn and Harriet (Mrs. T. J.) Blackwell, in the Christmas issue of The Survey. The only three poems on the page were those of the three Miamians—all close friends.

But Mrs. Tuttle's honors haven't all been along the poetry line. An article on the Key West of today, the people, industries, etc., was printed in the December issue of Think magazine and will be reprinted soon in the Magazine Digest.

*MIAMI HERALD*

April 14

### THE ANONYME WORKSHOP Mill Valley, California

1952

#### THE TERZA RIMA SONNET

##### The Unreconciled

There is no thicket left, no shadowed place  
For either hunter or the hunted now;  
No respite can be found, no moment's grace

Behind the shelter of a laden bough.  
A shattered tree remains and that is all,  
One tree where leans a bleak and splintered plow,

Symbol of seed if any dare recall  
How spring came once but may not come again.  
And through the terror rising like a wall,

And through the stark ferocity of pain  
There breaks the cry of one unreconciled,  
A muted sound that chills the heart and brain

As for a moment, brief and undefiled,  
There sobs a man, as sobs a little child.

----Stella Weston Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel, Miami, Florida

##### ANONYME WILL SELECT

for awards of \$5 each, at least three from the poems (original, unpublished, any form or theme) submitted to the Clerk by Saturday, May 17, 1952. Authors retain all rights to their work. No MSS returned. Poem page must be without identification marks. Complete anonymity is assured in the service rendered by the Clerk. Kindly address entries AND correspondence to Mr. J. M. Jackson, Clerk of Contests, 32 Edgewood Avenue, Mill Valley. A report will be made to all entrants who enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with their submissions. Contributions (stamps or coin) toward the expense of the activity will be welcome.

##### RUNNERS-UP

*Dead City*  
*In Yemassee*  
*The Flower Must Fade*

"We cannot but conclude that poetry is of high practical value: it is of value to purposeful conduct and adjustment for the future...When one who is concerned with conduct and desires to convey a meaning, conveys it poetically, he adds to his speech a great and separate power...To read in practical language is to be told, but to read in poetry is to learn by experience. And it is because of this, because imaginative realization can enhance the statement of a meaning and augment its practical effect, that poetry has become identified with meaning, and with truth, and wisdom, and morality, and all those things that look greatly into the future."

---Max Eastman, in  
*The Enjoyment of Poetry*

"There is a generation,  
O how lofty are their eyes!  
And their eyelids are  
lifted up."

---Proverbs 30:13

*Winner of Terza Rima Award of Anonyme  
April, 1952*



## Contemporary Verse

Edited by Charles Hyde Pratt

(Editor of Florida Magazine of Verse, Winter Park)

One of the better known Florida poets is Stella Weston Tuttle. Born in Minnesota, she came to Winter Park with her parents as a child, attended schools there and later graduated from Rollins College. The story is told that while at Rollins she claimed that poetry could be written on any subject. Some one challenged her to write a poem about a locomotive, and she responded with the following quatrain which was first printed in *The Flamingo* (Rollins Student publication) and was later quoted and reprinted throughout the country.

### Locomotive

Across the parchment of the earth  
You scrawl with hissing pen  
The autograph of industry,  
The manuscript of men.

Later Stella married Harry E. Tuttle, whose grandmother was one of the founders of Miami, and they now make their home in that city.

The following is one of Mrs. Tuttle's more recent poems. It was contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post* and is reprinted here by special permission of the Curtis Publishing Company.

### Song With Suds

All the world is bright  
When the washtub rings  
With the lively tunes  
That Missoula sings,  
For she whacks my clothes  
On the foaming board  
With a "hal-la-lu"  
And a "praise de Lord".

Then the harp in her throat  
Plucks out high C,  
And her boy sways  
With the jubilee  
As she feels the Spirit,  
And the music swells  
To the strains of "Peter  
Go ring dem bells".

Yes, the world is bright  
Though the dress I wear  
May be scorched a bit  
And scrubbed threadbare,  
Yet no heavenly robe  
Ever swung along  
More washed with glory  
Or starched with song.

Stella Weston Tuttle.

REPRINTS FROM ORLANDO POST

APRIL 18, 1952



ON GROWING OLD

Let summer last  
That I may fill  
My heart with green  
At every hill,

And through September  
Let me hold  
The burning beauty  
Of her gold.

But when she passes,  
Should the sere  
And stricken bough  
Prove winter near,

Then let me walk  
In ways serene,  
Not envious  
Of gold and green.

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, well known poet and at one time Assistant Editor of this magazine, is now a resident of Miami. All who know her will agree that Mrs. Tuttle is attractive and cheerful, and many will wish that they might grow old as gracefully as she.

BULLETIN BOARD

Nacella Young, poet and prose writer of Plainfield, Illinois kindly consented to serve as Judge of the poems in our Summer issue. She awards first place to "On Growing Old" by Stella Weston Tuttle. "She has a special gift for simplicity and clarity. Her poem deals with a subject that has been much rhymed, yet it shows no taint of platitude. I like the singing lines, akin to music, and the concentration on a single image. It's a rare poet who knows what to leave out."

Florida  
Magazine  
of Verse.  
Reprinted in Sioux  
City Journal, Davenport  
(Iowa) Democrat, Palm  
Beach Post-Times, Etc.



## THE ACCURSED

AGONY flares  
in the tangled brake  
where writhes the small  
defenseless snake.  
Amber his back  
and garnet his eyes  
and emerald green  
the path where he lies  
lashing the fern  
with his head crushed in.  
Was it for Eden,  
was it for sin  
that his eyes now cool  
like fading embers?  
He cannot know  
but man remembers.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Stella Weston Tuttle, Florida, widely known poet and editor; winner of various prizes for her poems, including the Aline B. Carter Peace Award and the Harry Kovner Memorial Award, both sponsored by The Poetry Society of Texas last year. . .

Issue of  
SEPTEMBER

1952

"Nor Bitter Nor  
Profane," 1953.

Palm Beach  
Post Times →

PRUF to desk - - - -

BOOK NOOK SUN . . . . . VK

Let summer last  
That I might fill  
My heart with green  
At every hill.

And through September  
Let me hold  
The burning beauty  
Of her gold.

But when she passes,  
Should the sere  
And stricken bough  
Prove winter near.

Then let me walk  
In ways serene,  
Not envious  
Of gold and green.

"ON GROWING OLD"  
By Stella Weston Tuttle  
In "Poet Magazine of Verse"

Palm Beach  
Post Times

Official Bulletin, November 1952

Page Seven

## NEW MEMBERS

Joan Stanford Bishop (Mrs. Nathaniel Bishop), Congress St., Fairfield, Conn.; Horatio Colony, 83 Chestnut St., Boston 8, Mass.; Yvonne Florence (Mrs. Yvonne F. Thompson), 1401 Ogelthorpe St. N.W., Washington 11, D. C.; Laban Thomas Johnston, 1288 S. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 19, Calif.; Charlotte Moore (Mrs. Kermit Jackson Moore), 1513 S. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

Reinstated: Stella Weston Tuttle (Mrs. H. E. Tuttle), Gralynn Hotel, Miami, Fla.

POETRY SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA  
BULLETIN

MRS. TUTTLE has long been active in poetry circles in the South and has won innumerable prizes in local and national contests. During the past summer she edited a volume of poems by the late Willard Wattles, an early PSA member. At the time Miles M. Dawson was treasurer of the PSA, Mrs. Tuttle served as his part-time secretary in Winter Park, Fla. She shares, with two other poets, authorship of *Of Hopeful Greenstuff Woven* (Galleon Press 1936).



★ ★ ★  
I HAD PLANNED to use a Christmas poem by Stella Weston Tuttle, but somehow the copy was lost at the last minute. So, here is another by Constance Taber Gardiner, and I'll print another verse by Mrs. Tuttle within a couple of days.

Dec. 10, 1952

XMAS Day, 1952

★ ★ ★  
MYSTERY

Any night a drop of rain running down  
my window pane  
Is sufficient noise to make me toss and turn  
and lie awake.  
Yet, at 7, when the bell, on my clock begins  
to yell,  
Loudly calling and imploring, do I wake?  
I go on snoring!

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

The Miami Herald  
24-C Sunday, Jan 11, 1953

**Jack  
Kofoed**

JANUARY 11, 1953



KOFOED

★ ★ ★  
INSOMNIA

My future looks completely  
black  
That hour before the dawn  
When all my plans are tottering  
And all my money gone  
And loved ones so indifferent  
I stretch me out to die.  
Then suddenly the sun pops  
up—

(You guessed it.) So do I!  
—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

★ ★ ★

FEBRUARY 7, 1953

★ ★ ★

ON LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW  
All is cold, all is chill  
Tonight on a Korean hill . . .  
But warm this hearth and fire-bright  
And gold this room with candlelight.  
All is still, all is stark

Tonight in the Korean dark . . .  
But here the sound of someone singing  
Lullabies . . . and small arms clinging.  
Bless this room and those who share  
This evening ritual, aware  
Of one afar for whose returning  
The songs are sung, the hearth kept burning.  
STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

The Miami Herald



And I in the House Alone

Delicate,  
fragile as air,  
the hand on the railing,  
the foot on the stair,  
whisper of taffeta  
brushing on bone  
and I in the house  
alone...alone.

Tenuous  
as a flicker of fire  
something is climbing  
higher and higher  
up past the landing  
over the floor  
pausing to fumble  
the knob on my door.  
Something is waiting  
there in the hall;  
something unholy  
will come if I call...  
and none in the house  
to hear me at all.

---Stella Weston Tuttle,  
Miami, Florida

MARY TODD TO LINCOLN

AGAIN I've hurt you — I who never meant  
To injure anyone, I unaware  
How your great heart lies vulnerable and bare  
To my impassioned words. O my intent  
Was never this, to cause you needless pain,  
And yet I've hurt you time and time again.  
So often have I erred, so often said  
That I am sorry, you no longer hear  
The anguish in my voice but turn your head  
Away in disbelief. My dear, my dear,  
I vow I should go mad were we to part  
And I be left tormented and alone  
For only you have gentleness of heart  
Sufficient for the fury in my own.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Anonymous Contest  
BULLETIN  
FEBRUARY, 1953.

SPECIAL MENTION

Flood-Tide  
Words and Music  
Morning Hymn  
My Lord and I  
Return of the Alien  
For All Travelers  
Heart to Heart  
Non-existent Summer  
Heart Ascending  
In the Afterwhile  
April Begins Her Review  
God Heard the Voice of  
the Lad  
Song for a Blue-eyed  
Colleen  
O Captain  
Desire of Adam  
Living Water  
Sea-Dog  
And I in the House Alone  
Vision  
The Lovely and Lost  
Laborer Under the Sun  
The Faint Far Light  
Ripples and Spray  
Ever the Bold Heart  
Portrait of a Motive  
Yours, Lysander  
A Soul May Grow  
Words  
Wine of Autumn  
Hill Wind  
Summer Returns  
Mute Eloquence  
Outcast  
The Deeper Wilderness  
Comin' Through Awry  
Driftwood  
Sunday Night  
A Song, Returned  
Core of Being

KALEIDOGRAPH —  
FEBRUARY, 1953.

Both in "Nor Bitter Nor Proffer,"  
1953.

MANUSCRIPT

THE autumn leaves fall —  
Fragments of yellowed parchment  
Signed by October.

-- Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami



The Miami Herald  
6-E Sunday, June 7, 1953

## 7 Miami Poets Are Winners

Members of the Laramore-Rader Poetry Group have walked off with prizes offered by state poetry associates and in national contests during the past year.



**MRS. RADER** Hannah Kahn won the Poetry Awards annual prize for 1953, the Freedom Foundation certificate of merit and the Laramore-Rader con-

tact with the group's founder and instructor, won the annual Baumgartner award for Life of Thomas Paine, and



**MRS. TUTTLE    MRS. KAHN**

test open to any poet in the United States or abroad. Robert Hillyer, Poetry Society of America president, was the judge.

Members also won annual prizes offered by the Poetry Societies of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia and Texas.

Winners in Georgia were Lillian Grant, current president; Stella Weston Tuttle, Hannah Kahn, Esther Church and Orma Jean Surbey. Stella Weston Tuttle won two prizes offered by the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and Harriet Blackwell won the Norfolk Prize offered by the Poetry Society of Virginia. Mrs. Grant won four annual prizes given by the Texas Poetry Society.

In addition, group members have had poems published regularly in poetry magazines.

RECEIVED  
MIAMI  
WITH  
CHECKS AND  
INFORMATION



Mr. and Mrs. Stella Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel  
134 SE 1<sup>st</sup> Ave  
Miami, Fla

Stella Weston Tuttle (her husband is a grandson of Miami's pioneer Julia Tuttle) is another gifted poet who has sold many poems to national publications and has won many awards.

Now, you budding poet, if you think writing poetry sounds like a real easy way to earn a living, listen to this. It is one of the most terrifically competitive fields there is. For instance, last year, out of 40,000 poems submitted to the Ladies Home Journal, only 600 were bought. So—

If you would woo the poetic muse  
Patience, dear, don't blow a fuse!

(With apologies to Vivian Harriet, Hannah Kahn, Stella, Ogden Nash et al.)

Who?



**STELLA WATSON TUTTLE**  
... Judge of poetry

Right picture

Wrong name →

Wrong picture

Right name →

Another Marriage on  
the Rocks!



# Poetry Society Of South Carolina Publishes Year's Winning Poems

By JAMES G. HARRISON

IN "THE YEAR BOOK OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF SOUTH CAROLINA FOR 1953" is much that will interest readers and writers of verse.

Of the 24 prize-winning poems printed on these pages four were written by Jean Crandall Broulik, three each by Stella Weston Tuttle, Slann Legare Clement, and Frank M. Durham; two each by Mary Nickerson and Selma T. Furtwangler, and one each by B. Claire Reenstjerna, John W. Dunn, Elizabeth Charles Wellborn, Mary Brobston, Katherine Drayton Mayrant Simons, Paul S. Nickerson, and Margaret McCarver.

## THE REX MEMORIAL PRIZE

### Tanager and Cat

Between the boughs  
a lance of fire  
darts in circles  
of desire.

Over the grass  
a flash of red  
symbols ardor  
surfeited.

Fluttering  
in a pool of dust,  
scarlet blows  
as in a gust

till suddenly  
is the eye clouded,  
the claw twisted,  
the flame shrouded.

Stella Weston Tuttle

17

## SUMMONS

By Stella Weston Tuttle

Where wild plum beckons  
There must I go,  
Drawn by a blossom  
Half cloud and half snow.

There must I wander,  
Lured at each turn  
By drifts of cool whiteness  
Half frost and half fern,

Till sudden I feel it—  
A bough of wild plum  
Plucking my elbow;  
It knew I would come!

May  
2,  
1953

← Saturday Evening  
Post, May 2, 1953  
"Nor Bitter Nor  
Profane," 1953.

## THE GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH MEMORIAL PRIZE

### Jealousy

As stealthily as that first doubt that pressed  
Upon her heart until she was possessed,  
So through the hills, a thread of water quivers . . .  
Insinuating routes for future rivers.

Stella Weston Tuttle

Honorable Mention:

CONATION  
B. Claire Reenstjerna

15

Poetry Society of  
South Carolina  
Yearbook, 1953-54.

Stella Weston Tuttle edited "Iron Anvil," a book of poems by the late Willard Wattles, and won several prizes, including the Thomas Gamble Memorial Prize of this Society, the Rex Memorial, the Granville Paul Hicks, and the Society Prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina. Her work has been published this year in poetry journals, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Good Housekeeping*. Mrs. Tuttle prepares a Contest Chart for Poets, which appears annually.

Poetry Society of  
S.C. Yearbook, 1953.



## May Time is Prize Time

MAY is a red-letter month so far for Stella (Mrs. H. E. Jr.) Tuttle. Word of two first prizes came to her Tuesday from the Poetry Society of South Carolina. One, a national contest open to anyone in the United States, brought Stella the Rex Memorial Prize for the best poem pertaining to animals . . . Her poem, was "Tanager and Cat," a sad one. The other, open members of the society, for any kind of poem, was "Reversal."

In the May 2 issue of Saturday Evening Post you can find Mrs. Tuttle's poem Summons. And coming up in the future in Good Housekeeping will be two more, Discovery and First Snow (Stella hasn't seen snow since 1940, but every once in a while writes about it.)

She found the two acceptances from Housekeeping in the mail just after she had called Harriet (Mrs. T. J.) Blackwell to congratulate her on selling two poems to the same magazine.

Miami Herald  
P.S. of Georgia Yearbook  
1953-54

## THE THOMAS GAMBLE MEMORIAL PRIZE

### THE WIND

The woman waits, indifferent to the cold  
That seeps beneath her door nudged by a wind  
Impetuous yet somehow not as bold  
As fall winds ought to be. Thwarted and thinned,  
It seems to struggle from the hall below  
To thrust its meek and ineffectual breath  
Against her latch, while smell of coming snow  
Lies everywhere, implacable as death.

The woman nods as day draws to a close  
And then she straightens, suddenly aware  
The wind has been increasing. Now it blows  
Defiant gales that bluster up the stair.  
It bellows like a timid man reviling  
The one he loves . . . The woman waits there, smiling.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

### REVERSAL

(In time of peace)

Concealed behind a bough of sycamore,  
The fawn stands quivering. His tawny coat  
Ripples at something never felt before,  
Something nearby and yet somehow remote.  
Bewildered now, he hungers for the sun  
But stays in shadow and his satin throat  
Instinctively burns dry, alert to one  
Whose coming starts a tremor in the ground.

For this, his first encounter with a gun,  
He waits unready. Then the splitting sound,  
The acrid odor and the stab of fear  
Propel him through the brush in one great bound,  
One arc of terror, lovely yet austere,  
Wherein the startled fawn becomes a deer.

66

(In time of war)

There is no thicket left, no shadowed place  
For either hunter or the hunted now.  
No respite can be found, no moment's grace  
Behind the shelter of a laden bough.  
A shattered tree remains and that is all,  
One tree where leans a bleak and splintered plow,  
Symbol of seed if any dare recall  
How spring came once but may not come again.

And through the terror rising like a wall  
And through the stark ferocity of pain,  
There breaks the cry of one unreconciled,  
A muted sound that chills the heart and brain  
As for a moment, brief and undefiled,  
There sobs a man, as sobs a little child.

67

The Society Prize

P.S. of So. Carolina

Yearbook 1953

ALL ABOVE IN "Not Bitter Nor Frolic," 1953.



SEARCH  
Stella Weston Tuttle

Who seek the Lord among the hills,  
The brooding hills of Rome,  
May find an empty crucifix  
Upon their wall at home;  
Who walk hot coals in India  
Enticed by temple bells  
May learn of mystic ecstasies  
But not where Brahma dwells.  
Nor does great Buddha sweep Tibet's

Immensities of space  
Nor plains of Israel reveal  
Jehovah's hiding place.  
On Roman hill, Israeli plain  
Or Himalayan snow,  
Who walk with God are one with God,  
No matter where they go.

The Poetry Society of Texas Yearbook 1952



FLAMINGO

Stella Weston  
To Read Poems

Stella Weston Tuttle will read selections from her book of Poems, "Nor Bitter Nor Profane" at today's meeting of Laramore-Rader Poetry Group in the home of Mrs. W. H. Preston, 710 Lake Road, Bay Point.

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE

LOVE CAME LIKE THESE

Love came like fire when first it came,  
Luminous and swift as flame,  
And I whose heart was young and rash  
Suffered it to burn to ash.

When next love came, it came to me  
Like the wind and suddenly  
I whose heart was numb as stone  
Could feel it buffeted and blown.

Yet not in wind and not in fire  
Lies fulfilment of desire;  
Not in ash and not in air  
Lies the healing of despair;

For the final love that came,  
Came like water, not like flame;  
Came a sacrament that poured  
Upon my heart—and so endured.

Stella Weston Tuttle

In the early years of this magazine, STELLA WESTON TUTTLE was our Assistant Editor. Later she and her husband moved to Miami, where he is manager of a large hotel. Mrs. Tuttle's poems are appearing in a number of magazines and they have won many awards.

MAY - 1953



## Sunday Ceremony Will Honor Late Dr. Wattles

Stella Watson Tuttle  
Will Read Selections  
From "Iron Anvil"

Rollins College will honor a distinguished associate here Sunday when a gathering in the Mills Memorial Library will hear read "The Iron Anvil" by the late Dr. Willard A. Wattles.

"The Iron Anvil" is a collection of Dr. Wattles' poems, recently



Dr. Willard A. Wattles

published by Mrs. Wattles. Stella Watson Tuttle will present a reading of the poems from 4 till 5:30 in the patio of Mills Memorial Library.

At the time of his death in 1950 Dr. Wattles was professor of English at Rollins and had been a faculty member since 1927. An exhibit of his memorabilia will be on display at the gathering.

The program is designed to honor the achievement of a former faculty member, and a committee in charge of the event was appointed by college President Hugh F. McKean. Mrs. H. W. Caldwell, wife of the late Halsted W. Caldwell, is chairman of the committee. He was for many years chairman of the college's board of trustees.

WINTER PARK  
HERALD  
APRIL 23, 1953

## Local Pen Women Hear Nationally Known Poetess

Sincerity, simplicity and a singing cadence are the "three Ss" of good poetry, says Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami poet whose work has appeared in many of the national magazines, including Saturday Evening Post.

She was speaker yesterday on "Poets and Poetry" before a group of Daytona Beach Branch, National League of American Pen Women. The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Harriet S. Bates, 131 N. Grandview Ave. Miss Harriet Lynch was cohostess.

Mrs. Tuttle, who is a long time friend of Mrs. Roland D. Barze, program chairman, was introduced by her. Talking informally, Mrs. Tuttle said she preferred lyric poetry which emphasized a simplicity of language. She told the group she believed sincerity also is essential and she has found a universal, timely subject helpful in winning editorial attention.

To illustrate her work, she read "Summons," a nature lyric, which will appear in next week's Saturday Evening Post. She also read "Return" (Ladies Home Journal); "Whaler's Bride" (Good Housekeeping); "Sea Widow" (New York Times); "Conscript" (Fla. Magazine of Verse); "Winter Evening"; "Song With Suds" (Saturday Evening Post).

Mrs. Tuttle told briefly of the Miami Poetry Group and described the "contest chart" which listed all current contests. She has won a number of contest prizes, as have other members of the Poetry Group. She read "Peace Talk" which won a \$25 Poetry Society of Texas prize; "The Unreconciled," a California contest winner; "Search," a prize winner in a comparative religion contest.

She invited the Branch to enter a contest sponsored by her group which is offering a \$25 prize for a verse of 30 lines or less. The contest closes Friday.

Daytona Beach Branch poets

shared the program when they read some of their published verse. Mrs. Caroline Cain Durkee read "Wishes For You" (The Magnificat) and "Memo For Retirement" (Ave Maria); Mrs. Ella DeBerard, "Dance of The Leaves" and "That Year;" Mrs. G. V. Wiggins, "Palm Trees" and "Mountain Peace"; Mrs. Bates, "Immortality" and "Death Whispers"; Mrs. H. Y. Stillman, "Spring Song" and "With Jealousy"; Mrs. Fred Stones, "And There Were Shepherds Abiding" and "Mammy's Lullaby"; Mrs. Barze, "Confidence" and "Simile"; Mrs. William Ronald, "Portrait of Pavlova" and "A Sampan Once Seen."

During a short business meeting conducted by Mrs. Eloise Cozens, Branch president, the members discussed tentative plans for changes in Branch activity. Workshop sessions in short story, poetry and art are possibilities. Meetings would be at homes or in a central meeting place.

Mrs. Cozens also suggested the Branch had "outgrown the Pen Point in its present form" and asked members to consider ways of improving the mimeographed magazine which makes an annual appearance at the Branch Fiesta.

Members will vote on the two matters at a May 5 meeting to be at the Indian River Plantation at 3 p. m. with Mrs. Cozens as hostess.

The group voted to meet next Fall at 2:30 p. m. when meetings would begin in October and continue through April, according to present plans, also to be voted on at the next meeting.

A number of guests attended yesterday's meeting.

Sherbet punch and cookies were served after the program.—DEE.

DAYTONA  
BEACH PAPER  
APRIL, 1953

## Laramore-Rader Group To Hear Poet's Works

Stella Tuttle will talk on the life of Willard Wattles and read some of his poems when the Laramore-Rader Poetry Group meets at 2:30 p.m. Tuesday. Mrs. Charles H. Alderman, Jr., 151 SE 14th st., will be hostess.

Mrs. Tuttle has compiled and edited a book of poems by the late Mr. Wattles, for 23 years a

professor of English at Rollins College. The poems will be published by the Falmouth Publishing Co. in April.

Mrs. Tuttle's poem, "And So the Atom" won the judge's award for February and Vivian Rader was presented with an award for her prize winning poem in the Thomas Paine contest.

Miami Herald  
MARCH 15, 1953

## Stella Tuttle Will Discuss Poem Book

Stella Tuttle, speaker for the March meeting of the Laramore-Rader Poetry Group, will discuss a book of poems by the late Willard Wattles, former professor of English at Rollins College. Mrs. Tuttle compiled and edited the poems which will be released by the Falmouth Publishing Company in April.

Meeting will be on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Charles H. Alderman, Jr., 151 SE 14th St. Laramore-Rader Poetry Contest for Florida high school students in the ninth grade or above closes on May 1. Up to three poems may be submitted, in any form, on any subject and not over 24 lines in length.

Entries should be sent to Mrs. George Greenspan, contest chairman, 824 NE 75th St., Miami, Fla. All entries must bear the student's name, address, school, grade and age.

MIAMI NEWS  
MARCH, 1953.

## BEACH LIBRARY WILL HONOR LATE POET

Miami Beach Public Library will devote its April exhibit to the late poet Willard Wattles, whose new volume "Iron Anvil" will reach the public soon, librarian Bertha Aldrich said today.

Items in the display have been collected by Mrs. Stella Tuttle of Miami, editor of the new book of Dr. Wattles' poetry.

Dr. Wattles, formerly a teacher at Rollins College in Winter Park, died at his home in Winter Park in 1950. He had published three volumes of poetry, as well as poems in various magazines.

MIAMI NEWS  
MARCH 27, 1953.



WINTER PARK HERALD →

#### FIRST SNOW

Something happened in the night.  
Through the darkened hush we heard  
Music like a whispered word;  
And we saw the earth fill up  
With beauty like a tilted cup,  
As though a hand had sifted white  
On lawn and tree, on sloping roof.  
And in the morning there was proof.

Across the valley, up the hill,  
Someone had wrought a miracle,  
Had bent above our sleeping town  
And covered it with eider down.  
Yes, something happened in the night:  
God spread a coverlet of white;  
And patches where the snow is thin  
Mark where He knelt to tuck us in.

Stella Weston Tuttle



Good  
Housekeeping  
NOVEMBER, 1953.

The Poetry Page

### Charles Hyde Pratt Memorial Edition To be Published

Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle of Miami is visiting Mrs. Charles Hyde Pratt of 1551 Via Tuscany. Mrs. Tuttle was formerly assistant editor of the Florida Magazine of Verse and is now helping Mrs. Pratt prepare the Autumn issue for the printer.

To be published about Nov. 15, this issue will be a memorial for Charles Hyde Pratt, founder and editor of the magazine for 13 years. It will contain some of his best poetry and editorial writings, Mrs. Pratt said.

Mrs. Tuttle, who writes under the name Stella Weston Tuttle, has a poem in the November Good Housekeeping and her collection of poems, "Nor Bitter Nor Profane", won the 1953 Kaleidograph Book Publication Award as the outstanding entry of 176 submitted. It will be published in December.

Mrs. Tuttle is a member of the Poetry Society of America and Mrs. Pratt who is now editor and publisher of the Florida Magazine of Verse, has recently been made a member.

A National Magazine of Poetry

5

#### LUCREZIA BORGIA

MY heart is hung with bitter fruit  
Venomous from crest to root,

Corroded by such total grief  
As withers grape and warps the leaf.

Yet once I went untouched by blight  
Who wandered blossoming and bright

The hills of Rome, dreaming of  
The small complexities of love.

So whose the wine whereon I supped  
Turning me evil and corrupt;

Whose the hand that held the vial  
Destined to poison and defile

Or was I ominously cursed  
To be, of all my victims, first?

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

KALEIDOGRAPH  
OCTOBER, 1953.

"Nor Bitter Nor Profane," 1953.



# OFFICERS

VICE-PRESIDENTS  
FLORENCE DICKINSON STEARNS  
RICHMOND, VA.  
JULIA LOUISE REYNOLDS  
RICHMOND, VA.  
EMMA GRAY TRIGG  
RICHMOND, VA.  
MARCIA LEE ANDERSON  
HOLLINS COLLEGE, VA.

TREASURER  
JACK H. MASON  
529 21ST STREET  
P. O. BOX 1249  
NORFOLK, VA.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY  
AND CONTEST CHAIRMAN  
HARRY M. MEACHAM  
905 MUTUAL BUILDING  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

RECORDING SECRETARY  
BETTY PAGE DABNEY  
227 W. FREEMASON STREET  
NORFOLK, VA.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
ELIZABETH BORLAND ROSS  
408 FAIRFAX AVENUE  
NORFOLK, VA.

MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN  
MARGARET HALEY CARPENTER  
1032 CAMBRIDGE CRESCENT  
NORFOLK, VA.

## The Poetry Society of Virginia

PRESIDENTS  
CARLETON DREWRY  
ROUTE 1, BOX 431  
ROANOKE, VA.  
BRODIE S. HERNDON  
4524 W. SEMINARY AVE.  
RICHMOND, VA.  
WILLIAM W. SEWARD, JR.  
COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY  
NORFOLK, VA.

# ADVISORY BOARD

ROBERT KELSO ALSOP  
IMOGEN BRENT  
JAMES BRANCH CABELL  
ROBERTA D. CORNELIUS  
MARY GORTON DARLING  
JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS  
DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN  
LEIGH HANES  
FRANCES H. HOUSTON  
W. WILLIS HOUSTON  
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON  
MARY SINTON LEITCH  
VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK  
VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL  
BARBARA WHITNEY  
PAUL CLINTON WHITNEY  
JAMES SOUTHAL WILSON

April 21, 1953

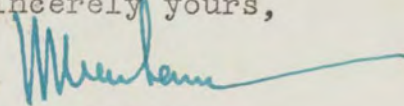
Miss Stella Weston Tuttle  
Gralynn Hotel  
Miami, Florida

Dear Miss Tuttle:

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to inform you that your poem, "Fernald Street", has been chosen for first honorable mention in The Margery Howell Memorial Contest by Mr. Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Judge.

Congratulations!

Sincerely yours,



H. M. Meacham  
Executive Secretary &  
Contest Chairman

HMM/aht

cc: Mr. Car  
Mr. Bro  
Mr. Wil

### FERNALD STREET

His footsteps lagged  
as he saw her there  
beckoning  
from a crumbling stair,  
acacia pinned  
to her scarlet dress  
and her voice as soft  
as a slow caress.

And though the look  
of her olive skin  
was insolent  
and sweet as sin,  
and her taunting words  
were bold and wild,  
her eyes were those  
of a frightened child.

Now he avoids  
Fernald Street  
though it throbs in his blood  
like a voodoo beat  
that cannot be stilled . . .  
If only her eyes  
had been more wanton  
or old and wise.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

( 232 )

The Lyric →  
Autumn, 1953.



## ORIGIN

Slumbrous with the weight of frost,  
The doe becomes aware  
Of the symmetry of sun  
Slanting through air.

Suddenly alert to earth  
She paws its brittle crust  
Till beneath her hooves she feels  
The crocus thrust

And the punctual stir of blades  
Prophesying grass  
While overhead in flowing clouds  
The swallows pass.

And as the doe, reassured,  
Licks her silver shoulder,  
A fragmentary new year  
Grows older.

## FIRST DANCE

Shy as the half-grown fawn  
Startled at the stirrings of spring,  
The young girl shrinks against the wall  
Waiting—

Her bright hair shadowed,  
Her caught breath  
Like that of a fawn  
Sensing danger.

Hair, fall gently  
Cloud-like about her shoulders:  
Be for her shelter from hurt,  
Shield for her timorous heart.

One day the crocus will burst through the earth,  
The fawn stand proudly, unafraid—  
And she, too, awaken  
Tossing the bright hair back from her eyes:

Lovelier than fawn, than crocus,  
Lovelier  
Than the shaken bough  
From which all snow has fallen.

## THE BELL

The sea is a bell. From side to side  
Its clapper swings with the surging tide,

Sounding a muffled requiem  
For those who stir as it tolls for them.

And as they sway in their liquid shroud,  
Coffined in coral, they are proud

To be robed in tumult—interred  
Where falls no hushed, no grieving word.

They were the restless; rooted grass  
Could never hold them who now trespass

In a world of water, a world where slow  
Dirges throb in the undertow.

This their destiny—to sway  
As the great bell tolls and who shall say

A bell in a steeple is holier sound  
Than the bell of the sea, tolling the drowned.

## TO POETRY

I, Emily, shall never thirst for things  
Like wealth and rank and vanities of fame  
Which within my heart the beat of wings  
And in my throat, the singing of your name.  
Beloved name, more often than I should  
And hushing other names but half begun,  
I chant it reverently in a wood  
And tilt a muted echo to the sun.

For since you made a mark upon my brow,  
A mark not even I dare comprehend,  
I have no need of wealth possessing now  
The sun and moon and all the stars to spend;  
Nor could I ask for holier acclaim  
Than this — to toil for you and in your name.

These eight poems in "Nor Bitter Nor Profane," 1953  
were previously unpublished.



GRASS, LIE TRANQUIL

Torn and tossed  
As by a wind  
Leans the willow  
Grief has thinned,

Lie the grasses  
Grief has blown,  
Grief as wracking  
As my own.

Wind in willow,  
Wind in grass,  
Grief is the leveler;  
It will pass.

I who was buffeted  
Mourn no longer.  
Grass, lie tranquil;  
Tree, grow stronger.

41

LISA

Silent she lies here—quiet, cool  
Her dark hair cloud-like under tulle,

Her body that was fierce and proud  
Muted now within a shroud.

Yet from her lids, discreetly pallid,  
Something flickers, something valid

As that caught breath, that eager stir  
Which once was flame consuming her.

And I who kneel beside her bed  
Am strangely moved, am comforted

Witnessing how life may leap  
Out of sorrow—out of sleep.

40

SONNET OF FAREWELL

Now that in me such grievous fault is found  
And I am judged unqualified to hold you,  
Shatter the covenant—forget the sound  
Of my voice trembling even as I told you  
That all would be made lovely in your sight.  
O infinitely more is my heart breaking  
That time has proved me powerless to right  
These flaws, all mine—and all of my own making.

Forget my words, forsake me and depart  
As proudly as you came, and never fear  
But that your splendor still constricts my heart  
And that you leave no less a conqueror  
Than if your bright perfection had not shown  
Itself a defect graver than my own.

50

BEATITUDE

Blessed are men who see and hear  
With the inner eye, the secret ear,

Who know the otter's rippling skin  
Is smooth as moss while frail and thin

As cobweb lace the dusky feather  
That holds the wood dove's song together.

And blessed are these: the well content,  
The unbewildered and reverent

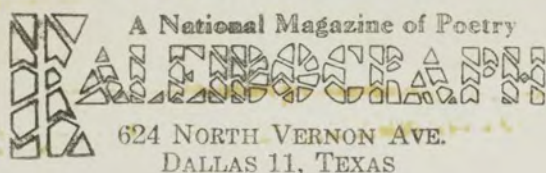
Who traverse city streets aware  
Of wings upon the empty air.

For whether intimate with oak  
Or breathing dust and factory smoke,

Down ways unvexed and undefended  
They walk serene—as God intended.

71





Editors  
WHITNEY MONTGOMERY AND VAIDA STEWART MONTGOMERY

August 18, 1953

Dear Stella Weston Tuttle:

At this very late hour (considering that we wish to get the announcement into the August K!) we are glad to notify you that your NOR BITTER, NOR PROFANE has been chosen as co-winner in our Twenty-third Annual Book Publication Contest. The other winner is David Russell, of Dallas, with THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER, who, by the way, has not yet received notification. In fact, because of a multiplicity of things, we made the decision only yesterday. I have not even checked with our secretary to see how many entries we had, but I think around 175, and they are a good lot. In the final analysis--or perhaps I should say semi-final--there were 27--each full worthy of publication. To me, there is a kinship between the two mss. finally chosen, though this did not strike me until the last minute. Perhaps that is why we decided we'd have to let them tie.

I can't write as fully as I'd like to write now. First, I am suffering from a back ailment, which strikes me now and then, always when I need a strong back worst! Next, I really must get this in the mail by air, and will ask you to reply by air mail.

Keep the news from the public until our announcement appears, please!

Enclosed is our usual form of Memo of Agreement, in duplicate, signed by Whitney. Please sign both copies, retain the carbon for your files, and return the other to us,--that is, of course, if agreeable! With this, send any new notes--or older ones which you may have overlooked. Later, we'll wish to have whatever comments you may have from the press or persons who may be quoted. Also will discuss details of format, etc., etc. One thing I must say now, is that we are unable to name a definite delivery date for complete books. We haven't gotten out from under all we accumulated while Whitney was quite under-the-weather from October last year until May this year. He improved as soon as the temperature went over 100° and heaven knows we have had it from that to 108° a lot of the time since late May. We had two jobs ahead of us which were unusually heavy, but, thank heaven, we are about to finish the second of these. But we'll do the best we can to get both the books out as promptly as possible--here I refer to the prize books.

I think we may with propriety send our congratulations to you on your book, as it really had stiff competition.

More anon,

VSM

## Kaleidograph Books

In THE KALEIDOGRAPH TWENTY-THIRD BOOK PUBLICATION CONTEST, which closed on May 31, 1953, there were 176 entries, from all parts of the United States and neighboring countries. For the first time since the year 1948, the editors have chosen two books for publication under the terms of the competition. The authors, who will share this honor equally, are

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, Miami, Florida, whose winning script is entitled NOR BITTER, NOR PROFANE, and

DAVID RUSSELL, Dallas, Texas, with THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER.

These two books will bring to thirty-three the total number of books published in this series since the contest was inaugurated in 1931.

These two prize-winning volumes will be published as soon as possible, and will be sold at \$2.00 each copy.

KALEIDOGRAPH  
SEPTEMBER, 1953



# KALEIDOGRAPH

## SEPTEMBER, 1953

K. recently including Coffey, Fossell and Elizabeth Hiss. Helen Westhouse, whose poems have been in Washington.

IN THE KALEIDOGRAPH TWENTY-THIRD BOOK PUBLICATION CONTEST, which closed on May 31, 1953, there were 176 entries, from all parts of the United States and neighboring countries. For the first time since the year 1948, the editors have chosen two books for publication under the terms of the competition. The authors, who will share this honor equally, are

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, Miami, Florida, whose winning script is entitled NOR BITTER, NOR PROFANE, and

DAVID RUSSELL, Dallas, Texas, with THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER.

These two books will bring to thirty-three the total number of books published in this series since the contest was inaugurated in 1931.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. After going to Florida, she studied in Rollins College, where she received a B. A. degree. In her senior year a small book of her poems, DAGUERREOTYPES, was published in the "Vestpocket Poet Series," and won the \$50 prize given for the best literary work by a member of the graduating class. At Miami, in 1936, she won first prize in a local contest with a group of her poems, and these, together with poems by winners of the second and third prizes, were published in a book entitled OF HOPEFUL GREENSTUFF WOVEN. Among the numerous publications in which her poems have appeared are Saturday Evening Post, Saturday Review, The Survey, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal, New York Times, etc. Within the past few months, she has won the Rex Memorial Prize, the Society Prize, and the Granville Paul Smith Quatrain Prize through the Poetry Society of South Carolina and the Thomas Gamble Memorial Award of the Poetry Society of Georgia. She is a member of both of these organizations, also of The Poetry Society of America, the Poetry Society of Virginia, Gamma Phi Beta Sorority, Laramore-Rader Group, and others.

In addition to writing poetry, Mrs. Tuttle does some secretarial work, some free lance writing and editing, publishes a Contest Chart, and is hostess at Graylyn Hotel, Miami, where her husband, Harry E. Tuttle, is hotel manager.



STELLA WESTON TUTTLE  
—Photo by Olive Gross

## Her Poems Go in Book

Stella Weston Tuttle, who is in private life Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle of Miami, has had more than 150 poems published in magazines and has just won the 23rd Kaleidograph book publication contest.

"This means," says Mrs. Tuttle, "that they will bring me out in book form. It will be entitled Nor Bitter Nor Profane, and contain 45 of my poems, a number of which have already received awards."

Mrs. Tuttle is contest chairman of the local Laramore-Rader Poetry Group, a member of the Poetry Societies of Georgia, Virginia and South Carolina and of the Poetry Society of America.

A graduate of Rollins College, her first book, Daguerreotypes, was published while she was still a student there.

Since then, she has had poems in The Saturday Review, The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and Good Housekeeping.

Poetry is not something she just tosses off in the mood. Mrs. Tuttle works over her verses, sometimes does one of them over as many as 40 times.

A native of Minnesota, she lives with her husband at the Graylyn Hotel, does all his secretarial work and has a married daughter, Mrs. J. N. Isher.

# KALEIDOGRAPH

## OCTOBER, 1953

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE, by Stella Weston Tuttle  
Kaleidograph Book Publication Award, 1953

In this collection of her work—the first since her college days and shortly thereafter—Stella Weston Tuttle has many lyrics of the type popularly called brittle; but their impact upon the reader belies their appearance of frailty. Although she is economical in her use of words, a tendency possibly acquired through her experience in the editorial field, in her sensitive choices she has an aptness for discarding the weak and the harsh and retaining the strong and the sympathetic.

Stella Weston Tuttle received honors for her poetry while a student at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. In her senior year a small book of her poems, DAGUERREOTYPES, was published in the "Vestpocket Poet Series," and was given a prize as the best literary work by a member of the graduating class. At Miami, Florida, in 1936, she won first prize with a group of her poems which, together with poems by winners of second and third prizes, were published in a book called OF HOPEFUL GREENSTUFF WOVEN. Recently, her poems have won prizes in contests sponsored by The Poetry Society of Georgia, The Poetry Society of South Carolina, The Poetry Society of Texas, and various others. Many of the most discriminating periodicals have published her poems. Living in Miami, Mrs. Tuttle is hostess at Graylyn Hotel, where her husband, Harry E. Tuttle, is hotel manager.

The text of NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE is set in twelve point type designed by Claude Garamond, a sixteenth century printer. The book is in a standard binding of De Luxe Vellum, with printed paper dust-jacket.

Each book, \$2.00 postpaid, unless otherwise quoted.

Miami  
Herald  
Sept. 28, 1953



# NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



THE KALEIDOGRAPH PRESS — DALLAS

\$2.00

In this collection of her work—the first since her college days and shortly thereafter—Stella Weston Tuttle has many lyrics of the type popularly called brittle; but their impact upon the reader belies their appearance of frailty. Although she is economical in her use of words—a tendency possibly acquired through her experience in the editorial field—in her sensitive choices she has an aptness for discarding the weak and the harsh and retaining the strong and the sympathetic.

Stella Weston Tuttle received honors for her poetry while a student at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. In her senior year a small book of her poems, *DAGUERREOTYPES*, was published in the "Vestpocket Poet Series," and was given a prize as the best literary work by a member of the graduating class. At Miami, Florida, in 1936, she won first prize with a group of her poems which, together with poems by winners of second and third prizes, were published in a book called *OF HOPEFUL GREEN-STUFF WOVEN*. Recently, her poems have won prizes in contests sponsored by The Poetry Society of Georgia, The Poetry Society of South Carolina, The Poetry Society of Texas, and various others. Many of the most discriminating periodicals have published her poems. Living in Miami, Mrs. Tuttle is hostess at Gralynn Hotel, where her husband, Harry E. Tuttle, is hotel manager.

*NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE* was cowinner (with *THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER*, by David Russell, Dallas, Texas) in the *Kaleidograph Twenty-Third Book Publication Contest*, 1953, in competition with 174 typescripts from the United States, Canada and Mexico. The winning scripts are published in book form without expense to the authors, who receive royalties from sales. These two bring the total to thirty-three books so published in this series since the contest was inaugurated in 1931.

The text of *NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE* is set in twelve point type designed by Claude Garmond, a sixteenth century printer. The book is in a standard binding of De Luxe Vellum, with printed paper dust-jacket.

THE KALEIDOGRAPH PRESS  
DALLAS TEXAS

DUST JACKET ABOVE.

## B · O · O · K · S

### Compact Skill Marks Tuttle Book Of Poems

*Nor Bitter Nor Profane*, by Stella Weston Tuttle (Kaleidograph Press, \$2.)

*Nor Bitter Nor Profane* is a collection of poetry by a Miami Poet who has already achieved countrywide acclaim. This volume won for her the Kaleidograph Book Publication Contest for 1953.

The lyrics are a meaty offering for any poetry lover. Ever incisive, they hit with real impact. Many of the poems are so compactly made they fairly explode with the reading, as in "Grass, Lie Tranquil," "And I in the House Alone", among others. Even the purely lyric poems such as "Origin", "Return" take flight with firmness and strength.

Stella Tuttle wonders profoundly at the paradox of war in a world that is ever seek-

ing peace. "There sobs a man, as sobs a little child," echoes the sobbing of all humanity amid the tumult of war. "Not in the name of peace shall I ever rise again," reflects powerfully the dismay of the continually warring world.

"The poems show skill throughout. Many a last line comes on with a completeness that typifies the happily wrought lyric, "By pacts with the living, none with the dead," "To be, of all my victims, first?", "This blessed garment of my grief has made me sane". All this rich thought excites true poetic enjoyment.

Much in the manner of Emily Dickinson, yet with her own suppleness and strength, Stella Tuttle has produced excellent poetry that deserves wide attention.

Nathan Friedman

16

KALEIDOGRAPH

### Kaleidograph Books

*NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE*, by Stella Weston Tuttle  
Kaleidograph Book Publication Award, 1953

"The lyrics are a meaty offering for any poetry lover. Ever incisive, they hit with real impact. Many of the poems are so compactly made they fairly explode with the reading, as in 'Grass, Lie Tranquil,' 'And I in the House Alone,' among others. . . The poems show skill throughout. Many a last line comes on with a completeness that typifies the happily wrought lyric. . . Much in the manner of Emily Dickinson, yet with her own suppleness and strength, Stella Tuttle has produced excellent poetry that deserves wide attention."—Nathan Friedman, *Miami News*.

← The Miami News  
QUOTE IN "K", MARCH, 1954



## Kaleidograph Books

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE, by Stella Weston Tuttle

Kaleidograph Book Publication Award, 1953

"NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE is rich in poetic imagery, and in clean, sharp word pictures. . . For poetry lovers Stella Weston Tuttle might well have written 'Beatitude,' wherein she speaks of 'Blessed are men who see and hear/ With the inner eye, the secret ear/'—and blessed are the rest of us that poets still find the beauty in life about us and are able to point it out to more prosaic human beings."—*Ruth Smith*, From the Book Shelf, Orlando Sentinel FLORIDA MAGAZINE.

"Gentle lyrics, almost perfect in their technique and form, distinguish Stella Weston Tuttle's work. She is of the Emily Dickinson school, perceptive enough to see emotional significance in the trivial and oblique."—*Miami (Florida) Herald*.



STELLA WATSON TUTTLE  
... writes gentle lyrics

### Quiet Beauty Marks Poems By Miamian

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE  
by Stella Watson Tuttle (Kaleidograph, \$2.00).

Stella Watson Tuttle is a poet who does not live in a trailer, but at the Gralynn Hotel in Miami where her husband is manager.

A graduate of Rollins college, Stella, known as "Boots" to her intimates, has won poetry prizes, all over the country and many of her verses have been published in national magazines.

This latest book, presents 72 poems, some of which have appeared in The Ladies' Home Journal, The New York Times, The Saturday Evening Post and The Saturday Review of Literature.

Gentle lyrics, almost perfect in their technique and form, distinguish Mrs. Tuttle's work. She is of the Emily Dickinson school, perceptive enough to see emotional significance in the trivial and oblique.

Unfortunately, for reasons of space, it is impossible to quote poetry enough to illustrate the quiet beauty of this quiet verse.

### Two Florida Books Added To Mills Shelf

A rare Florida book, William Stork's "An Account of East-Florida", published in London in 1766, has been given to Mill Memorial Library, Rollins College, by Frederick W. Dau, New York City. The book is a first edition, third issue, and is considered especially valuable because it is autographed by the author.

Also presented to the Rollins library was a book of Poems "Nor Bitter Nor Profane" by the author, Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami.

Mrs. Tuttle's first book of poems, "Daguerreotypes", was published by the Angel Alley Press in Winter Park when she was a Rollins student studying under the late Dr. Willard Wattles. She graduated from Rollins in 1930.

Miami Herald, Feb. 7, 1954 →

Orlando  
Sentinel  
Jan. 1954

of Mrs. Tuttle's poems to appear since her college days. In her senior year at Rollins a book of her poems called "Daguerreotypes" was given a prize as the best literary work by a member of her graduating class. Since that time some of her poems have received awards and have appeared in collected poems and in various poetry magazines.

"Nor Bitter Nor Profane" is rich in poetic imagery, and in clean, sharp word pictures. The book has three divisions

the secret ear/"—and blessed are the rest of us that poets still find the beauty in life about us and are able to point it out to more prosaic human beings.

### From The Book Shelf

By RUTH SMITH

under the titles "Half Frost and Half Fern", "The Bough Breaking" and "The Drifting Dust". In such poems of the sea as "Whaler's Bride", "Child of Salem", and others, Mrs. Tuttle reveals her own love of the sea and feeling for seafaring emotions. As with all poets, she has ardent affection for nature and its works, and the sympathetic charm of "Hunting Season During War-time" when "feathered and furred go serenely undeterred" is delightful, though sadly true. For poetry lovers Mrs. Tuttle might well have written "Beatitude", wherein she speaks of "Blessed are men who see and hear/ With the inner eye,

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE — by Stella Weston Tuttle — The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Tex.—\$2.00

Of great interest to friends in Central Florida is the appearance of a slender book of poems bearing the evocative title "Nor Bitter Nor Profane"—the work of Stella Weston Tuttle, one time Winter Park resident and a graduate of Rollins College.

This is the first collection

### Stella Weston Tuttle Publishes New Book

A volume of poems by Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, a Rollins graduate, has just been published by Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas, it was announced yesterday.



Stella Weston Tuttle

The book, entitled Nor Bitter Nor Profane, contains 45 poems and is the result of Mrs. Tuttle winning the 23rd Kaleidograph book publication contest for 1953.

Mrs. Tuttle won the contest in competition with poets throughout the country.

One of Florida's best known poets, Mrs. Tuttle has had her work published in such magazines as The Saturday Review, The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping and others.

A native of Minnesota, she lives with her husband, Harry E. Tuttle, at the Gralynn Hotel. Her married daughter, Mrs. J. W. Usher, is also a Rollins graduate.

The Winter Park  
Sun

Jan. 14, 1954 →





Stella Weston Tuttle

## “Nor Bitter Nor Profane”

### Awarded Kaleidograph Book

Hannah Kahn, a widely known poet, and Sara Jenkins, novelist, collaborated on a story of their mutual friend, Stella Weston Tuttle. Miss Kahn, though born in a Brooklyn tenement district, and unable to attend high school, possesses an inborn talent. Her work has appeared in such periodicals as *The American Scholar*, official Phi Beta Kappa publication and the *Saturday Review of Literature*, as well as the *Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's* and *Good Housekeeping*.

Miss Jenkins has had half a dozen novels published, the last called *The Happy People*. Her new book, just accepted by Crowell Publishing Company is tentatively called *The Shadow of His Wing*, and is about a minister whose wife goes insane. All but one of her novels have been written about ministers, since her father and his five brothers were all Methodist ministers.

THE CRESCENT editor is grateful to these two writers who have contributed so generously of their talents to bring us this story of Gamma Phi Beta's First Lady of Poetry, which they choose to call,

### Vest Pocket Poet Grows Up!

WHEN the newspapers announced recently that Stella Weston Tuttle's manuscript, “Nor Bitter Nor Profane,” had won the coveted Kaleidograph Book Publication Award for 1953, her friends were reminded of the statement made by President Hamilton Holt of Rollins College when he presented her with the Rollins Decoration of Honor in 1948.

“Your standing before me now recalls a bright-eyed, sunny-haired somewhat abashed college girl who was sent to my office by one of her professors to show me a poem he thought I would admire as much as he did. That poem gave me the rare thrill that an editor gets those few times in his life when he discovers a new writer of both achievement and promise.”

Since Dr. Holt had been editor of the *Independent* and since the professor who brought Stella's work to his attention was Dr. Edwin O. Grover, former editor-in-chief of *Rand-McNally*, it was not surprising that even during her college days, her poems appeared in national publications and a slim collection of them was printed in the Vest Pocket Poet Series during her senior year, winning the prize offered for the best literary work by a member of the graduating class.

Winning prizes has since become a habit with Stella. Over half of the poems included in “Nor Bitter Nor Profane” have previously won individual prizes. And she is particularly proud that members of the Laramore-Rader Poetry Group of Miami for which she is contest chairman, won seven of the national prizes offered in 1953. It was for this group that she first edited the Poetry Contest Chart which has since become a semi-annual project subscribed to by poets all over the country.

Though Stella, herself, feels that her poems have had greater success in contests than in magazines, the acknowledgment page of her new book asserts that the poems it contains were previ-

ously printed in seventeen publications, including *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and others.

Indicative of the lyric quality and the feeling of quiet strength which she achieves in her work is this poem which William Rose Benet selected for use in the *Saturday Review of Literature*:

#### DEAF GIRL IN SPRING

Bereft by birth of every sound,  
She finds her music in the ground

While overhead a flight of birds  
Speaks more authentically than words.

For not by ear does she attend  
The liquid murmur at the bend

Of her small brook, and not by ear  
Does she hear more than others hear.

And not by voice does she compute  
The passion stored in seed and root,

The loveliness that slumbers now  
In furrowed soil and fragrant bough.

She needs no language to impart  
Her reverence of mind and heart,

That hushed awareness which may turn  
To eloquence with blade and fern.

In all Stella's poetry there is a special quality which we might call “projection.” It is the ability to project herself into the

The Crescent



# —Collected Poems Of Stella Weston Tuttle

## Publication Prize For 1953

mind and heart of her subject, until that which she experiences solely in imagination, attains validity through the intense emotion she evokes. An example of the way in which she sees an old story in a new way—and always in a way sympathetic to her subject, is the poem:

### MARY TODD TO LINCOLN

Again I've hurt you—I who never meant  
To injure anyone, I unaware  
How your great heart lies vulnerable and bare  
To my impassioned words. O my intent  
Was never this—to cause you needless pain,  
And yet I've hurt you time and time again.  
So often have I erred, so often said  
That I am sorry, you no longer hear  
The anguish in my voice but turn your head  
Away in disbelief. My dear, my dear,  
I vow I should go mad were we to part  
And I be left tormented and alone  
For only you have gentleness of heart  
Sufficient for the fury in my own.

For several years Stella was assistant editor of *Florida Magazine of Verse* and many young writers still remember the warm spontaneity of her letters—the way she rejoiced with them when their work was accepted and the way she cushioned their disappointment when she had to reject it. This warmth of feeling for others is reflected in "Nor Bitter Nor Profane," so that even the nature poems have an added significance. The poem, "Reversal," which won the Society Prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina last year, is an example of this. Its first stanza about a fawn ends:

For this, his first encounter with a gun,  
He waits unready. Then the splitting sound,  
The acrid odor and the stab of fear  
Propel him through the brush in one great bound,  
One arc of terror, lovely yet austere,  
Wherein the startled fawn becomes a deer.

For the purposes of this publication, however, Stella's real claim to fame is that she was certainly the youngest rushee in the history of Gamma Phi Beta. At the age of three weeks, she was taken to the Kappa chapter house at the University of Minnesota where her sister, Pearl Weston (Hall) introduced her as a future Gamma Phi. But when Stella entered college at Winter Park, Florida, Rollins had no national sororities and she was initiated into a local. Later when the subject of petitioning a national came up, she said, "Then it's got to be Gamma Phi Beta. I'm already promised!" And that was how Alpha Mu chapter came about.

Actually Gamma Phi is the only organization not connected with writing in which she has kept an active interest. She has been both president and CRESCENT correspondent for the Greater Miami alumnae chapter, though her other activities in group work have been restricted to the Poetry Society of America, the Poetry Societies of Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina and Texas, and the Laramore-Rader Poetry Group of Miami, in all of which she holds membership.

In spite of this emphasis on poetry, however, she is no wild-eyed, removed-from-the-human-sphere sort of person. For instance the week that her prize-winning volume appeared in print, coincided with Miami's Orange Bowl Parade. Stella loves parades and, as is her custom, borrowed a five foot ladder from the Gralynn Hotel where she lives, lugged it the two blocks to Flagler Street and mounted it with as much zest as a teen-ager. Dressed in slacks for reasons of modesty and comfort, she surveyed the parade exuberantly from the best perch on Miami's main thoroughfare.

A quote from a short autobiography she wrote to accompany an article of hers in *Author and Journalist*, reveals some of her other enthusiasms: "Having started life as a mid-Westerner used to wide open spaces, I find living in a hotel room plus porch rather cramped. But I married a hotel manager, so what can I do? Incidentally that porch is inhabited by one teen-age daughter, three lovebirds, four tropical fish, a dozen or so snails and several hundred books. The latter have to be hauled to safety during every hurricane, and my husband swears that next time he marries, he's going to pick a girl who can neither read nor write. Which is a fairly sound description of me during the summer, for then I do nothing but curl up with a rod, a reel and a suntan."

Actually Stella would be the first to admit that her husband has adapted himself admirably to living with a poet. If her typewriter is going at white heat, he not only overlooks the fact that dinner is late, but turns to and whips up a snack for both of them on the hot plate. The porch mentioned in the above paragraph is no longer inhabited by Judy, however. She is now a secretary by day, a student by night and all twenty-four hours the wife of Jack Usher who also works during the day and attends evening courses at the University of Miami.

The dedication page in "Nor Bitter Nor Profane" reads: "To Harry who gave me the world . . . and Judy who made it complete." As they have made her world complete, so has Stella Weston Tuttle enriched the lives of her friends and her readers and done so without fanfare. The last two lines of her "Example For Poets" in which she speaks of a singing bird, speak for her, too:

Indifferent if his signature  
Along with beauty, shall endure.

### Did You Know . . .

That 27 years ago Gamma Phi Beta's national convention was held at the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island?

We'll reminisce about that 1927 meeting when we meet again at the Grand in July. And, if you've saved a hat (remember the helmet type?) or a flapper era dress (long waist—short skirt—no shape), tuck them into your suitcase. The May CRESCENT will tell you why.

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE by Stella Weston Tuttle is an unusual collection of poems in that more than two-thirds of them have won awards in poetry contests.

Included are winners of the Rex Memorial Prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, the Harry Kovner Memorial Prize and the Aline B. Carter Peace Prize of the Poetry Society of Texas, The Society Prize and the Thomas Gamble Memorial Prize of the Poetry Society of Georgia, the Ponce de Leon Prize and the Allied Arts Prize of the Poetry Society of Florida, and many others. The volume, itself, won the 1953 Kaleidograph Book Publication Award.

If you would like a copy of this book, please use the order blank on the reverse side.



Walla Walla, Wash., Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1954

## On Reading Club Slate

to the belief that the Dutchman Mine will one day give its treasure to a man with persistence and imagination."

Mrs. Tuttle, sister of the Walla Wallan, lives in Miami, Fla. Quoting her poet-sister, Mrs. Hall said: "The three most important characteristics of good poetry are sincerity, simplicity and sympathy. I think good poetry should be emotional rather than cerebral. . . . Anyone can hear a man's heart beat but the poet can hear it break. Unconsciously you dredge up your poems from the well of your own experiences or, as in my unrequited love poems, from the experience of others who have moved you. Since poetry is a very personal idiom, it is bound to be meaningful to the poet . . . even though it may not be autobiographical."

### Has Published Extensively

Mrs. Tuttle has had poems published in "Country Housekeeping," "Ladies Home Journal," "Saturday Evening Post," "New York Times," "Saturday Review of Literature" and others. More than half of the poems in the book reviewed are prize winners.

Indicative of the lyric quality and feeling of quiet strength is the poem, "Deaf Girl in the Spring," which William Rose Benet selected for use in the Saturday Review of Literature, Mrs. Hall declared.

"In all of her poetry there is a special quality which we might call projection. It is the ability to project herself into the heart and mind of her subject, until that which she experiences solely in imagination attains validity through the intense emotion she evokes."

The book itself, Mrs. Hall explained, is in three parts—the first containing rather general poems

about nature and people, some happy, some sad. The second is made up of love poems, mostly unrequited love, and the third is devoted to poems of religion or philosophy.

THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER. By David Russell.  
NOT BITTER NOR PROFANE. By Stella Weston Tuttle.  
The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas. Each \$2.00.

These books, co-winners in the Kaleidograph book publication contest for 1953, are alike in their lyricism and simplicity, their avoidance of the harsh, angular, and shocking approaches of so-called modernism, their sincere attempts at communication. Mr. Russell sounds the keynote of his book in the fine lyric beginning

Homer looked into the dawn,  
Sappho looked upon the sea;  
From the earth and sky was drawn  
Song that has come down to me.

Vergil looked into his heart,  
Dante searched his secret brain  
Until music found such art  
That its melodies remain.

This author's concern is occasionally but not predominantly with nature; and the same may be said of Stella Weston Tuttle, some of whose best work occurs in the sequence of two sonnets, "Reversal," in which she first describes the deer in time of peace and then the ruined wilderness in time of war:

There is no thicket left, no shadowed place  
For either hunter or the hunted now.  
No respite can be found, no moment's grace  
Behind the shelter of a laden bough.  
A shattered tree remains and that is all,  
One tree where leans a bleak and splintered plow,  
Symbol of seed if any dare recall  
How spring came once but may not come again.

Twenty-four

Wings  
Summer, 1955

8:30 p.m.

Don Tracy - Author of *The Carolina Corsair*  
Arthur W. Pinder - Former National and  
Florida Skin Diving Champion  
John H. Mettersheimer - Chairman, President  
of the Neptune Society

APRIL 12  
8:30 p.m.

ARE INTELLECTUALS AMERICA'S ONLY READERS?  
Sara Jenkins - Author of *Saddlebag Parson*  
Day Keene - Author of more than thirty  
paper back novels  
Joe Cream - Owner of the Bookworm  
Mark Garbert - Reader  
Beatrice Washburn - Book Editor of the  
*Miami Herald*  
Sam Gyson - Moderator, Commentator on  
Station WAHR

APRIL 26  
8:30 p.m.

ANIMATED MAGAZINE OF POETRY  
Phyllis Flaig Alice Boyd Stockdale  
Lillian Grant Orma Jean Surbey  
Hannah Kahn Stella Weston Tuttle  
Vivian Laramore Rader - Chairman, Poet  
Laureate of Florida

Free tickets available 6:00 p.m. on Monday previous to Thursday  
program at Main and the Branches.

MIAMI PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Union Bulletin

Miami  
Library  
Bulletin



### A VERMONTER CONSIDERS

IF yesterday I thought you kind  
Who now are so contrary,  
It proves no virtue in you, girl,  
But that I should be wary.

Yet if today I think you cruel  
And eager to prolong  
A feud in which I have no heart,  
Still—I could be wrong.

Whenever you seem thus-and-so,  
My reasoning is shaken  
As none knows better than I know  
A man can be mistaken:

For once I felled a wintry plum  
And cancelled blossoms yet to come.  
—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

### JEALOUSY

As stealthily as that first doubt that pressed  
Upon her heart until she was possessed,  
So through the hills a drop of water quivers  
Insinuating routes for future rivers.  
—Stella Weston Tuttle, Miami, Fla.

NEWS COURIER (SC) 2-7-54

### THE LOCOMOTIVE

Across the parchment of the earth  
You write with hissing pen,  
The autograph of industry,  
The manuscript of men.

—Stella Weston Tuttle.

The above quatrain was written in 1928 when the author was a junior at Rollins College in Florida. It was first published in the college magazine, and was republished in *Railway Age* and many railroad magazines. Mrs. Tuttle is the wife of Harry E. Tuttle, grandson of Julia D. Tuttle, who, with Henry M. Flagler, builder of the Florida East Coast Railway, founded the city of Miami.

RAILWAY Digest, May, 1954.

AMERICAN WEAVE  
FALL, 1955

### KALEIDOGRAPH DUAL BOOK AWARDS

NOR BITTER NOR PROFANE, by Stella Weston Tuttle  
THE INCREDIBLE FLOWER, by David Russell  
(Kaleidograph Press, Dallas. \$2 each copy.)

Reading these volumes one appreciates the problem that faced the judging committee in this annual book publication contest, a problem that could be resolved only by making two equal awards.

Both of these fine poets follow traditional patterns, but similarity in their work ends there. Mr. Russell directs his words to the intellect, in such formal lines as

"Who dares to enter this dark wood  
Should draw about him as a hood  
The warmest comradeship he can:  
The base on which his faith has stood,  
The certainty of being man."

While not lacking in thought content, Mrs. Tuttle's arrowed lines are aimed more at the heart:

"Was it thus that Mary stood  
Facing Gabriel--  
Flame upon her finger tips,  
And in her breast a bell,  
A bell like mine that as it sings,  
Quickens at the brush of wings?"

Either of these books will please the fastidious reader, the two will please him twice as much. LW

KALEIDOGRAPH  
MARCH, 1954

The Lyric, Spring, 1954  
Song Out Of Silence  
Won Judges Prize.  
L-R Group, JAN. 1953.

### SONG OUT OF SILENCE

April speaks  
without a sound,  
her green tongue rippling  
underground,  
her syllables  
of sunlit gold  
muffled still  
by touch of cold.  
Eloquent  
through blade and root,  
April sings  
who long was mute,  
sings inaudibly,  
unheard,  
but soon each bough  
will bear the word,  
each bud unfurl  
that all may hear  
her litany  
for this bright year.

### THE LOVELY AND LOST

Bleak yet beautiful the rock  
Bears the surging tide . . .  
Like the thin girl where the crowd  
Eddies to each side;  
Like the thin girl on the curb  
Smiling if you speak,  
So the rock submits to water  
Beautiful . . . yet bleak.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE



## RAILROADS

### TRACK STAR

Across the parchment of the earth  
You write with hissing pen,  
The autograph of industry,  
The manuscript of men.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE,  
The Locomotive

To the manuscript of men last month, a new hissing pen added yet another chapter. The writer: a giant 161-ft., 586-ton coal-burning steam-turbine electric engine that is reportedly the biggest single-unit locomotive ever built. Delivered to the Norfolk & Western Railroad by its tripartite team of builders (Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp., Westinghouse Electric Corp., Babcock & Wilcox Co.), the monster engine will undergo rugged tests before beginning regular runs on the N&W.

## DISCOVERY

One afternoon when I was nearly four  
A loosened board in our back fence fell down,  
And suddenly my world in miniature  
Spilled over to a garden not my own.  
Bright morning-glories made a vivid frame  
About the opening, their pink and blue  
Like tiny flags that beckoned as I came  
And fluttered gaily as I scrambled through.

And just beyond—what miracle awaited!  
A little girl of my own age was there,  
So like myself we could have been related,  
With the same chubbiness and tangled hair.  
She didn't say a word, yet some dim star  
Decreed we would be friends. And we still are!

Stella Weston Tuttle

—Is Juliette are sheer and beautiful

← FORBES MAGAZINE

JUNE 15, 1954

MIAMI HERALD, OCT. 18, 1954

## Mrs. Tuttle To Discuss Entering Poem Contests

If you're a contest bug, and if you're a poet, Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle's talk is for you.

She'll be guest speaker at the 8:30 p.m. meeting Tuesday of the Miami Poetry Group at Mirror Poster Printing, 836 SW First st.

Mrs. Tuttle, who draws up a semi-annual contest chart, will tell about entering poems in contests and selling them.

Her own poetry has been published in popular magazines

and she won the 1953 Kaleidograph Books Publication Award. Beginning Wednesday she'll conduct a poetry work shop for eight weeks at the YWCA.

Monthly contest for the poetry group will be for sonnets.

Poets whose work has been published are eligible to enter. Mrs. Stephen Parrish is the person to call if you're interested in joining the group.

← GOOD HOUSEKEEPING —

10 Lessons \$7.50

### POETRY HOUR

Stella Weston Tuttle, Instructor and Critic

Studio 1

Writing poetry for fun or for profit. Mrs. Tuttle has published three books.

WEDNESDAYS . . 10 A. M. - 11 A. M.

CLASS BEGINS OCTOBER 20



### THE FAIREST GIFT

Soft the herald angels sing  
As underneath a Star  
The shepherds and the Wise Men kneel  
With treasure from afar.

And beautiful the burnished gold,  
The frankincense and myrrh,  
Yet the herald angels' gift  
Is even lovelier.

For it, a tiny halo, turns  
So luminous the place  
Above the Child that Mary leans  
As if to shield His face.

Then hushed the herald angels stand—  
No word at all they speak,  
For brighter than the halo burns  
The tear on Mary's cheek.

S. W. T.

STELLA AND HARRY TUTTLE



WISCONSIN Poetry Magazine  
SEPT. - OCT. '55

LEGEND

Once I watched a meadowlark  
Investigating something dark;  
And as he searched, an ardent note  
Dripped like silver from his throat.

And what it was he challenged there  
This tiny sentinel of the air,  
I do not know, but something dim  
Plummeted to silence him.

I only know that morning found  
Notes of silver on the ground;  
Notes of silver and the stain  
Where song was stilled and rapture slain.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

CHATTANOOGA Audubon  
Society Bulletin, 1955

Stella Weston Tuttle, who was elected Class Agent at the reunion meeting last March tells us that she won a \$100 prize for one of her poems. It came from the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and Elizabeth Warren Jones Award. She said it already had gone toward an outboard motor for her husband Harry, due to some neat timing on his part arranging his birthday to coincide with the award. You all will be hearing more from Stella in the very near future.

ROLLINS RECORD

Return

Hushed lies the meadow,  
Mute lies the lane;  
Someone beloved  
Is coming again—

Someone whose going  
Kindled such grief  
It withered the grasses  
And crumbled the leaf.

Someone approaches;  
See how the fern  
Shines where her sandals  
Casually turn

Into our valley;  
See how each stem  
Trembles at knowing  
The touch of her hem

Lovely as morning,  
Light as the deer  
She pauses on tiptoe:  
Summer is here.

—Stella Weston Tuttle

THE ELIZABETH WARREN JONES PRIZE

*The Valiant*

Scalding the snow  
a scarlet thread  
wavers from  
his antlered head

and scarlet gushes  
from his side  
as his great heart thuds  
in a scarlet tide.

Yet he stands erect . . .  
He stands unshorn  
of his innate pride,  
his innate scorn

of those who cringe.  
He stands as one  
who knows he looms  
against the sun.

A moment more  
his nostrils flare  
with a final gulp  
of wintry air

before his labored  
breathing stops . . .  
And the whole wood shudders  
as he drops.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE  
Gralynn Hotel  
Miami, Fla.

Honorable Mention:  
TRANSPORTS  
Margaret McGarvey  
504 Dartmouth Street  
Brunswick, Georgia  
CAROLINA SWAMP  
Slann Legare Clement

THE JEFFERSON PECANS  
Richard Frederick Armknecht  
497 Boylston Street  
Brookline 46, Mass.

SOUTH CAROLINA P.S. Yearbook  
1955



## The Aline B. Carter Peace Award

### CONFESSIONAL

PEACE lies stricken . . .  
On her brow  
the thorns of our  
complacency now

pierce her flesh,  
her garments rent  
by fragments of  
each covenant

that we have broken,  
while in grief  
her fingers loose  
the olive leaf.

For none sustained her  
when she fell:  
neither statesman,  
infidel,

priest or poet . . .  
All relied  
on the warriors  
at her side.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Poetry Society of Texas

YEARBOOK 1955.

### BREATH

SUSPENDED on the frosty air  
it hovers, manifest and clear,

its fragile signature of flight  
made visible against the bright

and wintry stars before it drifts  
away in ragged hieroglyphs.

And I who watch its sudden rise  
against the parchment of the skies

am startled at this essence half  
resembling my own autograph.

Stella Weston Tuttle

American Weave

Summer, 1955

### THE MABEL SWOPE MEMORIAL PRIZE

#### Reflection

Silhouetted in the sedge  
That lies along the water's edge,

He stands bewildered . . . stands aware  
Another colt is mirrored there,

A colt whose large and liquid eyes  
Are filled like his, with sheer surprise.

Pricking his ears to full alert,  
He flares his nostrils, paws the dirt,

Until stiff-legged, he turns and breaks  
Into a canter. As he rakes

The air with hooves that glint with light  
The other, too, is spurred to flight

And running flank to golden flank  
They race along the river bank.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE  
P. O. Box 392  
Miami, Fla.

Honorable Mention:  
WHITE-GOLD MOMENT  
Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Poetry Society of S.C.

YEARBOOK

1956.



10-1-56

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE  
LUDD M. SPIVEY, PRESIDENT  
LAKELAND, FLORIDA

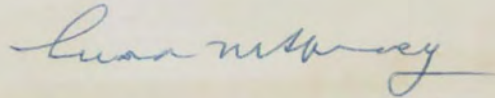
September 12, 1956

Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle  
P. O. Box 392  
Miami 3, Florida

Dear Mrs. Tuttle:

It is a very great pleasure for me to send you the enclosed check in the amount of \$100.00 as the third place award in the Wallace Stevens Poetry Competition. My sincere congratulations to you.

Cordially yours,



LUDD M. SPIVEY  
President

LMS:cs

WALLACE STEVENS AWARDS

Florida Southern College announces the winners in this national competition:

- First, \$500: "The House of Fire", by T. Weiss
- Second, \$250: "All Hallows", by Byron Vazakas
- Third, \$100: "For Wallace Stevens"  
by Stella Weston Tuttle
- Fourth, \$50: "Never a Dull Moment", by Donald Hall



The Poet's Workshop  
All-States Poetry Day Award

EVEN THE TREE . . .

STRANGE he should hang  
in the darkest wood—  
he who found small things  
bright and good.

Even that day,  
that very hour  
when his shadow blurred  
the passion flower

he noted how  
its fragile stem  
seemed to reach  
an arm to him

and even the tree  
where the rope was thrown  
scattered bloom  
for him alone.

Strange he should hang  
in the darkest wood,  
he who found small things  
bright and good.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

Dedie Huffman Wilson

*Second* Annual

Poetry Day Pegasus Award

Presented to

*Stella Weston Tuttle*

Poet of the year *1956*

For significant achievement in the  
field of Poetry as exemplified in the  
prize-winning poem:

*"Even the Tree"*



The Poets' Workshop  
San Jose, California

*Dedie Huffman Wilson*  
Chairman





## Public Relations Department

---

Lakeland, Aug. 15 -- (Special) -- "The House of Fire," by T. Weiss, of Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, has been judged the outstanding poem in the Wallace Stevens Awards, national poetry contest sponsored by Florida Southern College.

Dr. Ludd M. Spivey, president of the college, announced today that the second place award goes to Byron Vazakas, of Cambridge, Mass., for his composition, "All Hallows."

The third place winner is Mrs. Stella Weston Tuttle, of Miami, Fla., who submitted the poem, "For Wallace Stevens." The fourth place award goes to Donald Hall, Jr., of Lexington, Mass., for his "Never A Dull Moment."

The national poetry contest was named in honor of the late Wallace Stevens, New York lawyer, insurance executive and poet. The first place award is \$500; second, \$250; third, \$100 and fourth, \$50.

Judges for the national competition, offered to stimulate interest in poetry, were Hy Jordan Sobelloff, financier and poet of New York City; Conrad Aiken, internationally-known poet and literary critic of New York; John L. Sweeney, of Harvard University; and Allen Tate, of the University of Minnesota.

-----



11-22

POETRY SOCIETY OF TEXAS

PRESIDENT, MARTIN SHOCKLEY  
VICE PRESIDENT, ARTHUR SAMPLEY  
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, CATHERINE CASE LUBBE  
TREASURER, MARVIN DAVIS WINSETT  
RECORDING SECRETARY, MABEL M. KUYKENDALL

DIRECTORS  
FAYE CARR ADAMS  
WILLIAM D. BARNEY

November 15, 1956

Stella Weston Tuttle  
PO Box 392  
Miami 3, Florida

Dear Stella Weston Tuttle:

I am happy to inform you that your poem, "Even the Tree," was announced winner of the Poets' Workshop All-States Poetry Day Award at the November meeting of the Poetry Society of Texas. You will receive a check for fifty dollars from our Treasurer.

I enclose the Dedie Huffman Wilson Second Annual Poetry Day Pegasus Award naming you Poet of the Year. I include my personal congratulations on your achievement.

Cordially yours

*Martin Shockley*  
Martin Shockley

Also Judge's Prize L-R Group, April  
1955 and Tied for Safford Prize



## FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED WORK

# Society To Honor Poet at Montalvo

SARATOGA—A laurel wreath will be placed on the head of a prize-winning poet at Villa Montalvo today, in the manner of the ancient Greeks.

The occasion is the annual awards program of the Edwin Markham Poetry Society. It will be held in the Greek Amphitheater at the villa at 2:30 p.m.

This will be followed by the society's 1956 California Olympiad, a Montalvo Poetry Award for the best unpublished poem in this nationwide contest.

Gold and silver trophies will be given first and second-place winners and books of poetry to third-place and honorable mention recipients. Mrs. Holly Drew Geary, program chairman, will introduce the winners.

To be crowned is Margaret Lewis Albanese of San Rafael. She will be coronated by Mrs. Evelyn Sloan, president of the society. Miss Albanese also will get a gold trophy.

Second-place winner Dorothea H. Chappell of Mt. Hamilton will be presented a silver trophy by Mrs. Gertrude Gale, president of The Valley Writers.

Tied for third place are William Rushworth of Huntington Park and J. Furlong of Mill Valley. Their awards will be presented by Mrs. Gwendolen Penniman, chairman of the Olympiad contest, and Mrs. Dedie Huffman Wilson, chairman of judges.

All told, there are 14 awards to be given. Winning poems will be read by the poets or by Mrs. Penniman during the program. Refreshments will be served afterward, with Mrs. Leora Emig as hostess.

Among the judges for the contest are Mrs. Gertrude May Lutz of Los Altos, winner of many poetry awards herself; Lillith Lorraine, editor of the Texas poetry magazine *Flame*

and author of "Character Against Chaos"; Stella Watson Tuttle, who won the Kaleidograph Book Publication Award for 1953 for her "Nor Bitter Nor Profane," and Mrs. Wilson, who conducts the Poet's Workshop.

Jane Hendon is publicity chairman and Gertrude Casad chairman of classification and rules.

The Markham society hopes to continue the Olympiad every four years. The idea was fostered over 25 years ago by the late Senator James D. Phelan, founder of Villa Montalvo, and the late Dr. Henry Meade Bland, poet laureate of California.



STELLA WATSON TUTTLE  
... Judge of poetry

## THE ELIZABETH WARREN JONES PRIZE

### Spinster

Once she ran southward  
lithe and fleet,  
fragrant her flesh  
and apple-sweet,

her body blossoming  
as though  
unmindful of  
impending snow.

Once she ran southward . . .  
Now she rocks  
circled by sound  
of ticking clocks,

her small mouth crumpled  
and tightly pursed  
against all hunger  
and all thirst.

And so she waits  
as wait she must,  
her fruit unfelled  
her petals dust,

hoarding but this  
in her shrunken world:  
one leaf . . . still green  
and furled.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE  
Miami, Fla.

### Honorable Mention:

JEHU  
Katherine Drayton Mayrant Simons

WOULD THAT YOU WERE DEAD, MARIANA  
Slann Legare Clement

DARK BIRD FLYING  
Harriet Gray Blackwell  
Miami, Fla.

Poetry Society  
of So. Caro-  
lina Yearbook  
1957



THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

GUSTAV DAVIDSON, Secretary  
227 EAST 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Nov 2/57

Dear Mrs Tuttle

I am happy to inform you that your poem  
"Hawk" won 1st prize (\$20) at our Oct 31/57  
meeting. Check will be sent you shortly.  
Congratulations!

Sincerely  
Gustav Davidson

The SATURDAY EVENING  
POST, OCTOBER, 1957

**Song for  
September**

By Stella Weston Tuttle

It was the willow that bent  
in sorrow  
Down, down from the  
brooding sky  
As though to touch the  
boy—as though  
To hold him close in a last  
good-by.

It was the willow that bent  
in sorrow,  
But it was the pine tree,  
tall and proud,  
The boy beheld in the  
distant forest:  
It was the pine in a cape of  
cloud.

It was the willow that bent  
in sorrow,  
But it was the pine, aloof  
and chill,  
The boy remembered  
winter-long—  
Remembers still.

**POETRY SOCIETY  
of AMERICA**

**Prize-Winning Poems, 1957-1958**

Note: No public use may be made of these poems without express permission from their authors, who control all rights, excepting those which they may have sold or consigned. The poems were read at our meetings, received the highest votes cast by members at the meetings, and are now presented to the entire membership for a final vote, through which our prizes are awarded. Both associate and active members are urged to vote for poems.

**HAWK**

Sinister  
he whets the blade  
of his beak  
on those afraid  
on the small  
the terror-torn  
mouse that cowers  
in the corn.  
Only the falcon  
trained to wrist,  
cruelty  
made manifest,  
envies him  
whose savage need  
stems from hunger  
not from greed.



STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

THE QUICKENING

Before she saw him in the wood,  
saw Gabriel,  
Mary stood  
unbreathing, startled and aware  
of something more than silence there  
beneath the shadowed boughs—

of words  
soft spoken as the lift of birds  
through stillness  
or the sudden rush  
of whirring wings in underbrush.

Words like wings became a cloud  
about her shoulders;  
never loud  
but soft as feathers are, they spread  
in galaxies above her head—

she, the innocent, whose laughter  
would know the weight of wings thereafter.

The slow days passed as Mary went  
musing  
wrapped in shy content  
her grave eyes full of peace. It seemed  
almost that she had dreamed  
Gabriel—  
had dreamed the light  
which turned her tremulous and bright  
that hour she learned of wondrous things  
folded close  
in sweep of wings.

Then summer-heavy, Mary heard  
again each hushed, each secret word,  
remembering  
as something stirred.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(23)

Voices

Sept. - Dec. Issue, 1958

Safford Prize, 1954

Also "The Golden Year"

Poetry Society of America  
50th Anniversary Anthology.



# ROCKING CHAIR

GENTLY it cradles her,  
Waiting alone,  
Her body shrunken  
And brittle of bone.

Softly it croons to her  
Now half asleep,  
Nodding at memories  
Old people keep.

Sadly it sways with her,  
Both of them knowing,  
Old rocker . . . old lady . . .  
Why they are slowing.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

*Cecil Rockwell Award, 1957  
Kaleidograph, 1959.*

# NOON IN THE EVERGLADES

Gilding the brown and austere blades  
Of grass that mark the Everglades,  
Lavishly the hot sun pours  
Its radiance on all outdoors.  
Yet nothing moves. The great white crane  
Stands stiffly as a weathervane  
While in the mangrove roots a snake  
Lies looped in slumber. Half awake  
The sprawling alligators bed  
Themselves in sunlight, seeming dead.  
For time itself solidifies  
Beneath these blue enamelled skies  
Till suddenly a breeze springs up  
Tilting the glades like a great, gold cup —  
Tilting the glades like an amber glass  
As Life sweeps forth on a tide of grass.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

*Judge's Prize, March 1956  
3rd Prize Annual Awards "  
L-R. Group. The Lyric.  
1959.*

# MISS MARY

A year—five years—  
Long ago  
her sun grew dim,  
her flesh turned snow.

Yet can one measure  
time so filled  
with her whose voice  
has not been stilled?

A year—five years—  
All who stir  
within this garden  
know of her

for even now  
her light foot falls  
upon this path  
and from these walls

her murmur echoes.  
By this pool  
her shadow leans,  
serene and cool,

the liquid tinkling  
of her laugh  
a bright, a radiant  
epitaph.

STELLA TUTTLE

*Winner Mary Dunkling Gray  
National Award - 1958.  
The Lyric - Summer, 1959.*



STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

QUIET GIRL

Elusive as wavering mist or pine-smoke  
rising in winter,  
you sit with limp hands curved—  
curved on the arms of a rocker:

you whose pulse is slow,  
whose eye holds blankness—peace.

Unmindful you sit, unaware  
of the brooding terror at home,  
unaware of the brisk routine  
in the tangled haste of the clinic:

you—an island of calm  
in the lashing of turbulent waters.

Elude them, Anna Marie.  
Elude the impatient young doctors,  
trying with a terrible energy  
to remake you  
in their own image.

SOFT WINTER — HARD WINTER

Winter north is winter muted  
Under whiteness. On the fluted  
Drifts the trees kneel hushed as though  
Wearing cassocks thick with snow.

Winter south is hard with glitter.  
Branches burn if frost lies bitter  
On the bough while fruit turned glass  
Spins and splinters as you pass.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

(29)

*Voices, Winter  
1960.*

*Judge's Prize, L-R  
Group, June, 1958.*

HAWK

Sinister  
he whets the blade  
of his beak  
on those afraid,

on the small  
the terror-torn  
mouse that cowers  
in the corn.

Only the falcon  
trained to wrist,  
cruelty  
made manifest,

envies him  
whose savage need  
stems from hunger  
not from greed.

(28)

*1st Prize, Poetry  
Society of America  
October, 1957.*



UM Library Friends Spur Writers with Volume of Prize Verse

# Poetry Book Marks a Gain for Mia

Reviewed by Hannah Kahn  
Poet and Critic

**POETRY CHAPBOOK No. 1,**  
The 1960 Prize Winning  
Poems, (Friends of the Uni-  
versity Library, University  
of Miami, \$1.00).

The Friends of the University  
Library, of  
which Marjory  
Stoneman  
Douglas is  
president, is an  
association of  
book loving  
people. One of  
their purposes  
is "to carry to  
the whole com-  
munity the  
great tradition  
and ennobling  
force of let-  
ters."



Hannah  
Kahn

The Poetry Festival which  
they sponsored was the means  
of giving encouragement and  
recognition to the poets of  
South Florida.

Donald Justice, who was  
born and raised in Miami, is  
the author of *The Summer  
Anniversaries*. He was the  
final judge of the prize-win-  
ning poems that appear in  
this Chapbook.

This handsomely illustrated  
volume is both an affirmation  
and a promise of the cul-  
tural potentialities of our  
community. The art editors,  
Fred Albert and Norman Ko-  
ski, deserve much praise for  
the distinguished appearance  
of this book.

*Poetry Chapbook No. 1* is  
dedicated to the memory  
of Audrey Wurdemann (Mrs.  
Joseph Auslander) who died  
May 18 and who lived in Cor-



Robert  
Frost  
... backer



Donald  
Justice  
... judge



Marjory  
Douglas  
... leader



Stella  
Tuttle  
... winner



Philip  
Wylie  
... donor

al Gables for two years prior  
to her death. The final sonnet  
from her book, *Testament of  
Love*, is the first poem in the  
Chapbook and ends with these  
memorable lines:

So by the pattern of it I may  
live  
Unchanged and young, what-  
ever snows descend,  
However time betrays me at  
the end.

More than 200 poems in four  
different categories were  
submitted in the contest from  
which the prizewinning poems  
were selected. A \$50 cash  
prize for the best poem in the  
Festival was donated by Rob-  
ert Frost.

"Two Delicate and Long  
People" by Barton Midwood  
won the Philip Wylie award  
for the best lyric and also  
was chosen as the best poem  
in all categories. Midwood's  
is a sensitive lyric and the

reader feels instinctively  
that the writer is both a mu-  
sician and an artist.

The words paint an imag-  
inative picture; the music is  
inherent in lines that do not  
depend on rhyme yet are sus-  
tained by their own rhythm.

The Vivian Laramore Rader  
Award, which was offered for  
the best poem by a high  
school student, went to Joan  
Miller of Coral Gables Senior  
High School. Her poem  
"Haunted House," has matur-  
ity and originality.

Miss Miller has excellent  
usage of structured free verse  
and the poem contains implica-  
tions of an awareness of the  
interrelationships of past,  
present and future.

THE Marjory Stoneman  
Douglas award went to Stella  
Weston Tuttle for her poem  
"Summit Conference Remem-

bered." This is a short, in-  
tense, dramatic poem that  
begins with the lines:

Before me sprawls  
a dying man  
and in my side  
his wound began  
and in my eyes  
his own stare stricken  
and on my tongue  
his last words thicken.

The Hervey Allen Award for  
the best sonnet sequence was  
awarded to Carol Rinehart  
for her poem "Two Different  
Ways of Looking at the Same  
Person." Though written in  
the traditional framework of  
the sonnet, this sequence is  
the most modern in thematic  
approach and concept of any  
poem in the volume. The poem  
starts:

You are the imperfect soar-  
ing gibbon moon  
Come late and strange and

unexpected.  
As if I walked and walked  
all afternoon  
Down into fields where crows  
collected.

Donald Justice chose this  
poem as second best in the  
entire festival and it was  
awarded a cash prize donated  
by Philip Wylie in honor of  
his friend Hervey Allen.

For the third best poem in  
the Festival, the judge chose  
"Wild Persimmon," by Orma  
Jean Surbey. Her cash prize  
was awarded to her in the  
memory of Jay Roderick De-  
Spain who lived in Miami for  
many years and of whom it  
has been truly said that, given  
a choice of a book or  
bread, he bought the book.

In addition to the top prize  
winners, book awards for out-  
standing poems included in  
this volume went to: Alice  
Boyd Stockdale, Harriet Gray

Blackwell, L.  
Phyllis Flaig,  
In the high  
the second pl  
Ann Stockdal  
"Unknown,"  
tion was awa  
Goss, of Mia  
School, for h  
sis."

Doris Beno  
and art editor  
and Ruby Fo  
the poets of  
recognition.

Abdul Hadd  
izing the  
makes this co  
poetry means  
"It is the w  
windmill w  
town,  
One may not  
and only th  
vives the gr  
Yet the preci  
mill is use  
disorder of t

## The Poet's Corner

Each week, the Hurricane will present outstand-  
ing poetry written by UM faculty members, stu-  
dents and friends. This week's poem is taken from  
the first annual *Poetry Chapbook*, published by the  
Friends of the University Library; the *Chapbook*  
is available at the University Bookstore for \$1.  
This poem, by longtime friend of the University,  
Stella Weston Tuttle, was awarded first prize in  
the Friends' Marjory Stoneman Douglas competi-  
tion last April.

### Summit Conference Remembered

Before me sprawls  
a dying man  
and in my side  
his wound began

and in my eyes  
his own stare stricken  
and on my tongue  
his last words thicken.

Too late I know  
that I shall lie  
within his grave  
until I die.

Stella Weston Tuttle

CARRIE BLAINE YEISER NATIONAL AWARD  
1959



The Glades

June 17, 1960

Dear Stella Teittle

May I offer you  
my sincere congratulations  
for winning an award  
in the Hervey Allen  
poetry competition -  
Mr. Allen felt that there  
was no greater gift  
than that of writing  
poetry and the award  
would have made him  
proud.

Sincerely

Ann Andrews Allen

Mrs. Hervey Allen

Poetry CHAPBOOK # 1. 1960 - Vol. 4.

Also won \$100 Wallace Stevens Contest Prize  
1956.



The  
Lyric  
Fall, 1960

POET

(For Audrey Wurdemann)

She lies lost as in a dream,  
Frail as though a flowing stream

Of water smoothed the pillow where  
Floats the bright cloud of her hair.

She lies languid, wrapped in sleep  
Like water swirling, shadowed, deep,

The arc of her cupped fingers pressed  
As though in prayer. Be not distressed.

O do not call her, do not wake  
Her or cry out for pity's sake:

Let her go who had the mild,  
The lovely candor of a child.

STELLA WESTON TUTTLE

The Saturday Evening Post  
September 10, 1960

**Night Before  
Harvest**

By Stella Weston Tuttle.

One last time  
My apples flare  
Down corridors  
Of frosty air

Like candles swaying  
At the sound  
Of footsteps treading  
Holy ground.

For underneath  
Each weighted limb  
The orchard spreads  
Cathedral-dim

Until a drift  
Of starlight dapples  
These last moments  
With my apples.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1960



slie B Bain Theodore Pratt Fred Shaw Hannah Kahn Robert Fr  
rbey Lillian Grant Harriet Gray Blackwell Alice Boyd Stockda  
n Miller Ann Stockdale Carroll Goss Stella Weston Tuttle  
Carol Rinehart Robert Frost Leslie B Bain Theodore Pratt  
ip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey Lillian Grant Harriet Gray Blackw  
vian Laramore Rader Joan Miller Ann Stockdale Carol Rinehar  
is Flaig Theodore  
ilip Wyl Gray Blac  
vian L roll Goss  
Flaig eslie B  
aw Ha an Grant  
e Boyd Ann Stoc  
ston Tut nehart R  
eodore R rma Jean  
ay Blac ader Jao  
ll Gos y Allen  
eodore Philip W  
n Grant rian L  
n Stockdale Flai  
t Robert Fro w Ha  
Jean Surbey Lilli e Boyd  
der Joan Miller An erton T  
y Allen Carol Rineha Theodor  
hn Philip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey Lillian Grant Harriet Gra  
le Harriet Gray Blackwell Alice Boyd Stockdale Carroll Goss  
Flaig Hervey Allen Carol Rinehart Robert Frost Leslie B Ba  
nnah Kahn Philip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey Lillian Grant Harr  
ockdale Vivian Laramore Rader Joan Miller Ann Stockdale Ca  
le Phyllis M Flaig Hervey Allen Carol Rinehart Robert Fros  
att Fred Shaw Hannah Kahn Philip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey L  
ackwell Alice Boyd Stockdale Vivian Laramore Rader Joan Mil

# FLORIDA AUTHOR NIGHTS

ss Stella Weston Tuttle Phyllis M Flaig Hervey Allen Carol  
e B Bain Theodore Pratt Fred Shaw Hannah Kahn Philip Wylie  
ant Harriet Gray Blackwell Alice Boyd Stockdale Vivian Lara  
ockdale Carroll Goss Stella Weston Tuttle Phyllis M Flaig  
slie B Bain Theodore Pratt Fred Shaw Hannah Kahn Robert Fr  
rbey Lillian Grant Harriet Gray Blackwell Alice Boyd Stockd  
an Miller Ann Stockdale Carroll Goss Stella Weston Tuttle  
rol Rinehart Robert Frost Leslie B Bain Theodore Pratt Fre  
e Orma Jean Blackwell Al  
ay Blackwell Rinehart R  
odore Pratt Orma Jean  
ay Blackwell re Rader Joa  
ll Goss Ste rvey Allen  
eodore Pratt Orma Jean  
Gray Blackw more Rader  
rroll Goss Hervey Alle  
eodore Pratt Orma Jean  
la Weston Tu ip Wylie Vi  
ller Ann St Theodore Pr  
ilip Wylie et Gray Blac  
vian Laramore Carroll Goss  
M Flaig Her in Theodore  
hn Philip W Harriet Gra  
ale Vivian dale Carol  
yllis M Flaig B Bain Theo  
hn Philip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey Lillian Stockdale Stella  
aig Hervey Allen Alice Boyd Stockdale Harriet Gray Blackwel  
ller Ann Stockdale Carroll Goss Leslie B Bain Theodore Pra  
ilip Wylie Orma Jean Surbey Lillian Stockdale Stella Weston  
ed Shaw Philip Wylie Vivian Laramore Rader Joan Miller Ann  
e B Bain Theodore Pratt Fred Shaw Hannah Kahn Philip Wylie  
ant Robert Frost Hervey Allen Harriet Gray Blackwell Herve  
Tuttle Carroll Goss Leslie B Bain Fred Shaw Harriet Gray  
slie Bain Hervey Allen Robert Frost Alice Boyd Stockdale V  
ss Stella Weston Tuttle Theodore Pratt Fred Shaw Orma Jean

READ! ENJOY!

Bain, Leslie  
*The War of Confusion*  
Blackwell, Harriet Gray  
*The Lightning Tree*  
Pratt, Theodore  
*Seminole*  
Tuttle, Stella Weston  
*Nor Bitter Nor Profane*

Miami LIBRARY BROCHURE  
Dec. 1960.



DEAF GIRL WITH PARAKEET

Quiet her life,  
quiet as death  
or the fluttering mist  
of an old man's breath,

yet watching the bird  
that perched without sound  
on her open hand,  
one day she found

she could hear the green  
in the willow trees  
and the sun's bright gold—  
She could hear these.

She could hear the smile  
on an old man's lips  
and the blue of the bird  
at her fingertips!

"THE LITTLE GIRL FAILED TO IDENTIFY HIM"

Centered in the blazing sun  
yet rimmed with darkness,  
he carries with him a margin of shadow  
dim and unerasable.

Always he walks away  
disappearing over a hill  
beyond a curve  
behind a clump of elderberry,  
leaving the landscape without any mark  
of his presence.



# POET

(For Audrey Wurdemann)

Stella Weston Tuttle  
She lies lost as in a dream,  
frail as though a flowing stream  
of water smoothed the pillow where  
floats the bright cloud of her hair.  
She lies languid, wrapped in sleep  
like water swirling, shadowed, deep,  
the arc of her cupped fingers pressed  
as though in prayer. Be not distressed.  
O do not call her, do not wake  
her or cry out for pity's sake:  
Let her go who had the mild,  
the lovely candor of a child.

The Lyric

## INCIDENT ON A SOUTHERN CAMPUS

Who runs the gauntlet runs alone.  
The thrust  
the hurtling stone  
seek out the bleak, the brittle  
bone.

The undefended  
stands his ground  
instinctively aware the sound  
of wrath must flame into a shout  
before it flickers  
and dies out.

But it increases ...  
He recoils  
as spittle clings to him and soils  
his flesh.  
Fear oozing from each pore,  
he stiffens rather than implore  
the ranks to open up,  
to part  
before the pounding of his heart.

Cries of fury fill his ears.  
His eyes are blinded,  
not with tears  
but with the loneliness of years.  
And then a student stems the tide,  
stepping forth to walk beside  
the one rejected,  
denied.

At once the mob becomes unmobbed.  
The gauntlet crumbles  
being robbed of its conviction  
by the view  
that makes majorities  
of two.

-----Stella Weston Tuttle

Flamingo, Dec.

1960

Poetry Chapbook No. 2. →

## What Miamians Can Do When They Write Verse

By HANNAH KAHN  
Herald Poetry Editor

POETRY CHAPBOOK NO. 2,  
The 1961 Prize-Winning  
Poems (University of Mi-  
ami Press, 25 cents).

John Ciardi, Edward Davi-  
son, Rebecca Reyher and  
Max Wylie were the four  
eminent writers presented by  
Friends of the University Li-  
brary in their lecture series.  
They brought inspiration to  
members, but the inexpensive  
Chapbook, with its 13 prize-  
winning poems, offers recog-  
nition and encouragement to  
all South Florida's poets.

Robert Hillyer selected Mi-  
amian Robert Vaughn's  
poem, "The Other Journey,"  
for the \$50 Robert Frost-do-  
nated award. Vaughn's poem  
was judged best in all classi-  
fications.

Vaughn graduated from  
the University in 1949. While  
he was still a student, two  
of his one-act plays were  
produced at UM. He has  
traveled extensively in the  
Caribbean. More recently, he  
has been offered a creative  
writing fellowship by the Uni-  
versity of Iowa.

His winning poem describes



Robert  
Vaughn



Doris  
Reno



Stella  
Tuttle

a sea journey. These are  
significant lines:

"Pale Plato once in conversa-  
tion traced  
A chart of our position when  
he spoke  
Of man as looking wallward."

★ ★ ★

Doris Reno, The Herald's  
music and art editor, won the  
Hervey Allen award for a  
sonnet sequence (as judged  
by Edward Davison).

The first of her "Sonnets  
of Man and Woman" ends:

"Who, living as each man  
leavened luscious men,  
Looking not backward for

ward, out or in,  
Only at stone with love,  
dared not to care  
That none remembered who  
carved what, or when."

Phyllis M. Flaig, second to  
Mrs. Reno with her "Africa  
Awakes," writes of that con-  
tinent: "Small wonder that  
her waking pulse is wild, who  
slept half unaware, half  
reconciled." Third was Har-  
riet Gray Blackwell for  
"Small Town South, 1910."

Stella Weston Tuttle,  
awarded the Philip Wylie  
award by Judge Charles A.  
Goff for her "Incident on  
Southern Campus," writes:

"At once the mob becomes  
unmobbed  
The gauntlet crumbles  
Being robbed of its convic-  
tion by the view  
That makes majorities of  
two."

Second was Dorothy Web-  
ber's "Waxen Candles Weep-  
ing," third Phyllis Flaig's  
"Nymph With the Blue-Black  
Hair."

Joseph Auslander gave the  
Marjory Stoneman Douglas  
award to Carol Morrison for  
"Wife." This prize is for col-  
lege students. Second was Ag-  
nes Jones Homan's "Winter  
Funeral," with its imagery  
akin to painting. Third was  
Alice Davidson's "Love's Ri-  
val."

High school students'  
poems were judged by Vivian  
Laramore Rader, who gave  
top prize to Donna Kiene for  
her remarkable lyric "Up-  
land Genesis." Miss Kiene's  
poem has scope, intensity and  
majestic lyricism. We can  
only hope she continues to  
develop a talent that is au-  
thentic and already more  
than promising.

Second was Miriam Klein's  
excellent "The Fish," written  
with a cadence that obscures  
its lack of rhyme, and third  
was "Segment," by Ann  
Stockdale, daughter of U.S.  
Ambassador to Ireland.

Miami Herald - June 11, 1961





Who's Who  
of American Women

[A Section of the Marquis National Biographe Reference File]

TUTTLE, Stella Weston, author; b. Mpls., Mar. 6, 1907; d. Charles Galen and Ella (Derby) Weston; B.A., Rollins Coll., 1930; m. Harry E. Tuttle, May 28, 1931; 1 dau., Julia (Mrs. John W. Usher). Author: Daguerrotypes, 1929; Of Hopeful Greenstuff Woven, 1936; Nor Bitter Nor Profane, 1953; asst. editor Fla. Mag. of Verse, Winter Park, 1941-43; editor, Poetry Contest Chart, Miami, Fla., 1951—, Recipient Rex Meml. prize Poetry Soc. of S.C., 1953; Thomas Gamble Meml. award Poetry Soc. Ga., 1953; Aline B. Carter Peace prize Poetry Soc. Tex., 1951-54, All-States Poetry award, 1956. Harry Koyner Meml. award, 1951. Mem. Poetry Soc. of Am. Va., Ga., S.C., Laramore-Rader Poetry Group of Miami, Gamma Phi Beta. Home: P.O. Box 392. Office: Gralynn Hotel, Miami 3, Fla.

9

NOON IN THE EVERGLADES

Gilding the brown and austere blades  
Of grass that mark the Everglades

Abundantly the hot sun pours  
Its radiance on all outdoors.

Yet nothing moves. The great white crane  
Stands stiffly as a weathervane

And just beyond him, stark as stone,  
The gaunt anhinga waits alone

Upon a cypress stump, each wing  
Outflung to dry. Shimmering

Among the mangrove roots, a snake  
Lies looped in slumber. Half awake

The sprawling alligators bed  
Themselves in sunlight, seeming dead.

For time itself solidifies  
Beneath these blue enamelled skies

Till suddenly a breeze springs up  
Tilting the glades like a great, gold cup—

Tilting the glades like an amber glass  
As life sweeps forth over tides of grass.

Stella Weston Tuttle

REMORSE

The word  
WE spoke today  
Stands graven on a soul...  
Remorse can be a bitter cup  
To drain!

Ethel E. Mann

The Sphinx - Autumn, 1962



# *The Poetry Society Of Virginia*



Announces Its

## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CONTEST

Prize Winners

1973

### THE JAMES AND HELEN RUSHFELDT DUFF MEMORIAL PRIZE:

Winner: "Memo for the Space Age"

JUDGE: E. Allan Brown

by Margaret Haley Carpenter  
1032 Cambridge Crescent  
Norfolk, Va. 23508

#### *Honorable Mention: Tie*

"Obedient to Decorum"

by Ellen Anderson  
4004 Taylor Drive  
Fairfax, Va. 22030

"Sonnet for an Autumn Morning"

by Patsy B. Curley  
Basye, Va. 22810

### THE LEITCH MEMORIAL PRIZE:

Winner: "Like a Shorebird"

JUDGE: Harry Meacham

by Vesta P. Crawford  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84102  
10767 E. 5th South

#### *Honorable Mention:*

"Changing, Changeless"

by Virginia Shearer Hopper  
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514  
11 Banbury Lane



THE NANCY BYRD TURNER  
MEMORIAL PRIZE:

Winner: "Emily Dickinson  
Reflects on Her Poems"

*Honorable Mention: Tie*

"On a Posthumous Book of Poems"

"Old Graveyard"

THE STANLEY CORPREW PAUL  
MEMORIAL PRIZE:

Winner: "Where is My Home?"

*Honorable Mention:*

"Untitled"

THE MASON SONNET PRIZE:

Winner: "And David Came to Saul"

*Honorable Mention:*

"Portrait of a Child"

THE MILDRED HUTZLER  
MEMORIAL PRIZE:

Winner: "Villanelle to Helen"

*Honorable Mention: Three-way tie*

"The Fortright Catadoup"

"Spider Song"

"Dialogue in a Country Churchyard"

JUDGE: Samuel French Morse

by Margaret Haley Carpenter  
Norfolk, Va.

by Henry Taylor  
McLean, Va.

by Ellen Cotten  
908 D Street  
Chesapeake, Va. 23324

JUDGE: George Garrett

by Phil Flott, Jr.  
4426 South 63 Street  
Omaha, Nebraska 68117

by Martha Arnold  
7315 Allen Avenue  
Falls Church, Va. 22046

JUDGE: Madeline Mason

by Anne Barlow  
Rt. 5, Box 317A  
Richmond, Va. 23231

by Agnes Gray Ronald  
P.O. Box 5264  
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32020

JUDGE: R. H. W. Dillard

by Gertrude Robb  
10357 Avenue J.  
Chicago, Ill. 60617

by George Burke Johnston  
804 Gracelyn Court  
Blacksburg, Va. 24060

by Mrs. Bickerstaff Curley  
Basye, Va. 22810

by Henry Taylor  
6931 Hector Road  
McLean, Va. 22101



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF  
VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH  
UNIVERSITY PRIZE:

Winner: "Telephone Call to an  
Empty House"

*Honorable Mention:*

"Shadows Close In"

SHENANDOAH COLLEGE PRIZE:

Winner: "Below Carvin's Cove"

*Honorable Mention:*

"Death on a Small Hill"

DELLBROOK PRIZE:

Winner: Four-way tie

"Back from Cooning"

"Fable on Incaution"

"Dear Dave, Dear Sandy"

"Addict"

*Honorable Mention: Two-way tie*

"The Radio is On"

"The City of Dis"

JUDGE: Bruce Cutler

by Florence B. Jacobs  
Rt. 4  
Skowhegan, Maine 04976

by Juanetta Gordon  
12238 Riviera Drive  
Sun City, Arizona 85351

JUDGE: Paul Smythe

by Henry Taylor  
6931 Hector Road  
McLean, Va. 22101

by Maryon Wood Harper  
Spring Garden Farm  
Rt. 1, Monroe, Va. 24574

JUDGE: Jean Farley White

by Frederick Wilbur  
UVM MSH No. 48  
Ft. Ethan Allen  
Winooski, Vermont 05405

by Eileen Stratidakis  
1434 N. Morningside Dr., N.E.  
Atlanta, Ga. 30306

by Dorothea Bell Kohler  
3361 S. Fairfax Street  
Denver, Colorado

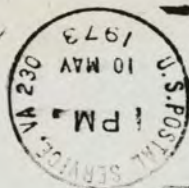
by Stella Tuttle Chapman  
Royal Colonial Mobile Homes  
1 Candle Wick Lane  
Homestead, Florida 33030

by Andrew Calhorn  
940 Crescent Blvd.  
Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137

by Merrilee A. Cunningham  
Dept. of English  
Vanderbilt University  
Nashville, Tenn. 37212



Mrs. F. K. Chapman  
Royal Colonial Mobile Homes  
1 Carle will have  
Idemsted  
Sta. 33030



POETRY SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA  
3510 Gregory Pond Road  
Richmond, Virginia 23235

THE PAUL GARLAND HOOK PRIZE:

JUDGE: Richard Eberhart

Winner: "Sappho's Song to Her  
Disciples"

by Okey Goode  
P.O. Box 335  
Roanoke College, Va. 24153

THE JUDGES EXPRESSED COMMENDATION FOR THE FOLLOWING:

- "Letter to My Wife on Leaving Viet Nam" by Gordon Link, Riverton, Va.
- "Protest" by Beatrice Adams, Richmond, Va.
- "Fog on the Shore" by Guy Carleton Drewry

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA  
Prize Contest Committee

Louise Ellyson  
Leslie Jones  
Anne Jordan, Chairman



Chairman Poetry Contest  
Poetry Society of Virginia  
3104 Monument Ave.  
Richmond, Va. 23221

Dear Stella Tuttle Chapman,

Your poem "Addict" tied  
with three other entries for  
first place in the Dellbrook  
division of the 1973 Contest of  
The Poetry Society of Virginia.

This is an admirable accomplish-  
ment since you were in competition  
with 151 poets!

I am enclosing you  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the  
original prize offer with my  
congratulations for a truly  
moving poem.

Sincerely yours,  
Anne Jordan



STELLA TUTTLE

DEAF GIRL WITH PARAKEET

Quiet her life,  
quiet as death  
or the fluttering mist  
of an old man's breath,

yet watching the bird  
that perched without sound  
on her open hand,  
one day she found

she could hear the green  
in the willow trees  
and the sun's bright gold—  
She could hear these.

She could hear the smile  
on an old man's lips  
and the blue of the bird  
at her fingertips!

"THE LITTLE GIRL FAILED TO IDENTIFY HIM"

Centered in the blazing sun  
yet rimmed with darkness,  
he carries with him a margin of shadow  
dim and unerasable.

Always he walks away  
disappearing over a hill  
beyond a curve  
behind a clump of elderberry,  
leaving the landscape without any mark  
of his presence.

(21)

Voices

JAN. - APRIL, 1963

VOICES - A Journal of Poetry

Even his absence would go unnoticed  
were it not for the little girl  
and the rim of terror about her—  
were it not for the margin of shadow  
dim  
yet unerasable.

AVALANCHE

The mountain shuddered.  
Far below  
the townsmen gathered  
in the snow  
to watch each towering  
oak and elm  
topple as  
it swallowed them.

The mountain moved,  
sedate, precise,  
not so much forest now  
as ice,  
unswerving as  
its tracks cut wide  
sworls along  
the countryside.

The mountain knelt.  
Slowly it pressed  
great hands together  
near its crest,  
mourning the town  
and all its people  
as churchbells tolled  
in half a steeple.

—STELLA TUTTLE

(22)



NEWS

OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN MENTAL HEALTH

THE MENTAL HEALTH SOCIETY OF GREATER MIAMI  
395 N. W. FIRST STREET FRANKLIN 9-3642

VOLUME 19

MAY, 1965

NUMBER 4



MENTAL HEALTH MONTH



Mrs. Judy (Leo B.) West  
DADE COUNTY CHAIRMAN  
of  
MENTAL HEALTH MONTH

Woody Hampton, president of the Mental Health Society of Greater Miami, has announced the appointment of Mrs. Judy West as Chairman of Mental Health Month.

Judy West, who is also Chairman of the Founders Guild, will take the lead in focusing public attention on the need for expanded clinics and facilities in our community for our mentally ill people, as well as the equal need for bringing enlightenment to everyone here in Dade County on a realistic approach to Mental Illness that will lead ultimately to removing the stigma society now places on it.

OBSERVE MENTAL HEALTH MONTH BY  
AIDING IN OUR DRIVE FOR NEW  
MEMBERS THAT WILL BE GOING ON ALL  
THROUGH MAY. TELL YOUR FRIENDS  
OF THE IMPORTANCE OF WHAT WE MUST  
DO IN OUR FIGHT FOR RECOGNITION FOR  
CARE AND FACILITIES OF THE MENTALLY  
ILL. WE WILL BE GLAD TO MAIL OUR  
LITERATURE TO ANYONE YOU SUGGEST.  
DO YOUR PART IN THIS BIG  
MEMBERSHIP DRIVE!!!!



You Are Cordially Invited To Attend  
The Benefit Performance Of

Miss Shelley Winters

in

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

COCONUT GROVE PLAYHOUSE

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1965

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION EARLY!

GOLDEN BELL: \$15.00 includes Champagne  
Breakfast at 11:30 p.m. to meet the cast.  
SILVER BELL: \$10.00  
BRASS BELL: \$7.50  
MENTAL HEALTH BELL: \$5.00  
Call FR 9-3642

\*\*\*\*\*

VISITING DAY

Breathing away the hours  
keeping the covenant with herself  
she waits.

Crisp in blue gingham she waits,  
withdrawn  
hidden behind her eyelashes,  
oblivious to the stream of visitors  
until I come.

She sees me and stirs  
letting the coil tighten within her,  
the coil that rejects my coming,  
rebukes my hand on her own.

I look back as I leave:

She sits motionless  
as The Pieta  
except for the pulse in her temple  
and the crisscrossed knuckles  
whitening in her lap.

STELLA W. TUTTLE



MARKETS

LIST OF POETRY CONTESTS FOR 1953. Complete rules.  
30c. Stella Weston Tuttle, Box 392, Miami, Florida.

— o —

FREE SAMPLE COPY. "Cartoonists' Market Letter," Box  
187AJ, LaHabra, Calif.

— o —

\$10 A WEEK writing poems. Instructions and markets sent  
for 25c. Charles Olive, Willmar, Minn.

— o —

*AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*

LIST OF POETRY CONTESTS FOR 1953. Complete  
rules. 30c. Stella Weston Tuttle, Box 392, Miami,  
Florida.

*WRITER'S Digest*  
*JAN. 1953*



**WELCOME!** WE HOPE YOU WILL LIKE THIS CHART WHICH LISTS THE POETRY CONTESTS OPEN TO EVERYONE ON WHICH WE HAD COMPLETE DETAILS ON JANUARY 1ST. SPONSORS OF CONTESTS NOT INCLUDED ARE INVITED TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR FUTURE CHARTS. OR IF YOU, OUR READERS, KNOW OF CONTESTS WE HAVE OVERLOOKED, PLEASE TELL US. SINCE THE RULES GIVEN BELOW ARE COMPLETE, AND SINCE INFORMATION ON THE POETIC FORMS MENTIONED IS AVAILABLE IN YOUR PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLEASE DO NOT INVOLVE THE CONTEST CHAIRMEN LISTED IN UNNECESSARY CORRESPONDENCE. AND NOW --- GOOD LUCK! ADDITIONAL CHARTS MAY BE ORDERED FOR 30¢ APiece, 4 FOR \$1.00 OR \$2.75 A DOZEN, FROM STELLA WESTON TUTTLE, BOX 392, MIAMI, FLORIDA.

**CONTEST PROCEDURE:** UNLESS RULES SPECIFY OTHERWISE, DO AS FOLLOWS: SUBMIT BUT ONE POEM PER CONTEST, TYPED ON ONE SIDE OF PAPER ONLY. ENTRY MUST BE ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED AND NOT SUBMITTED TO ANOTHER CONTEST, AN EDITOR OR A PUBLISHER UNTIL AWARDS ARE MADE. (USUALLY TWO MONTHS AFTER DEAD-LINE IS SUFFICIENT.) SEND ENTRY UNSIGNED ACCOMPANIED BY SEALED ENVELOPE WITH THE TITLE OF YOUR POEM AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS INSIDE. SEE RULES BELOW FOR WHAT TO WRITE ON OUTSIDE OF SEALED ENVELOPE. TYPE NAME OF AWARD FOR WHICH POEM IS SUBMITTED DIRECTLY ON ENTRY AND ALSO ON MAILING ENVELOPE.

NAME OF AWARD AND LINE LIMIT, IF ANY	PRIZES	DEADLINE AND SPECIAL COMMENTS	WRITE ON OUTSIDE OF SEALED ENVELOPE	MAIL BEFORE DEAD-LINE TO:
RAYMOND C. BAUMGARDNER ANNUAL PRIZE FOR POEM DETAILING THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THOMAS PAINE.	\$50 SAVINGS BOND	JAN. 5TH. RULES DO NOT MENTION SEALED ENVELOPE. USE ONE ANYWAY.	WE SUGGEST BOTH TITLE AND 1ST LINE OF POEM ON THIS ONE.	THE THOMAS PAINE FOUNDATION, 370 WEST 35TH STREET NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
JOHN BARTON SEYMOUR PRIZE FOR POEM ON SEA OR SHIPPING OR HEROISM OF NAVY OR MERCHANT MARINE. 100 LINES OR LESS.	\$25	JAN 10TH. WINNING POEM BECOMES PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA	TITLE OF POEM	MISS MOLLY BERNSTEIN POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA 107 WEST 37TH STREET SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
JOHN CLARE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR POEM ON SOME PHASE OF NATURE. 100 LINES OR LESS.	\$10	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE
THEME CONTEST FOR POEM ON "THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS". 64 LINES OR LESS.	NOT YET MADE PUBLIC.	JAN. 31ST. ENTRY MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED IN ANY CONTEST BEFORE.	TITLE OF POEM	MRS. A. S. WROBLESKI POETRY SOCIETY OF OHIO 20030 LAVERNE AVENUE CLEVELAND 26, OHIO
THE BASICALLY NON-IAMBIC AWARD FOR POEM IN METER OTHER THAN IAMBIC. SEND ANY NUMBER OF ENTRIES TO THIS AND TWO CONTESTS BELOW.	\$10 AND \$5	JAN. 31ST. INCLUDE A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR YOUR REPORT ON CONTESTS.	TITLE OF POEM	MR. G. M. JACKSON, CLERK ANONYME WORKSHOP CONTESTS 32 EDGEWOOD AVENUE MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
POEM OF PERVASIVE FIGURE, GIVING POET'S ATTITUDE TOWARD IDEA (OFTEN A MORAL THEME) DEVELOPED THROUGH A FIGURE OR FIGURES, LITERAL OR METAPHORICAL.	\$10 AND \$5	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE
TRADITIONAL POEM AWARD FOR POEM ON ANY THEME IN ANY TRADITIONAL FORM.	\$5	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE
THE NORFOLK PRIZE FOR A SEQUENCE OF TWO OR NOT MORE THAN THREE SONNETS RELATED IN THEME.	\$50 AND \$25	FEB. 1ST. SIGN ENTRY WITH FICTITIOUS NAME. ALSO IN THIS CONTEST AND ONE BELOW, ALLOW FOUR MONTHS BEFORE SUBMITTING ELSEWHERE.	FICTITIOUS NAME AND TITLE OF POEM	MR. HARRY M. MEACHAM POETRY SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA P. O. BOX 1376 RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
THE PRINCESS ANNE PRIZE FOR A LYRIC POEM OF NOT MORE THAN 42 LINES.	\$50	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE
THE THOMAS GAMBLE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR A SONNET ON ANY SUBJECT.	\$10	FEB. 10TH. WINNING POEM BECOMES PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA	TITLE OF POEM	MISS MOLLY BERNSTEIN 107 WEST 37TH STREET SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
YOUTH AND THE ATOMIC AGE PRIZE FOR A POEM ON THIS SUBJECT IN FREE VERSE.	\$10 AND \$5	FEB. 28TH. ENTRY MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED IN ANY CONTEST BEFORE.	TITLE OF POEM	MRS. A. S. WROBLESKI 20030 LAVERNE AVENUE CLEVELAND 26, OHIO
JANE JUDGE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR POEM WHERE IDEA IS FULLY REALIZED IN THE IMAGINATION. 100 LINES OR LESS.	\$25	MAR. 10TH. WINNING POEM BECOMES PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA	TITLE OF POEM	MISS MOLLY BERNSTEIN 107 WEST 37TH STREET SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
OHIO: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS PLACES FOR A POEM ON A PERSON IN OHIO HISTORY OR ON SOME OHIO SCENE.	NOT YET MADE PUBLIC	MAR. 31ST. ENTRY MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED IN ANY CONTEST BEFORE.	TITLE OF POEM	MRS. A. S. WROBLESKI 20030 LAVERNE AVENUE CLEVELAND 26, OHIO
AMERICAN SCENE CONTEST FOR POEM ON A SUBJECT FURTHERING AMERICAN IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESENT DAY CONDITIONS. 24 LINES OR LESS.	\$25, \$10 AND \$5	APRIL 1ST. TYPE DOUBLE-SPACED. FORMER CASH WINNERS IN THIS ANNUAL CONTEST NOT ELIGIBLE.	TITLE AND 1ST LINE OF POEM	MRS. IRMA RICE MAYER POETRY SOCIETY OF COLORADO 910 ST. PAUL STREET DENVER, COLORADO
WILLIAM A. WOOD MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR A LYRIC POEM. 100 LINES OR LESS.	\$10	APRIL 10TH. WINNING POEM BECOMES PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA	TITLE OF POEM	MISS MOLLY BERNSTEIN 107 WEST 37TH STREET SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
THE BARROW PRIZE FOR A BALLAD ON ANY SUBJECT IN AMERICAN HISTORY DERIVED FROM FACT OR LEGEND. 100 LINES OR LESS.	\$50	SAME AS ABOVE. ALSO ENCLOSE LIST OF ANY HISTORICAL AUTHORITIES USED.	SAME AS ABOVE	SAME AS ABOVE
ANNUAL GOLD KEY LYRIC CONTEST FOR A LYRIC POEM OF 60 LINES OR LESS.	GOLD KEY AWARD	APRIL 30TH. ENTRY MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED IN ANY CONTEST BEFORE.	TITLE OF POEM	MRS. A. S. WROBLESKI 20030 LAVERNE AVENUE CLEVELAND 26, OHIO
LARAMORE RADER AWARD FOR A POEM IN ANY FORM, ON ANY SUBJECT, 30 LINES OR LESS	\$25	MAY 1ST. PLEASE SEND THREE COPIES OF YOUR ENTRY.	TITLE AND 1ST LINE OF POEM	MRS. HARRY E. TUTTLE LARAMORE-RADER POETRY GROUP P. O. BOX 392 MIAMI, FLORIDA



# LARAMORE - RADER CONTESTS FOR 1953

(SEE OTHER CHART FOR NATIONAL CONTESTS)

PLEASE READ THIS INTRODUCTION CAREFULLY! FOR THE COMING YEAR, YOUR CHAIRMAN HAS SCHEDULED ONE CONTEST A MONTH AND TRIED TO MAKE IT CONSISTENT WITH THE GROUP ASSIGNMENT FOR THAT MONTH. THIS MEANS THAT YOU MAY SEND THE SAME POEM TO THE CONTEST THAT YOU SEND TO VIVIAN, IF YOU WISH. OR YOU MAY SEND A DIFFERENT POEM.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE UNPUBLISHED AND PREFERABLY NOT SUBMITTED TO ANOTHER CONTEST, AN EDITOR OR A PUBLISHER UNTIL AWARDS ARE ANNOUNCED. YOUR POEM WILL BE TIED UP ONLY ABOUT THREE WEEKS, SINCE AWARDS WILL BE MADE EACH MONTH AT THE REGULAR GROUP MEETING.

SUBMIT BUT ONE POEM PER CONTEST, ACCOMPANIED BY A SEALED ENVELOPE WITH THE TITLE OF YOUR ENTRY AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS INSIDE. ON OUTSIDE OF ENVELOPE, PUT THE TITLE AND FIRST LINE OF YOUR POEM. DO NOT SIGN ENTRY. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW.

DEAD-LINE	CONTEST AND LINE LENGTH, IF ANY	PRIZES	SEND TWO COPIES BEFORE DEAD-LINE TO:
FEBRUARY 1ST	EVELYN WALD AWARD FOR A POEM IN FREE VERSE, 30 LINES OR LESS	\$5.00	Mrs. EVELYN WALD 1604 MICHIGAN AVENUE MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
MARCH 1ST	HENRY RHEIN AWARD FOR A SONNET. OPEN TO MEMBERS OF BOTH LARAMORE-RADER POETRY GROUP AND THE CALIFORNIA WRITERS' CLUB. SEND FAR ENOUGH AHEAD TO REACH CALIFORNIA BY MARCH 1ST.	1ST --- \$10.00 2ND --- 5.00 3RD --- AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF "THE ISLANDERS" BY CONTEST JUDGES, AUSLANDER AND WURDEMAN.	Mrs. SIDNEY RHEIN 716 CALMAR AVENUE OAKLAND 10, CALIFORNIA
APRIL 1ST	ESTHER CHURCH AWARD FOR A QUATRAIN	\$5.00	Mrs. SAMUEL CHURCH 718 CORAL WAY CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA
MAY 1ST	SEE OTHER CHART FOR OUR OWN LARAMORE-RADER NATIONAL CONTEST. YOU ARE ELIGIBLE TO ENTER.	\$25.00	SEE OTHER CHART.
"	EFFIE MARSHALL AWARD FOR THE BEST POEM ON VIVIAN, 24 LINES OR LESS.	\$5.00	Mrs. HARRY I. MARSHALL 1026 HARDEE ROAD CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA
JUNE 1ST	GERTRUDE FOWLER AWARD FOR A NARROW LYRIC, 24 LINES OR LESS.	\$5.00	Mrs. A. C. FOWLER 300 N. E. 91ST STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA
JULY 1ST	CARRIE BLAINE YEISER AWARD FOR A "POET'S CHOICE", 24 LINES OR LESS	\$3.00	Mrs. CARRIE BLAINE YEISER 8260 EAST DIXIE HIGHWAY MIAMI, FLORIDA
AUGUST 1ST	HANNAH KAHN AWARD FOR A PETRARCHIAN SONNET.	\$5.00	Mrs. FRANK KAHN 40 N. E. 69TH STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA
SEPTEMBER 1ST	HARRIET BLACKWELL AWARD FOR A POEM ON CATS, 12 LINES OR LESS	\$5.00	Mrs. T. J. BLACKWELL 361 N. E. 97TH STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA
OCTOBER 1ST	MARY BEALE CARR AWARD FOR A POEM ON TREES, 20 LINES OR LESS	\$5.00	Mrs. HENRY M. CARR 7820 N. W. 2ND COURT MIAMI, FLORIDA
NOVEMBER 1ST	LISA ANTONOVA AWARD FOR A NEW SONNET, WRITTEN IN 1953.	1ST -- \$15.00 2ND -- 10.00	Mrs. LISA ANTONOVA 5501 PINETREE DRIVE MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
DECEMBER 1ST	CECIL ROCKWELL AWARD FOR A CHRISTMAS POEM, 24 LINES OR LESS.	\$5.00	Mrs. WALTER ROCKWELL 855 S. W. 7TH STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA
JANUARY 1ST, 1954	MARION DILLER AWARD FOR A JUVENILE POEM, 8 LINES OR LESS	\$3.00	Mrs. ISAAC S. DILLER 3437 S.W. 29TH STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA



# CONTEST CHART FOR 1952

RESULTS OF THE CONTESTS LISTED BELOW WILL BE ANNOUNCED BY YOUR CONTEST CHAIRMAN WHEN AVAILABLE.

**CONTEST PROCEDURE IN GENERAL:** SUBMIT BUT ONE POEM PER CONTEST UNLESS THE RULES SPECIFY OTHERWISE. ENTRY MUST BE UNPUBLISHED AND MAY NOT BE SUBMITTED TO ANOTHER CONTEST, AN EDITOR OR A PUBLISHER UNTIL AFTER THE AWARDS ARE ANNOUNCED. NEVER SIGN AN ENTRY UNLESS RULES CALL FOR A FICTITIOUS NAME. ACCOMPANY ENTRY BY SEALED ENVELOPE CONTAINING ON THE INSIDE THE TITLE OF YOUR POEM AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. TYPE NAME OF AWARD FOR WHICH POEM IS BEING SUBMITTED DIRECTLY ON ENTRY. FAILURE TO DO THIS WILL DISQUALIFY IT FROM MOST OF THE CONTESTS LISTED.

NAME OF CONTEST AND LINE LIMIT	PRIZES	SPECIAL COMMENTS	PLACE ON OUTSIDE OF SEALED ENVELOPE	MAILING INSTRUCTIONS AND DEAD-LINE
<b>A-FOR-EFFORT PRIZE:</b> For person entering greatest number of contests in this chart. NOTE: ANYONE WHO HAS MADE \$50 FROM POETRY IN THE PAST, EITHER PRIZES OR SALES, IS NOT ELIGIBLE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST.	\$5 IN CASE OF A TIE PRIZE WILL BE \$10 & DIVIDED EVENLY	AS YOU SUBMIT TO CONTESTS BELOW, TYPE EXTRA COPY OF ENTRY FOR THIS CONTEST. SIGN ENTRY. CONTEST NOT ANONYMOUS.	NO ENVELOPE NEEDED.	WHEN MAILING TO CONTESTS BELOW, SEND EXTRA COPY TO:  MRS. H. E. TUTTLE GRALYNN HOTEL MIAMI, FLORIDA
<b>LOLA RIDGE AWARD:</b> For poem on any theme having social significance of 100 lines or less.	\$100 & \$50	CONTESTANT MAY SUBMIT THREE ENTRIES.	TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 3 COPIES OF EACH ENTRY BY DEC. 15TH TO: MR. SAMUEL A. DEWITT 173 GRAND STREET NEW YORK 13, N. Y.
<b>JOHN BARTON SEYMOUR PRIZE:</b> For poem on sea or shipping or inspired by heroism of navy or merchant marine. 100 lines or less.	\$25	PRIZE-WINNER BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA.	TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY BY JANUARY 10TH TO: MRS. P. N. STRONG, SR. VERNON VIEW SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
<b>JOHN CLARE MEMORIAL PRIZE:</b> For nature poem of 100 lines or less.	\$10	PRIZE-WINNER BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA.	TITLE OF POEM.	SAME AS ABOVE.
<b>CARRIE BLAINE YEISER AWARD:</b> For lyric of 24 lines or less.	\$3		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 3 COPIES BY JANUARY 10TH TO: MRS. W. C. YEISER 8260 EAST DIXIE HIGHWAY MIAMI, FLORIDA
<b>PRINCESS ANNE PRIZE:</b> For lyric of 42 lines or less.	\$50 & \$25	SIGN ENTRY WITH FICTITIOUS NAME	FICTITIOUS NAME & TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY BY FEBRUARY 1ST TO: BRODIE S. HERNDON CONTEST CHAIRMAN, POETRY SOC. VA. 4524 WEST SEMINARY AVE. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
<b>NORFOLK PRIZE:</b> For sequence of 2 or not more than 3 sonnets related in theme.	\$50 & \$25	SIGN ENTRY WITH FICTITIOUS NAME.	FICTITIOUS NAME & TITLE OF POEM.	SAME AS ABOVE.
<b>JEANNE OGLESBY AWARD:</b> For sonnet on any subject.	\$10		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 3 COPIES BY FEBRUARY 10TH TO: MRS. W. DICKEY OGLESBY 706 CORAL WAY CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA
<b>THOMAS GAMBLE MEMORIAL PRIZE:</b> For sonnet on any subject.	\$10	PRIZE-WINNER BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA.	TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY BY FEBRUARY 10TH TO: MRS. P. N. STRONG, SR. VERNON VIEW SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
<b>ALEDA HALL PRIZE:</b> For portrait poem of 20 lines or less.	\$5		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY BY MARCH 10TH TO: MRS. GILFORD HALL 1736 W. 28TH ST. SUNSET #1, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
<b>JANE JUDGE MEMORIAL PRIZE:</b> For poem "WHERE IDEA OF A POEM IS FULLY REALIZED IN THE IMAGINATION". 100 lines or less.	\$25	PRIZE-WINNER BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA.	TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY BY MARCH 10TH TO: MRS. P. N. STRONG, SR. VERNON VIEW SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
<b>BARROW PRIZE:</b> For ballad on any subject in American history derived from fact or legend. 100 lines or less.	\$50	SEE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE ALSO ACCOMPANY ENTRY WITH LIST OF HISTORICAL AUTHORITIES USED.	TITLE OF POEM.	SAME AS ABOVE.
<b>GLADYS RHEIN AWARD:</b> For poem on friendship of 16 lines or less.	\$5		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 3 COPIES BY APRIL 1ST TO: MRS. H. E. TUTTLE GRALYNN HOTEL MIAMI, FLORIDA
<b>NANETTE CARTER SMITH AWARD:</b> For sonnet on any subject	\$5		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 2 COPIES BY APRIL 10TH TO: MRS. JAMES A. SMITH 1821 W. 27TH ST. SUNSET #2 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
<b>INTERNATIONAL POETRY CONTEST:</b> For "POET'S CHOICE" of 32 lines or less.	\$15, \$10 & \$5	CONTESTANT MAY SUBMIT 2 ENTRIES. PRIZE-WINNERS MAY BE KEPT FOR ANTHOLOGY.	TITLE AND 1ST LINE OF POEM.	SEND 1 COPY OF EACH ENTRY BY MAY 1ST TO: MRS. J. POLK STEWART 4102 CHERRYTON DRIVE CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
<b>MARION DILLER AWARD:</b> For child's poem of 8 lines or less.	\$3		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 2 COPIES BY MAY 1ST TO: MRS. ISAAC S. DILLER 3437 S.W. 29TH STREET MIAMI, FLORIDA
<b>ANONYMOUS DONOR AWARD:</b> For a triolet.	\$2		TITLE OF POEM.	SEND 2 COPIES BY JUNE 1ST TO: MRS. H. E. TUTTLE GRALYNN HOTEL, MIAMI, FLORIDA



# CONTEST CHART FOR FIRST HALF OF 1951

RESULTS OF THE CONTESTS LISTED BELOW WILL BE ANNOUNCED BY YOUR CONTEST CHAIRMAN AS SOON AS THEY BECOME AVAILABLE. A CHART FOR CONTEST SCHEDULED FOR THE LATTER HALF OF 1951, WILL BE RELEASED LATER. ANYONE WISHING TO SPONSOR A CONTEST, PLEASE CONTACT MRS. H. E. TUTTLE, GRALYNN HOTEL, MIAMI, FLORIDA.

CONTEST-PROCEDURE IN GENERAL: SUBMIT BUT ONE POEM PER CONTEST UNLESS THE RULES SPECIFY OTHERWISE. ENTRY MUST BE UNPUBLISHED AND MAY NOT BE SUBMITTED TO ANOTHER CONTEST, AN EDITOR OR A PUBLISHER UNTIL AFTER THE AWARDS ARE ANNOUNCED. NEVER SIGN ENTRY UNLESS RULES CALL FOR A FICTITIOUS NAME. ACCOMPANY ENTRY BY SEALED ENVELOPE CONTAINING ON THE INSIDE THE TITLE OF YOUR POEM AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. TYPE NAME OF AWARD FOR WHICH POEM IS BEING SUBMITTED, DIRECTLY ON ENTRY. FAILURE TO DO THIS WILL DISQUALIFY IT FROM MOST OF THE CONTESTS LISTED BELOW.

CONTEST & LINE LIMIT	PRIZES	SPECIAL COMMENTS	PLACE ON OUTSIDE OF SEALED ENVELOPE	MAILING INSTRUCTIONS & DEAD-LINE
ALBERT RALPH KORN LYRIC AWARD	\$100	3 POEMS MAY BE SUBMITTED, AVERAGING NOT OVER 56 LINES.	TITLE OF POEM	SEND 3 COPIES OF EACH ENTRY BY FEB. 1ST TO: KORN AWARD C/O CANDACE STEVENSON 50 EAST 72ND STREET NEW YORK 21, N.Y.
THE NORFOLK PRIZE FOR SEQUENCE OF 2 OR NOT MORE THAN 3 SONNETS RELATED IN THEME.	\$50 & \$25	SIGN ENTRY WITH A FICTITIOUS NAME.	TITLE OF POEM & FICTITIOUS NAME	SEND 1 COPY BY FEBRUARY 1ST TO: CAPT. PAUL C. WHITNEY, EX. SEC. POETRY SOC. OF VA. 1306 ROCKBRIDGE AVENUE NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
THE PRINCESS ANNE PRIZE FOR THE BEST LYRIC OF 42 LINES OR LESS.	\$50 & \$25	SIGN ENTRY WITH A FICTITIOUS NAME.	TITLE OF POEM & FICTITIOUS NAME	SEND 1 COPY BY FEBRUARY 1ST TO: CAPT. WHITNEY, AS LISTED ABOVE.
THOMAS GAMBLE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR THE BEST SONNET ON ANY SUBJECT.	\$10	ALL PRIZEWINNING POEMS BECOME PROPERTY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA	TITLE OF POEM	SEND 1 COPY BY FEBRUARY 10TH TO: MRS. PAUL WOODALL PRIZE AWARDS CHAIRMAN ROUTE 6, LAROCHE AVENUE SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
EFFIE LAWRENCE MARSHALL AWARD FOR THE BEST POEM OF 20 LINES OR LESS ON THE SUBJECT OF QUEEN ESTHER.	\$5		1ST LINE OF POEM	SEND 2 COPIES BY MARCH 1ST TO: MRS. HARRY I. MARSHALL 1026 HARDEE ROAD CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA
AMERICAN SCENE CONTEST FOR BEST POEM OF 24 LINES OR LESS ON ANY SUBJECT FURTHERING AMERICAN IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY AS RELATED TO PRESENT DAY CONDITIONS.	\$25, \$15 & \$5	POETS WILL LOSE RIGHTS TO 3 PRIZEWINNING ENTRIES AS THEY WILL BE PRINTED IN THE WINGED WORD.	TITLE & 1ST LINE OF POEM	SEND ONE COPY BY APRIL 1ST TO: VERDIE MCHILLEN, CHAIRMAN AMERICAN SCENE CONTEST 1685 OLIVE STREET DENVER 7, COLORADO
THE BARROW PRIZE FOR THE BEST BALLAD OF 100 LINES OR LESS SUGGESTED BY ANY SUBJECT, EITHER FACT OR LEGEND, IN AMERICAN HISTORY.	\$50	ACCOMPANY ENTRY WITH LIST OF HISTORIC AUTHORITIES USED.	TITLE OF POEM	SEND 1 COPY BY APRIL 10TH TO: MRS. PAUL WOODALL, PRIZE AWARDS CHAIRMAN ROUTE 6, LAROCHE AVENUE SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
THE REBECCA FISHER MEMORIAL AWARD FOR THE BEST POEM, ANY FORM AND ANY LENGTH ON THE SUBJECT OF "MOTHER".	\$5		1ST LINE OF POEM	SEND 2 COPIES BY MAY 1ST TO: MRS. R. W. HARRISON 1235 ALHAMBRA CIRCLE CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA
GERTRUDE FOWLER AWARD FOR THE BEST NARROW LYRIC OF 20 LINES OR LESS.	\$5		TITLE OF POEM	SEND 1 COPY BY JUNE 1ST TO: MRS. ALBERT C. FOWLER 300 N.E. 91ST ST., MIAMI, FLA.



The **IDEAL** Line  
TO DUPLICATE ORDER  
No. **EA 51B**  
MADE BY  
THE J. L. HANSON CO.  
CHICAGO  
*Genuine Leather*



